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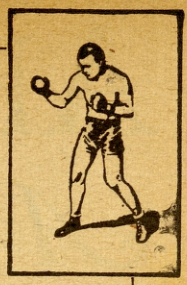

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In Our Next Issue

Flyweights, bantams, middleweights, heavyweights — they are all busy these days. The New Year started off with a bang and will continue that way throughout 1938. The Ring, more so this year than ever, will have all important contests well covered and by getting this magazine, you'll not only be treated to ringside stories on the big fistic doings, but you'll find plenty of excellent fight pictures to add to the interest.

The April issue will contain photographs of the Glen Lee-Apostoli, the Braddock-Farr and if we get them on time, the Foord-Schmeling contests.

Wrestling Holds — How did they originate? Bob Edgren will tell you. He traces their development back to the ancient Greeks and Romans in an article that will give you wrestling fans something to think about.

Their best punches — How often have you watched your favorite fighter and seen him shoot his right to the chin or sink his left deeply into the mid-section — How often have you seen a crude fighter, with absolutely no science, crash his "Mary Ann" against the chin of an opponent and send him into dreamland.

Hype Igoe, one of the world's greatest boxing writers, a man who has seen 'em all from "way back" will tell you in his delightful style, how the greatest fighters, past and present, laid their opponents low.

These and other features by Nat Fleischer, Daniel M. Daniel, Bill Doherty, George T. Pardy, Meyer Ackerman and Eddie Borden will give you a magazine with a punch.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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AL WEILL *Assembles*

ANNUALLY, at this time of the year, THE RING has placed before the public the promoters' and matchmakers' scheme of bouts they would like to make, contests that would thrill the public and draw big gates. Each year THE RING has asked the matchmaker of the leading club in America to name the cards he would like to clinch for his organization and at the same time, to list contests, which in his opinion, would prove keen competition anywhere, but would be a better drawing card in a locality outside of New York.

Whereas certain contests would draw huge gates in California, London, St. Louis, New Orleans or Puerto Rico, those same bouts would be flops financially, in the world's center of fisticuffs, New York.

Hence, the list we present covers a vast territory. What might be a splendid bout for Harringway Stadium, the Mexican Bull Ring or the Berlin Stadium, might be just an ordinary attraction for the club I represent as matchmaker—the 20th Century S. C., with headquarters at the New York Hippodrome, operating at New York's ball parks, Madison Square Garden, and other localities in which Mike Jacobs has options.

I have been asked to give the matchmaker's viewpoint in this interview for THE RING. Well, that's easy this year, easier than when Jimmy Johnston named the bouts last year. Boxing patronage has increased during the last twelve months, more good cards are available because of the build-up of excellent material in many divisions and because the boys are more eager to pit their skill against opponents than they were a year ago. Likewise, champions are more willing to defend their title.

* * *

WERE only 50 per cent of the matches I have listed promulgated in 1938, the year would be a most lucrative one for promoters and fighters and one of vast thrills for the fans. Take for example, the match which Jacobs has clinched for next June, the bout between Joe Louis and Max Schmeling for the world's heavyweight title. If nothing should happen to upset the agreement—and I see no reason why there should be any hitch unless Louis is beaten in the meantime—that bout should bring back the million dollar gate. And I don't mean a million with movie rights, radio rights and other items tossed in. I mean a million cold smackers—if not more—right at the box office from the sale of tickets.

That naturally is the ace card of the year. It is the one fight the public wants to see. No boycott will affect that contest.

The American fight fan loves his sport and is eager to see sportsmanship in boxing as in all other branches. He'll come out for this bout. That fight will be a reminder of the Tunney-Dempsey bout in Chicago, when good old Tex Rickard, my pal, stood at the ringside talking to me and then suddenly exclaimed:

"Look at 'em! Coming to the park in droves! Never seed anything like it, Al," as the customers clicked the turnstiles to the merry tune of more than two and a half million dollars for the record gate of all time for a fight. And if you recall, Tunney, who wasn't conceded a chance against the Manassa Mauler, repeated what he had done in Philadelphia—beat Dempsey in the most thrilling fight of recent decades—the famous fourteen count knockdown affair.

What a fight that was! What excitement! Can you visualize the return of such an engagement in New York? Well, I can, and I see it in the coming Louis-Schmeling battle.

Picture it! The Bomber vs. the Black Uhlan! The heavyweight title at stake! Schmeling trying to clinch the goal of his ambition—to be the first heavyweight on record to regain the world crown! Herr Max trying desperately to repeat his knockout of the Detroit slugger! Louis striving just as desperately to reverse the order of things and even the score by knocking out Max!

Forty Fights Which Weill Would See This Year

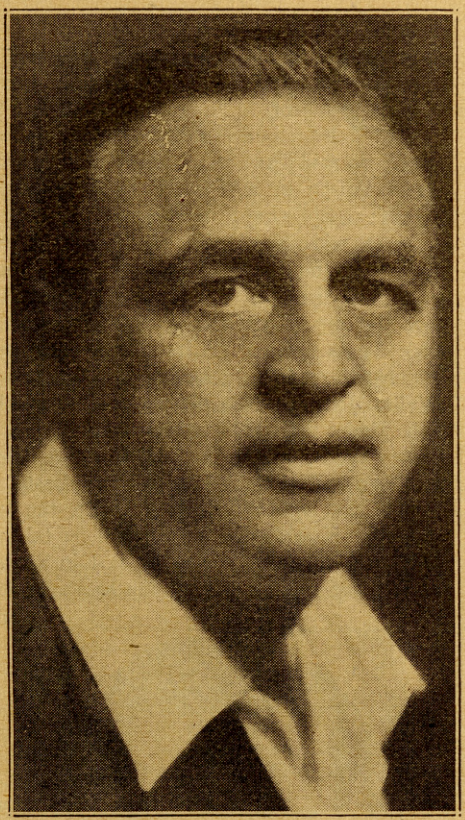
Here are the outstanding fights that Al Weill, matchmaker for Twentieth Century Sporting Club, would like to make during the 1938 boxing season, and the approximate receipts which he thinks they would draw:—

1—Joe Louis-Max Schmeling	$1,000,000
2—Joe Louis-Nathan Mann (Already Made)	100,000
3—Joe Louis-Tony Galento	100,000
4—Joe Louis-Tommy Farr (In England)	500,000
5—Tony Galento-Max Baer	60,000
6—Tony Galento-Buddy Baer	50,000
7—Tony Galento (Winner of Farr-Braddock)	50,000
8—Nathan Mann (Winner of Farr-Braddock)	50,000
9—Max Baer (Winner of Farr-Braddock)	50,000
10—Buddy Baer-Gunnar Barlund	25,000
11—Buddy Baer-Jimmy Adamick (New York or Detroit)	30,000
12—Alberto Lovell-Arturo Godoy (Buenos Aires)	40,000
13—John Henry Lewis-Jock McAvoy (For Light-Heavyweight Title in England)	50,000
14—Len Harvey-Jock McAvoy (In England)	50,000
15—Freddy Steele-Jock McAvoy (For Middleweight Title in England)	50,000
16—Freddy Steele-Al Hostak (In Seattle)	100,000
17—Freddy Steele-Barney Ross (For Middleweight Title)	150,000
18—Glen Lee (Winner of Steele-Apostoli, in New York or the Pacific Coast for Middleweight Championship Bout)	40,000
19—Freddie Steele-Fred Apostoli (For Middleweight Title)	125,000
20—Glen Lee-Barney Ross (Overweight Bout)	25,000
21—Glen Lee-Ceferino Garcia (New York or Pacific Coast)	20,000
22—Barney Ross-Lou Ambers (For Welterweight Title)	125,000
23—Barney Ross-Henry Armstrong (For Welterweight Title)	$200,000
24—Barney Ross-Ceferino Garcia (For Welterweight Title)	40,000
25—Barney Ross-Baby Saban (For Welterweight Title)	30,000
26—Ceferino Garcia-Baby Saban	20,000
27—Henry Armstrong-Lou Ambers (For Lightweight Title)	200,000
28—Henry Armstrong-Pedro Montanez	100,000
29—Henry Armstrong-Davey Day (New York or Chicago)	50,000
30—Lou Ambers-Billy Beauhuld (For Lightweight Title)	30,000
31—Davey Day-Billy Beauhuld (New York or Chicago)	15,000
32—Pedro Montanez-Billy Beauhuld	25,000
33—Pedro Montanez-Davey Day (New York or Chicago)	20,000
34—Benny Lynch-Harry Jeffra (In Scotland for Bantamweight Title)	40,000
35—Benny Lynch-Jackie Jurich (In Scotland for Flyweight Title)	25,000
36—Jackie Jurich-Benny Lynch (For Flyweight Title on Pacific Coast)	15,000
37—Sixto Escobar-Harry Jeffra (For Bantamweight Title in Puerto Rico)	40,000
38—Benny Lynch-Peter Kane (For Flyweight Title in England)	25,000
39—Freddy Steele-Solly Krieger (For Middleweight Title)	30,000
40—Lou Nova-Bob Pastor (Pacific Coast)	20,000

Ace Cards of Year

By AL WEILL
Matchmaker for Madison Square Garden.
(As told to Meyer Ackerman)
(Copyright, 1938, by THE RING, INC.)

Garden Matchmaker Lists Outstanding Matches Available in 1938—Sees Louis and Schmeling Bringing Back That Million Dollar Gate



Al Weill, Matchmaker of the 20th Century Sporting Club.

I ALSO would like to send Louis against rough-house Tony Galento, the little giant with the pineapple fists, and Galento against the carefree, free-swinging Max Baer. This time, perhaps, a Baer who would be a little more serious, what with the added responsibility of a father, and a determination to convince the fight-faithful that he really means business now and that his playboy days are over.

Steele and Apostoli for the title! Two great middleweights, one recognized as world's champion in this country—the other recent knockout victor over Europe's best middleweight, Marcel Thil, recognized by the I. B. U. as champion of the 160-pounders. That's another of my goals for 1938.

I'd also like to use Steele with Barney Ross in an overweight match. There is a fight that would draw real money. Ross should also see service with Ceferino Garcia, 147-pound title at stake, along with two other catchweight affairs opposed to Lou Ambers and Henry Armstrong.

First, of course, Armstrong would have to prove himself against the likes of Pedro Montanez and Davey Day, two of the better lightweights, with the possibility of the Puerto Rican getting another chance at the crown, and Chicago's Davey getting his first opportunity to lift the world's championship.

I am glad of this opportunity to use THE RING as a medium to tell the boxing public prospects for the new year. And to express my thanks to all those who helped make 1937 a success.

* * *

WHILE Louis and Schmeling are generally discussed as the best box office attraction in the world, let us not forget that little Henry Armstrong, the California Whirlwind, must command considerable attention also as one of the greatest attractions of recent years. With Armstrong in a position to compete in both the featherweight and lightweight divisions, his name centers around several lucrative matches. He is the promoters' dream come true because of the number of high class contests in which he can figure as a principal.

Then let us not forget that whereas a year ago there was a mere handful of exceptionally good talent in only four of the boxing divisions, today boxing boasts of high class fistic merchants in every division with the possible exception of the light-heavyweight, which, however, is much better off now than in 1937. A number of boys who have graduated from the middleweight ranks will soon make the light-heavyweight section boom with action of a pleasing variety.

As for the lightweight section, with Lou Ambers on top and ever eager for action, and talent like Montanez, Day, Beauhuld, Ramey, Bellus and Armstrong as the headliners, that section should furnish at least six high class cards for 1938.

* * *

THE outlook for boxing is brighter than it has been in the last five years. Managers are a little more sensible. They are gambling with their boys. The matches today are drawing more money than they have in the last three years. If a fighter is beaten, he at least is assured of a good-sized purse to heal his wounds.

There are more fighters around today. They are better fighters, and they're well distributed in all the classes. There are many outstanding contenders, fellows who can go into a ring and draw some money—real dough.

Let's look at some of them!

Take that little flyweight out on the Coast, Jackie Jurich. There is a mite who could probably step out tomorrow with the champion, Benny Lynch, and raise hell. Perhaps beat him, though Lynch is a great little fighter! And come close to selling out. Why, that's a good money match.

And the bantamweights! Escobar was a fighting champion. To me he still is the No. 1 man of the 118-pounders.

Can you think of anybody else doing what Sixto did? He took a young kid out of nowhere, a youngster who licked him twice before at catchweights, and put the title on the line for Baltimore's Harry Jeffra to pluck. That shows class. A fighter who wanted to prove to the world that he was the best in the world, but who just fell short of the mark.

* * *

AND how about that other former world's bantamweight champion, Lou Salica? He's going pretty good now. Then there's Baby Yack, Spider Armstrong, and a few more likely-looking young fellows. The little fellows have revived interest among the bantams.

There should be plenty of interest in that featherweight class. You know, I don't think Henry Armstrong ever will defend the title he won from Petey Sarron. Too much trouble making the weight, although he could do 126 pounds if there was a match around that would draw a good gate. But Henry wants to fight in the lightweight class—try to win that 135-pound crown. And then maybe go after Barney Ross. That is, if he continues to sweep house in the lightweight division.

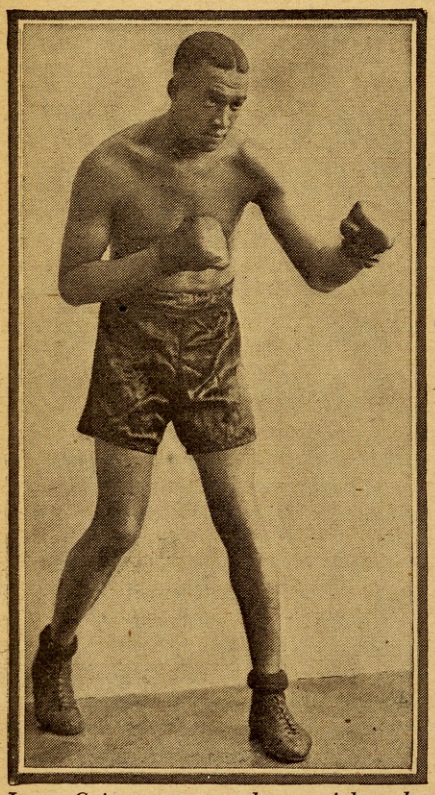
But there are some pretty good youngsters around who should keep interest alive in the featherweight division if they continue to keep up the brand of fighting they have displayed thus far. There is Al Reid, Petey Scalzo, Billy Marquardt, Joey Archibald and Everette Rightmire among others, who may develop into a white Armstrong, and set the 126-pound division aflame as did Homicide Henry before them.

As for Mike Belloise, we'll have to discount him for the present. He's just getting over an illness.

* * *

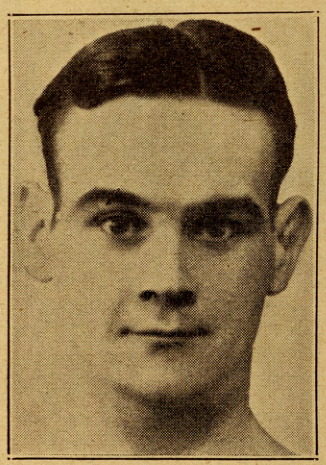
IT'S been a long time since the lightweight class had so many outstanding contenders. Take Montanez, Day, Beauhuld, Wesley Ramey, Jimmy Garrison, Frankie Wallace, Irving Eldridge, with a few others who are making rapid strides. Any one of those *(Continued on page 44)*

FARR PRAISES



Larry Gains, a veteran heavyweight, who still is going strong.

"BRITISH boxing is in for a banner year." So said THE RING Editor in a recent article, and I agree with him. I foresee the best year in British Empire boxing since the days when Bombardier Billy Wells, Jem Driscoll, Jimmy Wilde, Matt Wells, Ted Kid Lewis, Freddie Welsh and others of their caliber were in their prime. I have been asked to give RING readers a picture of British boxing as I see it for 1938 and I shall do my best to make it a clear one. Great Britain, as you all know, is not so well blessed with good heavyweight talent as is America, but in most all other divisions I think our boys stand their own against the world's best.



Benny Lynch, Great Britain's ace flyweight.

A lot of people ask why we don't produce more good fighters in all classes. I think it is largely due to lack of ambition and determination. It cannot be due to lack of opportunity or encouragement, for the British boys get plenty of that.

In London, alone, there are four huge boxing arenas, all built within the last few years. There are plenty of real good promoters and plenty of real good sportsmen ready at all seasons of the year to patronize the shows.

I have heard some boxers say there are no gyms. That, I think is a lame excuse, a very lame one, because until the time I fought Ben Foord and Max Baer, I trained in a bar-room. I had only a punching bag. My brother was my chief sparring partner. As for roadwork, even the Londoners and those in the main provincial towns, have parks to do their daily stunt. These parks compare with the best in the world for this purpose. As for the present day fighters, here's my review:

* * *

IN the heavyweight ranks, I suppose I'm treading on thin ice. But I give the following as my candid opinion without the slightest trace of prejudice.

There is Larry Gaines, who, to use the British boxing phrase, "is getting on a bit"—I mean in years. But Gaines is still good enough to knock out most of the younger heavies. Ben Foord has the physique and punch to make him a champion. But he, again, has no liking for the gym.

Len Harvey has brought his boxing skill to a very fine art, all of which doesn't help to make him an attraction at the box office, because when Harvey gets in that ring he makes sure to keep those good looks of his.

Jack London is a real tough, rough fighter with a good punch and, I suppose, is the best fighter of the present bunch.

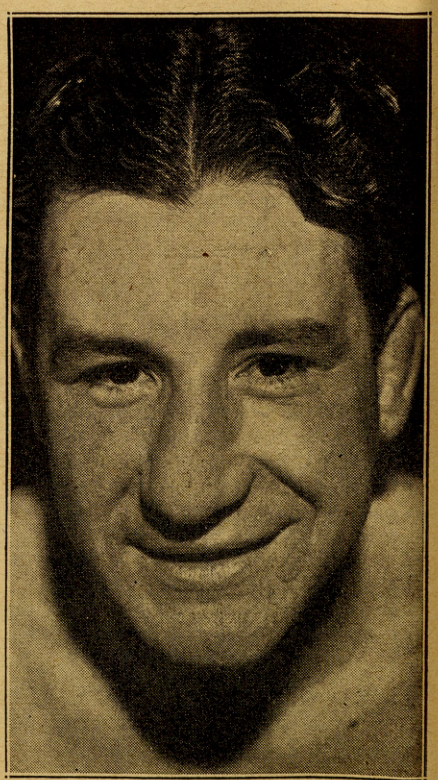
British boxing missed a great fighter when Jack Peterson had to step out through failing eyesight. I have to say I'm sorry he stepped out from my own point of view because there is nothing that would have afforded me greater pleasure than to fight Jack, who is my countryman and neighbor.

Harvey, despite his long service in the ring, can still make trouble for the various heavies now roaming around the British Isles. He gave a good account of himself against John Henry Lewis when he clashed for the light-heavyweight title, but proved his versatility by taking on Manuel Abrew, the rugged Scotch heavyweight, and scoring a knockout in fourteen rounds. Harvey, accordingly should be ranked in both the heavyweight and light-heavyweight classes.

Jack Doyle, the Irish Thrush, may have had some future in boxing had he taken the trade more seriously. No matter what may be said in a derogatory sense against Doyle, he can punch with the best of them, and had he stuck to his task, may have come through in good style.

* * *

IN the cruiserweight class, more familiarly known as the light-heavyweight division in the United States, we have a worthy British gladiator who is capable of making it hot for any of the leading American stars, including the world's champion, John Henry Lewis, in Jock McAvoy of Manchester. McAvoy is a powerfully built, stocky, short-arm puncher, who knows how to combat all types of styles with equal effectiveness. He gave John Henry Lewis one tough tussle in New York and right now negotiations are centered for another titular meeting between Lewis and McAvoy to take place in London in the very near future.



Jock McAvoy, England's best cruiserweight and middleweight.

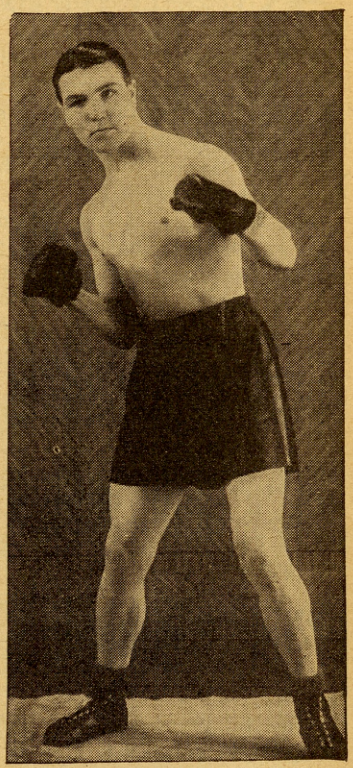
Len Harvey is clamoring for a title match with McAvoy for the British title and it is likely that this match might take place, with Lewis meeting the winner. Frank Hough, Bill Hardy, Tom Reddington, Bob Firmin, and Tommy Martin are all British contenders who may improve with the year and advance further. Then there is Eddie

BRITISH BOXING

Urges Further Development of Home Talent Instead of Importing Fighters Who Fail to Click—Champion Discusses Empire Pugilism

By TOMMY FARR

(British Empire Heavyweight King)



Jake Kilrain, Scottish welter of promise.

Wenstob, Winnipeg, Canada, entry who is campaigning in British rings and he may be the lucky one to capture the chance at the title. The division as a whole lacks first class talent.

Wenstob recently thwarted the ambitions of Robey Reibbrandt, a South African entry, and with a few more victories on the British Isles, it is likely that he will be the one selected to test the mettle of Lewis. Eddie only recently won the Canadian cruiserweight crown.

* * *

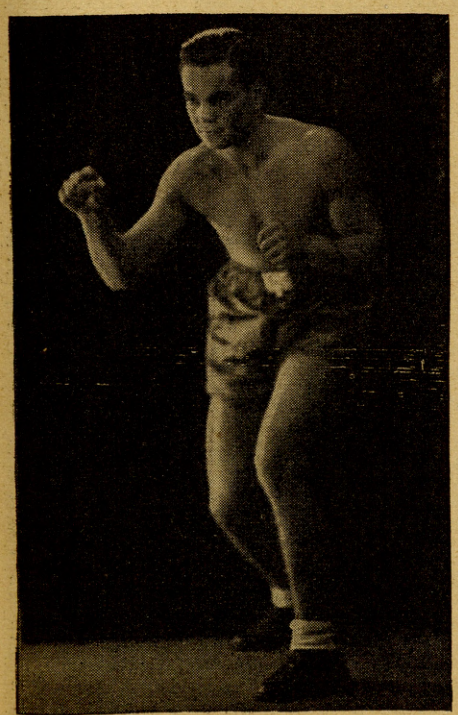
THE middleweights, with Jock McAvoy on top, are a fair enough class. Jock McAvoy holds the middleweight and cruiserweight titles. When fit, Jock is a great fighter, but they tell me he has no great liking for the gym. There's Frank Hough, a great second in the running to McAvoy, not forgetting Jack Hyams, who is England's cleverest middleweight but who lacks the necessary punch. McAvoy is the kingpin, there can be no doubt about that. He recently successfully defended his crown against Hyams.

Eddie Peirce, South African middleweight, has done fairly good work in the British Empire and also fared successfully in the United States when he was over here last year, is another outstanding boy in the division. He is a rugged, two-fisted customer, who seems capable of testing the best middleweights in the business.

Stafford Barton of Jamaica, British West Indies, is also doing good work in the British Isles. Others, less conspicuous, are Bob Simpkins, Ginger Sadd, Dave McCleave, who recently left the welterweight class to try his conclusions with his heavier rivals. Judging the middleweights by the above listing, I would say that McAvoy has no fear of losing his crown for some time to come, unless he faces weight difficulties.

* * *

NOW for the welterweights. England is well represented there, too, Jake Kilrain is an honest-to-goodness real scrapper. There is Ernie Roderick of Liverpool, to my idea England's uncrowned champion who knows every trick of the trade. Of course, there's George Daly, who, I think, has the body moves of Tommy Loughran, regarded as one of the cleverest boxers in the game's history.



Dave Crowley, who is listed high among the British lightweights.

Others who might prove their mettle are Jack Lord, George Odwell, Norman Snow, Jack Powell and Jackie Kid Berg, who is still intent on continuing his fistic career. Those who have seen Berg in his prime when he fought in the United States would be disappointed were they to see him in action at this time. He is far from the two-fisted fighter that he once was but still manages to garner his share of victories.

George Daly, a British lad who is well thought of as a lightweight.

* * *

THE lightweight class is well represented in our Empire by George Reynolds, who is keen to visit America, and Boyo Rees. Then we have Jimmy Walsh of Liverpool, the present title holder, who seems to enjoy victory and defeat alike. Dame Fortune has not been very kind to him. He doesn't have the class and fire that the former champion enjoyed, Harry Mizler. Mizler is still a strong candidate and others who share the same chance are Dave Crowley, a great little battler; Jack Carrick, Jimmy Vaughan, Frankie Hill, George Reynolds, Frank Barton and Joe Connolly of Scotland. This is a fine lot of talent and should provide open competition. It is likely that a new champion will be crowned before the next year will have been reached.

We have a classy featherweight who holds the British championship in Johnny McGrory, a Scotch boy. He has had some trouble with a fractured jaw and bad hands but has plenty of class to withstand those handicaps. There is a classy array of talent eagerly seeking the opportunity of taking the title from McGrory. Chief among them are: Ginger Foran, who is now in America and who I'm sure will make rapid headway; Benny Caplan, Benny Sharkey, Dick Corbett, Johnny Cusick, Billy Charlton, Dan McAllister, *(Continued on page 57)*

The Power Behind the Punch

By HYPE IGOE

RECENTLY, THE RING set before your eyes the batting averages of every on-his-toes fighting man and some of those batting averages were, in some instances, rather startling. It was unique to find that seven heavyweights for instance, entered into the charmed 1000% circle, Joe Louis leading with five fights, three knockouts and two decisions to his credit.

Max Schmeling of course made it rather easy for himself when he confined himself to one great effort, that little task of belting over Joe Louis in twelve rounds.

Of the seven, Alberto Lovell of the Argentine really had a better 1000% mark than all the others in that he had engaged in nine fights, had scored four knockouts and had won five decisions.

Batting averages! It was a swellelegant idea and something brand new under the good old sun, wasn't it?

Well hold on everybody! THE RING is right back, slap-dab, with one which is just as entertaining and which is well worth pasting in your hat. You never can tell when you'll run into one of those fellows who likes to lay a little bet on the line now and then.

* * *

WE said that Max Schmeling chalked up a 1000% with his one knockout in a single try for 1937. That rates him .400 above Joe Louis, if you please, who can boast of only .600% for 1937.

You'll lift your eyebrows a trifle when I tell you that seven heavyweights punched to a higher score than the world's champion, Jimmy Adamick running Max Schmeling a hot second with .909 as his percentage, Jack Kearns' "second Dempsey" having boffed out ten in eleven starts and that, my frans is PUNCHING!

Louis Nova, the young Californian is third for a score of 667, having tagged out four in six starts.

Tommy Farr, the British Empire champion, the game lad who went the full distance with Joe Louis in a memorable 15 round bout, is tied with Al McCoy of Boston with a low .333, each having knocked out two victims in six starts.

Buddy Baer—and off hand you'd never believe it—has the same hitting score enjoyed by Louis, three kayos out of five starts. Red Burman with five knockouts in eight times up has a score of .625.

Eddie Blunt, the Negro and Freddie Fiducia tie at with five knockouts in thirteen starts for an average of .615.

* * *

WE'LL hop right in among the light heavyweights. A Negro, Tiger Fox, leads off with a score of .647, having dropped eleven men in seventeen stalks to the center. An awkward fellow this bird but a mighty handy man with his knockout wallops.

His nearest rival with his .600, is little Jock McAvoy the gallant British Empire champion who likewise holds the middleweight title of the Empire. Jock has the same punching average enjoyed by Joe Louis which is something over which every Englishman must crow. Nice fighter that Jock, nice fighter. How he took away our breaths when he smacked over Babe Risko, then the middleweight champion of the world.

In my opinion, had Jock's hands been in real sound condition he would have given a far better account of himself against John Henry Lewis, the light heavyweight champion of the world in Madison Square Garden. They had to "coke" Jock's brittle hands and the fellow who did it, handled the job poorly. He "coked" Jock's hands by jabbing each individual finger instead of centralizing his injections into a "leader" nerve, back of the wrist. When the effects wore off in the middle of the fight, Jock suddenly found himself a man without hands, in front of one of the best fighters in the world.

Tiger Warrington, another Negro, was most busy with his dukes, having slapped over five out of nine opponents for .556. Melio Bettina, fast coming 175-pounder, had an average of .417, his victims being five out of eleven.

I mention him here because he is a youngster, just moving up. He wasn't as high in the average list as John Henry Lewis and Al Gainer each of whom punched an even .500, Lewis winning ten with knockouts in twenty starts. Gainer knocked over five out of ten men.

* * *

CANADIAN fans will get a great boot out of the fact that Al Hostak leads the middleweights of the world, tied with Schmeling and his mark of .1000. This hard punching fellow "got his man" nine times out of nine which, again, is punching of some sort.

His nearest rival was Freddie Steele, the champion, who busted them on the chin four times in six starts.

Fred Apostoli who stopped Steele this year was hitting .444 for the 1937 season. It really isn't a line on his splendid fighting. He turned in some corkers, winding up by stopping Steele as his start for the 1938 score.

Harry Balsamo, the eccentric young Italian, who knocked out nine in fifteen calls to the center, was on the high road to a record before he ran into such fellows as Solly Krieger and Babe Risko.

Krieger, one of the better punchers of the division and now rated on a parity with Fred Apostoli (it is pronounced A-POSS'-toe-lee) in the chase after Freddie Steele's coronet, is on the climb.

* * *

GEFERINO GARCIA, the best puncher to come from the Philippines in many a day, is the leader in the welterweight division with a score of .600. He bowled over six out of ten men and led the world's champion, Barney Ross, by .200, Barney getting his .400 by knocking out two in five starts. Not a great hitter, Barney, but a dude when it comes to fighting.

Ralph Zanelli, who never has been defeated and who is one of the young crop, has scored nine knockouts in nineteen fights. You'll hear a lot more of Zanelli when Mike Jacobs imports him from Rhode Island to fight on New York's "big time."

Sammy Fuller, who was a great lightweight, is up with .500. He had only to knock over one man in two starts. Really not a line on a fellow who used to do a lot of fighting in his lighter days.

* * *

WE come to the lightweights, always a romantic, snappy class, productive of some of the greatest fighters who ever lived in any division.

And it's off to far away South Africa we go to find the hitter of the circle, Laurie Stevens, who knocked out three men in four tries for a mark of 750!

The solid little man from Puerto Rico, Pedro Montanez, comes in second with a total of .706. Davey Day of Chicago is third with .571 and Chino Alvarez is next with .538.

That lets the lightweights out. The champion, Lou Ambers, didn't get into the percentage column because he failed to knock out a single man in twelve starts.

* * *

NOW we come to the division lorded over by brilliant Henry Armstrong, the little Negro who won the featherweight championship of the world by knocking out Petey Sarron, the globe-trotting Syrian.

They don't make better fighters than Hank these days. Running up a score of twenty-six knockouts out of twenty-seven, he keeps right on marching and his 1938 record may be even better. He got off to a dandy start when he knocked out Enrico Venturi in six rounds in Madison Square Garden on January 12.

Can that baby hit. It isn't so much that he pops them on the chin and walks off and leaves them there. Not that kind of a hitter. Henry's idea seems to be that he must wear them down and how he scruffs them.

He piles one punch right in on top of the other. He couldn't reach Venturi's bobbing head so he went to work on Enrico's ribs and belly. It was a splendid job of taming. Of course Venturi claimed a foul and Arthur Donovan, the referee, had warned Armstrong, signifying that the round was to be taken away from Hank as a penalty, which is the rule in New York, but Enrico was not hurt.

If, after being struck low, the victim goes to the floor and claims a foul further, there is only one thing for the referee to do and that is, to count on the man on the floor. That was the rule formulated by the then chairman of the New York Boxing Commission and now Postmaster General Farley.

It was the savior of boxing, that rule, in New York State and since its passage, Venturi is the one and only man who did his protesting while on the floor. The rule was made after Max Schmeling had won his world's title, squatting on the floor in front of Jack Sharkey.

* * *

BUT let us return to little Henry. Who can whip him? The featherweight champion of the world, with his hitting mark of .963, second only to the man who knocked out Joe Louis. Think of it! It is one of the most astounding situations in all the history of the ring. We of the United States can only be thankful that he is an American. Were he a foreigner like Schmeling, I'm afraid American boxers would have had to hang their heads in humiliation.

The best hitters, on figures mind you, Max Schmeling, the German, and the runner-up, a dickey-legged, little American featherweight!

I'm afraid that the ghosts of the great American hitters, passed and almost forgotten, except for their hitting, will come back to haunt us. And I wouldn't blame them one bit.

Another foreign lad come in for a high ranking. The No. 3 man is little Ginger Foran, the English featherweight, who looms up with .625 because he keeled over five out of eight.

So long as we have Henry Armstrong, we might just as well take him in our arms and declare that he can win the lightweight and welterweight titles as well as the featherweight crown which now rests on his head. If he can't defeat Ambers and Ross, he'll give a pretty sprightly demonstration of a chap trying to do that little thing.

Too bad he isn't a heavyweight, come along to give Joe Louis and Max Schmeling real competition. Being so great and only a featherweight is rather a snide joke on the part of nature.

* * *

WE won't linger long with the bantams and feathers because we can't stand this getting too red-faced about it all. Understand me. I'm not a hard loser, but what bothers me is this:—Whatever in all the world has become of the hitters we USED to have?

We take a back seat in the bantamweight division because Al Brown, the rejuvenated Pamana Canal Zone Negro, coming back into some sort of a new life, busted four out of four on the whiskers for a score of .1000. Harry Jeffra is the champion and the best he can muster is a score of .600. He got six out of ten in his 1937 travels and perhaps did a better all-around job of fighting than Brown, including the winning of the title from Sixto Escobar. Tommy Forte is high with .583.

Sixto and Johnny King wind up tied with .571 each, the two having stopped four out of seven.

* * *

THE flyweights and we will have done with them all, BUT—just for old time's sake, I'm going to dig into the musty past and see how the present-day crop stacks up against the all-career hitting of some of the immortals. The old boys held their own, I assure you.

Peter Kane, the Englishman, was the best knockout artist among the flyweights for 1937, topping even the champion, Benny Lynch of Wales.

Peter had a score of .667, his knockout tally being eight out of twelve while the champion got but .500 for his four out of eight victims.

Pat Palmer had a score of .600 for his three out of five. Jackie Jurich of San Jose, Cal., was the high man in America and again I blush when I jot him down as having made .143, because he tagged but one man out of seven.

* * *

NOW for the musty but a far more pleasant past! Remember that I'm setting down their figures for their entire careers, not for a single and perhaps a best year, as in the case of the fellows just rated.

Not for ONE year but for ALL their years, do I rate the fighters of old. How many of the present crop could have kept pace with them?

We'll take Jack Dempsey, perhaps the most spectacular and popular fighter who ever lived. He wasn't the all-time tops with his high, .681. Jack belted out forty-eight ambitious young men in seventy fights. That's mowing them down, but whom do you suppose slips in ahead of Jack with a better record? The fellow Jack knocked out after flooring him nine times—LOUIS ANGEL FIRPO, the "Wild Bull of the Pampas!"

"Dead Pan" Looie scored twenty-two knockouts in thirty-three fights which hops him ahead of Jack with a .687. The figures don't lie even though Jack knocked the big Argentine kicking. You might figure that Bob Fitzsimmons, one of the greatest natural hitters of all time, would out-score Looie but he didn't. Bob got thirty-two men out of sixty, which included Jack Dempsey, the Nonpariel, Jim Corbett and George Gardner, all CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD!

* * *

THE record books have John L. Sullivan down as having scored eleven knockouts in forty-five fights. The record books do not tell the real story of Sullivan's hitting because he toured the United States at one time, offering $1,000 to any man who would stand up before him for four rounds. Sullivan knocked out EIGHTY-FOUR out of EIGHTY-FIVE of those birds, Professor George Robinson of the Olympic Club in San Francisco being the only one to stick it out for four.

Ah, but how he stuck. The Professor believed in winning the money and in not getting his brains knocked out. Consequently when John L. made a feint or a move, the Professor would take to the floor for a count. He folded his arms around his head and would, now and then, take a sly peek at John.

They dubbed him "Peek-a-boo" Robinson ever afterwards and in the end, the poor fellow quit San Francisco in shame and never again was heard from. Of course these were not regularly scheduled bouts as the record books consider them but they were knockouts, so, after all, don't put John L. down as a cream-puff hitter simply because his score was .244.

* * *

TOM SHARKEY, the game sailor man, hit 'em on the chin for a score of .600, stopping thirty-three out of sixty-six. Though not considered any great pumpkins as a socker, Gene Tunney, the retired heavyweight champion, got himself a .458 by knocking out twenty-two of his forty-eight foemen.

Peter Maher, the great Irish thumper, was in with a .400 mark, having settled the hash of thirty-two out of eighty. Probably the hardest right-hand puncher who ever lived among the heavies, was Peter.

He was well above Joe Choynski, who was always handicapped because of his 165 pounds when meeting heavyweights. Joe scored twenty-two knockouts in eighty starts, the figures hardly testifying to Joe's tremendous wallops. Both Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Jeffries told me that Joe Choynski hit them harder than any other man ever did. You'll have to take Bob's and Jim's word for that.

Harry Wills, the fellow who claimed that Jack Dempsey ducked a match with him, which of course isn't true, was a nice sort of puncher. He got forty-six of those chaps in ninety-six times at bat.

(Continued on page 32)

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Apostoli Ranks Top in Middleweight Division Steele Must Face Him in Fight for the Title Baer, Lee, Krieger and Hostak in the Spotlight

ANY doubt about who entered the year 1938 as the world's best middleweight, was disposed of when Freddie Steele, recognized in America as the world champion, was stopped by Fred Apostoli of California in 56 seconds of the ninth round after handing Steele a terrific beating. Unfortunately, Steele, refusing to place his American title—the only championship he holds—at stake, forced his opponent to come in over the weight, and thus by a margin of one and a half pounds, he saved his crown.

Apostoli is a bona fide middleweight. He was compelled to lay off training for a day in order to be at the weight which Steele required under penalty of calling off the fight, and in view of the fact that Apostoli had previously disposed of Europe's best middle, the recognized world title-holder abroad, Marcel Thil, then stopped Steele, in the eyes of the public, Apostoli ranks the best middleweight in the world. I say that with all due respect to the prowess of Jock McAvoy, British Empire king, because Jock had already been whipped by Thil in fifteen rounds.

Many among the 10,000 who saw the Steele-Apostoli bout left the Garden with the feeling that I did—that Steele, in compelling the world's outstanding contender, as voted by almost 400 scribes of the world, to come in a pound overweight, was unbecoming a champion and sportsman. Freddie owes the public an apology and the only way he can make amends is to accept a challenge from the man who halted him in the Garden affair and place his crown at stake.

It is my contention that a fight between Steele and Apostoli at the weight will settle the matter of world fistic supremacy in the middleweight class and that's in what I'm most interested. Until Steele disposes of his rival, he will lack the universal recognition that will go to the winner of a bout with Apostoli. If Steele persists in ignoring his conqueror as Steele's manager says he will, then Apostoli will be hailed as the uncrowned king. Apostoli is deserving of the chance at the title and he must get that chance. Petty bickerings, childish differences between managers must cease. That bout must go on. If Steele prefers to hold on to empty honors, that is his privilege but he owes it to himself and the public to stop cheapening the crown and place it at stake in a fight with Apostoli.

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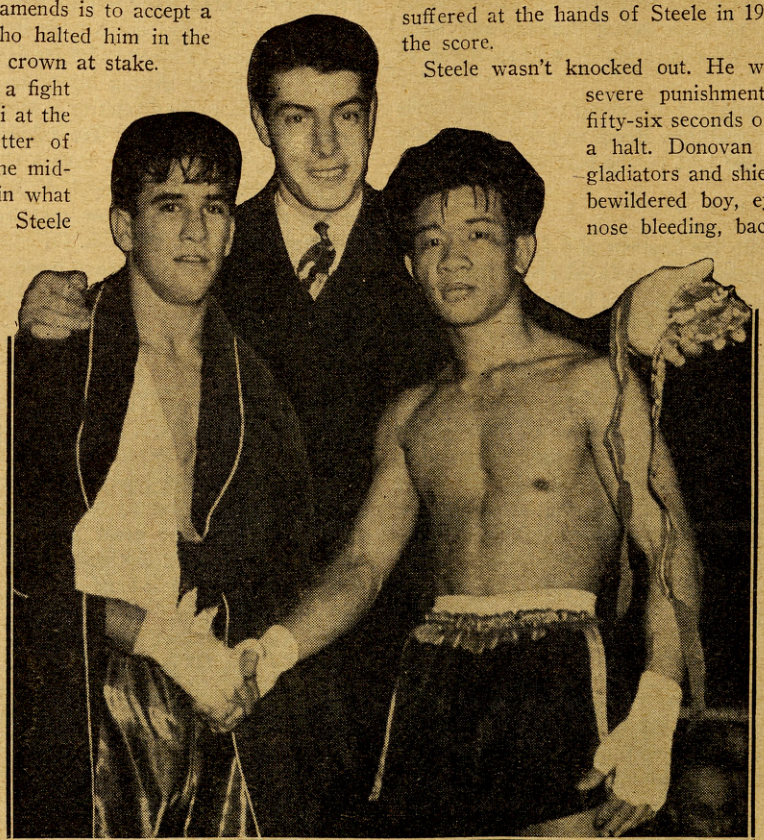


When Jackie Jurich won the American flyweight title by defeating Small Montana in San Jose, Cal. Jurich (left) and Montana (right). Between them stands the New York Yankees' great outfielder, Joe DiMaggio.

THE GARDEN fight was anything but a one-sided affair despite the beating Steele received. At the end of the sixth round I had the affair even, with each gaining three sessions, one of which, the first, was a hair-line margin in Steele's favor. There can be no doubt but that the very low blow landed by Apostoli in the seventh round weakened the champion and was instrumental in enabling his rival to score heavily in that and the following rounds, but even without that punch, for which in any of the foreign countries, Apostoli would have been disqualified, there was every indication that Steele was weakening while his opponent was becoming stronger as the fight went on.

Whether Referee Arthur Donovan was within his rights when he halted the contest for eighteen seconds to enable Steele to regain his composure after the foul was landed, is questionable in view of New York's "no-foul" rule, but it was a humanitarian act and as he explained it, he thought it came within the province of the third man to decide what action to take.

Apostoli stood his ground in the face of heavy firing and when he made things too hot for Steele and caused him to back away, Apostoli went after the champ like a tiger going after its prey. Forcing Steele against the ropes, he battered away with both fists to body and jaw. It was a great exhibition by Apostoli, who was out for revenge for the ten-round knockout which he suffered at the hands of Steele in 1935, and he certainly evened the score.

Steele wasn't knocked out. He was still on his feet taking severe punishment when the referee, after fifty-six seconds of continued battering, called a halt. Donovan stepped between the rival gladiators and shielding the champ, he led the bewildered boy, eye badly cut, lip split and nose bleeding, back to his corner. Had that pound and a half not been forced on Apostoli, the Californian today would be the undisputed world middleweight champion. Pity that he isn't after his fine showing!

* * *

STEELE came in at 158¾ pounds to 161½ for his rival. When Apostoli's weight was announced, it took a load off Mike Jacobs and his matchmaker, Al Weill, who feared that the Californian would be unable to come in over the championship poundage of 160 pounds. That's how difficult it was for the winner to do the over-weight job.

Steele according to my scoring, held the upper

hand in the first, third, fourth and fifth rounds. In those sessions he boxed like a master. He took everything his feared opponent, a hard hitter, dished out. He traded blow for blow with him besides jabbing his face repeatedly with lefts. Steele might have continued in this fashion had the low punch not weakened him, but that is problematical because it was obvious that the hard hiting of Apostoli was gradually taking its toll.

Steele to the very finish, exhibited extreme gameness and the fighting qualities of a champion. He refused to yield in the face of terrific punishment and had he accepted his opponent in a fight for the title instead of an overweight match, he would have gained the applause of the crowd. As things turned out, however, the fans seemed extremely eager to see Apostoli, the underdog, quoted at 14 to 5, come through. They resented, and correctly so, the over-the-weight agreement forced on a legitimate challenger who had as much claim on world honors as did Steele. After all, it was Apostoli who whipped Champion Thil.

Australia's promoters are looking forward to an active boxing year. With Charley Lucas, matchmaker, Jack Munroe, promoter, and Benny Bear as financial backer, it is expected that things will hum "Down Under." Charley is importing foreign talent for several of his shows. Left to right—Lucas, Bear and Munroe.

* * *

IN the lobby of the Garden, there were many arguments over the action of Referee Donovan, who I thought showed good judgment in temporarily halting the fight after Apostoli had fouled his rival. The arguments naturally were waged by those who had bet on a knockout and thought that Donovan's action had prevented Apostoli from scoring it.

Still others argued about the championship, some insisting that the slight difference of one and a half pounds shouldn't stand between Apostoli and the crown. I received many letters following the fight, asking me for an opinion. One writer enclosed a clipping from the New York *American-Journal* in which there appeared a story by Hype Igoe, my pal, with which the writer differed. I likewise differ with Igoe on the points raised.

Here is a portion of the article which Hype Igoe printed:

"Freddy Steele, being the world champion, has decided to protect his middleweight title by forcing Apostoli to come in over the weight. Naturally, therefore, the title isn't at stake, though Steele, a light middleweight, will be under the 160-pound limit of his class when he weighs in. Under the terms of the agreement, Apostoli will have to come in over 160 pounds. Some day I'd love to see one of these over-the-weight matches fussed up a bit by having the challenger come in below the mark. It would be most embarrassing for the champion, especially if that evening, he were knocked out.

"The title wouldn't change hands officially, however, because, if the challenger broke his word and came in under the weight, the champion would be within his rights if he refused to fight.

"If the champion accepted the issue, the commission would firmly announce that the title would not pass on to the challenger in the event of a knockout suffered by the champion.

"If Apostoli did come in under the weight, and thus crossed Steele, and the latter were knocked out or lost, Apostoli could claim the title but his claim would not be universally recognized, but would leave Steele in a rather red-faced predicament."

* * *

OF course some of the statements made by my friend, Hype, are proper, but several, I disagree with. It is my opinion that they are contrary to the general rules of boxing.

Thus, when Igoe says that it is within the province of the champion to refuse to go to the mat with the challenger in the event the latter crosses him and tips the scales within the championship limit, Hype is absolutely correct. In such an event, Steele, were he the universally recognized title holder, which he is not pending the defeat of Apostoli at the class weight, would be within his rights by calling the fight off.

If, however, he accepted the weight of the challenger and permitted the bout to go on, then, were he the universally recognized champion, he would lose that crown if:

1. He lost the bout on points.

2. He lost the bout on a foul.

3. He lost the contest by a knockout.

4. The bout were stopped to save him from further punishment.

5. The bout were stopped because of severe injury the champion had suffered.

I don't care what action the Boxing Commission might take to protect the champion's title, if the title holder were whipped under any of the above conditions, and the challenger had weighed in officially at or below the limit of the class, the challenger would be the universally recognized title holder with New York, possibly, casting a negative vote. The world-at-large would recognize the challenger as the new champion.

* * *

THOSE who recall the fight between Charley Phil Rosenberg, bantam king and Bushy Graham in Madison Square Garden on February 4, 1927, will remember a case such as I have enumerated. Rosenberg came to the weighing-in, lean, haggard, eyes almost popping out of his head because of the strenuous time he had in trying to make weight. Graham was asked by Commissioners Farley and Muldoon to get on the scales. He weighed 117½ pounds.

Then came Rosenberg's turn and he scaled 122½ pounds.

Muldoon, a sticker for rules, declared that either Rosenberg would take off that surplus weight or lose his title. But Phil already was as far down as he could get without injury to his health. He so informed the commission and Messrs. Muldoon and Farley, following a few minutes conference, announced to the boxing writers that Charley Phil Rosenberg had forfeited his title as bantam king because he no longer could make the weight and that if Bushy Graham defeated him in the Garden that night, Bushey would be declared the champion.

Graham's mentors argued that regardless of the outcome of the bout, their boy was the legal world bantam champion and Commissioner Farley agreed with him, but Muldoon, citing the law, said that only if Graham won, would he gain the honor, and if he lost, he would be regarded as the No. 1 challenger to meet the best available bantam for the world crown. At the time, the Boxing Commission rules stated that if a champion failed to make weight for a championship bout, his title would be declared forfeited and that rule, which has always been recognized as a proper one from the very earliest days, deprived Rosenberg of the title.

* * *

THAT night, before a crowd of 13,952 persons, who paid $66,945 to see the mill, Rosenberg handed Graham the worst shellacking the Utica lad had ever received, but that, plus his purse, was the sum total of Rosie's glory. He had lost his title but had won a brilliant victory.

It was my contention at the time that regardless of the outcome of the match Graham had won the bantam crown at the weighing-in without as much as raising a hand in his defense. I backed the claim of Graham's mentors and *(Continued on page 23)*

N.B.A. Seeks New York Aid

Secretary Foster Points Out Wisdom of Firm Alliance Between the State Commission and National Body

By EDWARD C. FOSTER

Executive Secretary, National Boxing Association.

IT is a pleasure to avail myself of the courtesy of the columns of THE RING MAGAZINE to place before all lovers of boxing the plans of our organization, and the various problems which face us and the sport. In the National Boxing Association, thirty-seven states and four territories are represented. We also are associated and affiliated with every other boxing association throughout the world.

Our organization has accomplished much for boxing in many states and has been a big factor in world boxing because our decisions are recognized in all countries with which we are affiliated. It is a source of regret that we cannot get New York, Illinois and California to join hands with us, but we have been told that owing to the law of those states, such an affiliation is impossible.

But that should not prevent those states from working harmoniously with our organization for the betterment of boxing world-wide, and we hope that the New York Commission, in particular, whose honored members are here as your guests today, will see fit to agree to accept our suspensions just as we in turn, are willing to accept theirs, and we hope, through a better understanding, that the New York Commission in particular, will find it possible to consider such legislation which we, representing such a vast boxing area in America and the world, see fit to place for action before the ruling bodies of all states where boxing is legalized.

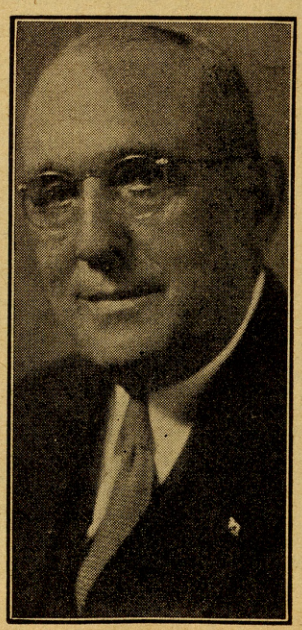
I mention New York in particular because it is a fact that New York is the center of world boxing. What the New York Commission does is more or less followed by all other states.

* * *

THERE are many matters of world boxing importance that will come up for international discussion at a special world session of the Federation-Puglistic-Italina which has been called by the Italian Government at Rome on April 19, 1938. Every boxing association has been asked to have a representative in attendance, and I have been designated by our association, the NBA, to speak on behalf of our body and boxing in America. When it comes to foreign nations, the NBA is looked upon as the representative of the sport in America, and justly so, since we represent the boxing commissions of 37 states and four outside of our own country.

As a member of the Rhode Island State Athletic Commission, I am very proud to be designated as the American representative at this world conference, to which I understand, Nat Fleischer has been invited as the guest of the Italian government, and tentatively has agreed to attend. In addition to the National Boxing Association, other organizations that have accepted the invitation and will have its representatives at this world discussion of boxing, are the British Board of Boxing Control, the French Federation of Boxing, the International Boxing Union, the Hungarian Boxing Union, the German Federation of Boxing, the Scandinavian Boxing Union and, of course, the Italian Federation, which is sponsoring the conference under the control of the Italian government.

The Italians have also sent special invitations to the Cuban and British West Indies Conference. The Italian meeting will be the most gigantic and important ever held on behalf of boxing.



Edward Foster

It is the intention of the Conference to set a definite standard of rules for all classes; to alter the weights in several divisions; to settle for all time the subject of world championships with the idea of making a definite rule, which will be followed by all members of the world conference, on how a championship can change hands and thus do away with the various championship claims that are now going the rounds of boxing just as they are in wrestling.

It is the aim of the Federation at this meeting to set 15 rounds as the legal number for all championship bouts and to refuse to recognize any championship match as such unless it is scheduled for 15 rounds.

It is the aim of the conference to have a definite index system of all boxers participating in countries which are affiliated with the organization and to keep the records of all such fighters, to list suspensions, results of fights, and all other data so that the International Federation will at all times be a clearing house for world boxers.

* * *

IT is our aim to have all members of the Federation adopt New York's no-foul rule, and to compel all boxers fighting under the jurisdiction of the affiliated members to wear a foul-proof cup such as is now in use in New York and in most states under the control of the NBA.

It is the aim of the members to make it obligatory on the part of each organization to honor suspension made by any one member so that such suspensions shall become world-wide except in such states as are not members of the NBA.

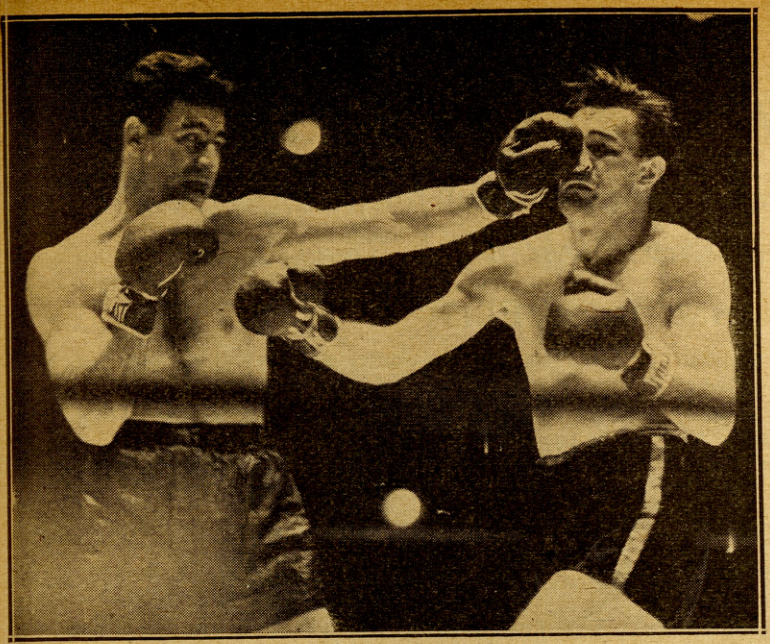
It is the aim of the members of the Conference to inaugurate a movement to make amateur boxing strictly amateur and to prevent any semi-professional or professional fighters to masquerade as simon-pures. We realize that we cannot do much in parts of our country where semi or amateurism is permitted and where managers have amateurs fighting several times a week for promoters, and not bona fide amateur clubs, but we can and will, through our action at Rome, put a stop to such boys competing in international matches by preventing their entry unless such entry has been passed upon and accepted by the organization affiliated with the International Boxing Federation.

We will try to pass legislation which will prevent such silly action as was recently taken by the I.B.U. in Europe in which Tony Canzoneri was named lightweight champion although he was dethroned many months ago by Ambers and other fighters who are legitimate champions, were ignored, including Joe Louis, for reasons unknown.

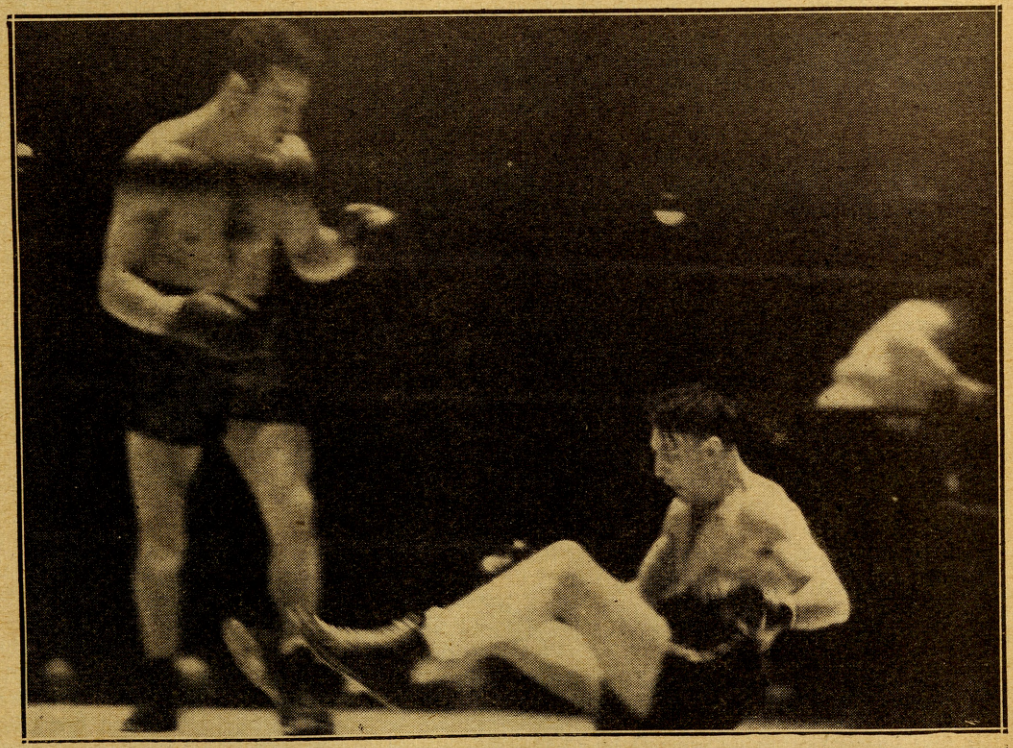
Our plan at Rome will be to pass legislation acceptable to all members, whereby the champions named by the NBA in America, will be voted upon by the foreign organizations and from such vote, the world champions will be designated.

It is our aim to adhere strictly to the line of succession in the naming of champions and to ignore entirely *(Continued on page 44)*

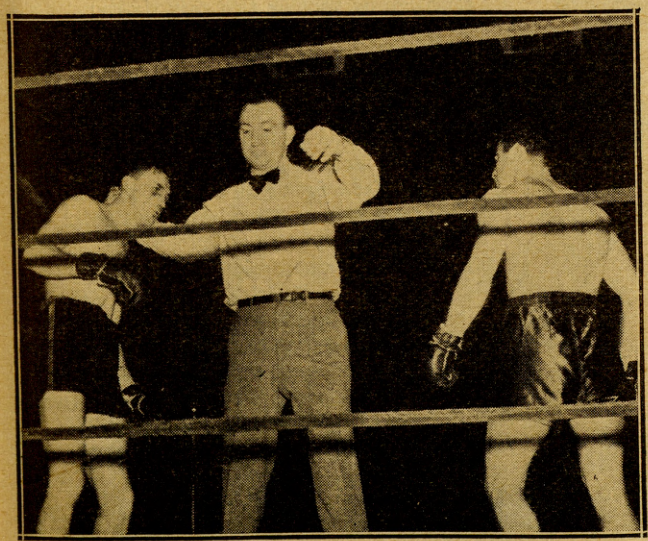
When Apostoli Halted Steele



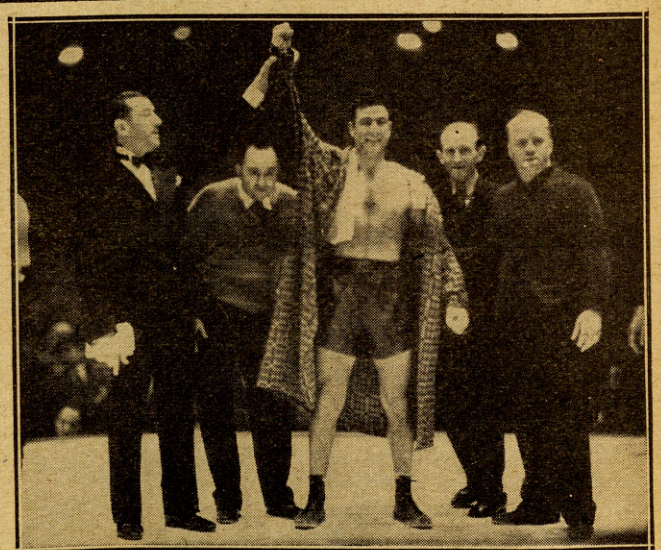
Stopped by the beezer. Here is an unusual photograph showing a perfect punch, a damaging left jab that caught Steele on both the eye and the nose and tossed his head back in the third round. Apostoli tossed quite a number of these and with few exceptions, they hit the mark.



Not a knockdown—just a push. Steele dropped to the canvas at the start of the seventh round when Apostoli rushed him and bumped into him with sufficient force to keel him over. He jumped right up and continued the milling at a fast pace.



Steele, battered and bruised, scarcely able to stand, is ushered to his corner by Referee Arthur Donovan in the ninth round, thus giving Apostoli the fight by a knockout.



The happy California warrior, surrounded by his handlers, as he is declared the winner. Larry White, Apostoli's manager, is on Freddie's right side.

U.S. FLYWEIGHT KING

Is the Title Held by Jackie Jurich of San Jose, California He seeks World Championship Fight With Benny Lynch

By WILLIAM (BILL) FEIST

JACKIE JURICH, American flyweight champion, began his march to fistic prominence and a leading spot among the top ranking flyweight boxers of the world on August 20, 1935, in the little town of Watsonville, some 50 miles from his native city, San Jose, California.

It was his initial professional battle, but behind him lay the experience of 48 amateur fights. Despite his winning of five simon-pure championships in two years of competition, Jurich was not favored by San Jose fight promoters. None figured he had the class and the ability to mix with the fighters of his weight available. At this time, Jackie weighed 105 pounds and because his parents needed the money, the curly-headed youngster decided to take a fling at the professional game in the "lettuce city." Because many brown-skinned warriors from the Philippine Islands dominate this section of California, Jackie's first foe was of that nationality.

After three rounds, Jurich dropped Kid Bang Bang for the third time during the battle and left the ring victor in his first professional engagement. Bang Bang was unknown to the outside boxing world, but was a "hero" to his countrymen in this section.

From that night on, Jurich rose steadily in the fistic ranks, although it was not until February, 1936, that Promoter Ora Forman, veteran San Jose fistic expert, saw fit to give him a chance to display his wares before a critical San Jose fight audience.

Today, Jurich, 19 years old, standing 5 feet, 5 inches in height, is the holder of the American flyweight crown. His natural weight is between 112 and 114 pounds, but when fighting at the flyweight limit he enters the ring at 110 pounds.

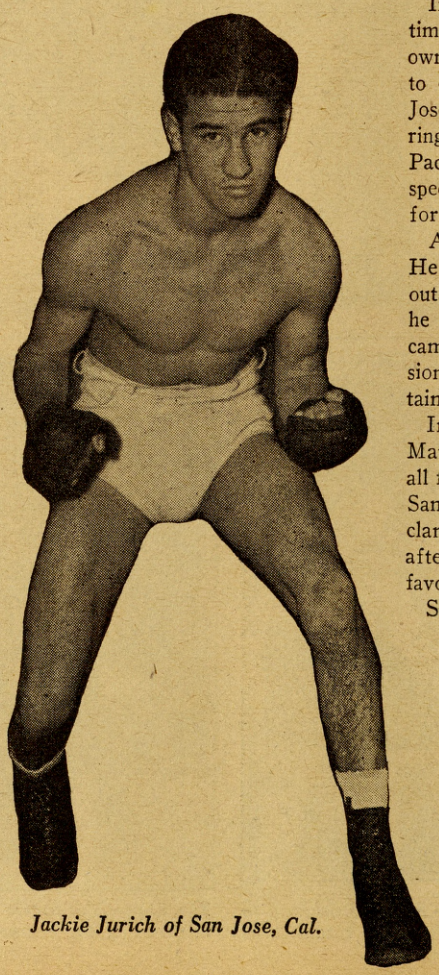
* * *

BORN of Austrian-American parents in San Jose, August 14, 1918, Jurich attended elementary schools in San Jose and Santa Clara and in the latter city started his high school career, a career never finished due to uncontrollable circumstances.

His first interest in boxing came early in 1933 when he witnessed pictures of the Willie Ritchie-Mexican Joe Rivers fight during a Catholic Youth Organization meeting. After talking to Ritchie, who gave a short lecture on the history of boxing, Jurich decided to enter the fight game as an amateur.

His first ring appearance came during the annual Fiesta De Las Roses tournament in May, 1933. Although looking slightly pale and none too strong, Jurich gave away six pounds and won the 112-pound title by stopping Dale Wren.

Delighted at success, Jurich decided to follow the boxing game further. He had several amateur fights, winning some, but losing disheartening decisions in many others. Not discouraged, he continued to box exhibitions and to train and the following December won the amateur novice championship. Several months later he added the Northern California C.Y.O. title to a list which was to grow in months to come.



Jackie Jurich of San Jose, Cal.

San Francisco fight experts marvelled at the speed and cunning of the San Josean. He was stopping experienced foes and winning with ease. While veteran simon-pures were falling victim to his cunningness, Jurich added the San Francisco Examiner Golden Gloves title, the ultimate goal of any Pacific Coast amateur, the Junior P.A.A.A.U. title, and the California State 112-pound title.

* * *

NOW classed as the top amateur in his division, Jurich found little or no opposition. He was fighting the same foe two or three times and each time found him looking better and hitting harder. Family needs finally forced him to drop from school and Jackie went to work in the cannery. Finding the job was not paying enough, Jackie quit the amateur ranks and turned to the professional fight game for a living. After winning his first fight, he added three more victories by knockouts and one by decision.

But Jurich's main hope was to fight before home town fight fans. He tried for weeks to secure a fight, but unable to do so, he took to selling fight programs of the San Jose News in order to obtain admission to the fight arena. On a particular Tuesday night in February, 1936, after Jackie had sold out on fight programs, Promoter Ora Forman decided to use him in a preliminary battle as an opponent for Eddie Hadden, a veteran on the comeback trail. Eddie's foe had failed to appear and Forman could not call off the fight.

In borrowed ring togs, because there was no time for him to return home and secure his own, Jurich pounded Hadden from post to post to earn a four-round decision in his first San Jose appearance. Working as third man in the ring at the time was Toby Irwin, a veteran in Pacific Coast fight circles. Irwin praised the speedy Jurich and predicted a brilliant future for him.

After this fight, Jurich won as he pleased. He was fed fighters who would press him and outside of a draw in an early engagement, he won every battle. He climaxed a brilliant campaign by winning two easy six-round decisions over Jimmy McKuster, then Rocky Mountain 112-pound champion.

In the autumn of 1936, two Filipino fighters, Mauricio Seria and Star Frisco, were whipping all flyweight and bantamweight boxers available. San Jose fans, believing Jurich ripe by now, clamored for a fight with either of the Filipinos, after these boys had knocked over Garden City favorites.

Seria was first. In eight fast rounds he fell victim to Jurich's speed and punching power. Immediately he was signed for a 10-round fight with Frisco. Because it was his first 10-round engagement, many fans figured he was taking on too much. But Jurich was equal to the occasion, and on October 30 went to a 10-round draw.

Jurich rested six weeks and on January 1, 1937, he decisioned the clever little Frisco, dropping him in the 10th round. Hawaii beckoned to the San Josean and he sailed for *(Continued on page 47)*

"Ripper" Ralph Zannelli

Providence Lad, Undefeated in Thirty Fights Since Turning Pro, Looms As Barney Ross' Successor As Welter King

By SAM COHEN

THIRTY fights professionally without a defeat—that's the record of a twenty-two-year-old lad from Providence, who has been astounding Eastern boxing critics by the manner in which he has taken the cream of American welter talent into camp. Ralph Zannelli is his name, but "Ripper" Ralph of Federal Hill is what he is called by his followers. Today, with only fourteen months of professional fighting under his belt, he looms as the best welter prospect in the world, and if he continues to carry on as he did during the past year, it won't be long before he will be fighting Barney Ross for the world championship. That is the general prediction of those who have seen this sturdy, hard-hitting, persevering young man from Rhode Island.

Only about a year and a half ago, he was fighting as an amateur, but he found the going too easy and decided to try his luck in the money ranks and he made good with a vengeance. At this writing, he is the terror of the welters.

He has an unorthodox style of fighting that he cultivated as a kid in street battles, and efforts on the part of his trainers to alter the style for a clever one have been repulsed by the hard-socking youth. He feels that he has done pretty well with the crude style he adopted and refuses to change now that he has made good.

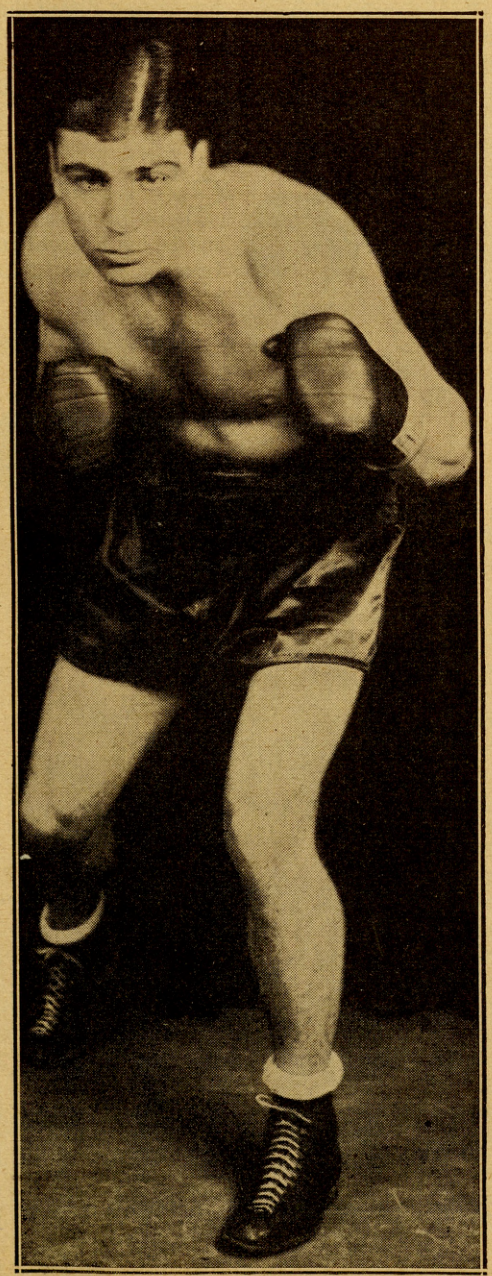
On one occasion he tried the change and it almost ruined him, so when he tackled the tough Andy Callahan in his next bout, he returned to his slambang, tearing-in style and he gained a sensational victory over Andy.

* * *

ZANNELLI is a quiet, unassuming kid, who, although tough as they come when in the ring, is gentle and kind outside of the roped square. He resides with his family, father, mother, and two brothers. He has three sisters, all of whom are married.

It is quite a trick for a kid fresh out of the Simon-pures to step along at the pace Zannelli has been going, and contrary to the belief of many, Zannelli's opponents have not been hand picked, although many have been comparative unknowns before they came here.

Take only recently, Zannelli licked a kid in Providence named Eddie McKeever from New York. McKeever, right now, is the best looking welterweight prospect around the big city, and he has developed into a card because of his tremendous punching ability. Before that bout took place, there was a screech that Zannelli was facing a set-up. McKeever hardly turned out to be a set-up because Zannelli readily admits this was one of the toughest fights he had.



Ralph Zannelli, New England welter king.

The victory that definitely established Zannelli was that over Callahan, conqueror of world's champions, on the Boston *Evening American-Sunday Advertiser* Christmas Basket Fund show. Zannelli had cooled off temporarily after a very tough battle with Bobby Pacho in the Boston Garden, but he came zooming back to the heights of local popularity after outpunching Callahan. In fact, Zannelli got one of the greatest receptions ever accorded a New England ring product after a great victory.

* * *

ZANNELLI, when he was touring the street corners of Federal Hill with his gang, known as the Wise Guys, little realized that he was carving a great future for himself with the training he was getting. Zannelli could lick every kid in the neighborhood, and he is more proud of the fact that he never lost a fight while reigning as "champion of the Wise Guys" than he is of his present professional ring record.

It was in these street battles that Zannelli adopted his present style of fighting. It is second nature with him to come walking in, bobbing and weaving and throwing punches with amazing force and swiftness. His dancing and leaping that often is mistaken by fans as part of a deliberate act to attract attention, is all included in Zannelli's style of fighting, and while it is unorthodox, it is colorful and effective.

Zannelli, say Boston critics who have often watched him, is one of the hardest punching welterweights in the world today, and if he should learn to shorten up some of those swings, he'll belt them over as fast as they can be set up.

He has stiffened 12 of his 30 opponents as a professional, including Nat Bor, former Olympic boxing star; Eddie Holmes of Providence, Victor Lotti of Marlboro, Nat Rosen of Scotland, Mickey Paul and Dave Bishop of New York, Young Lefty of Fall River, Bobby Allen of Halifax, and Eldridge Davenport.

* * *

OUTSTANDING among his decisive victories were those over Andy Callahan, Young Peter Jackson, Bobby Pacho, Phil Furr, Eddie McKeever, Johnny Jadick, Eddie Guerra, Vincent Pimpinelli and Gabby Paulin.

This is quite an array of victories and opponents for a kid eighteen months out of the amateurs. Zannelli shows no mercy for his opponents because, he says: "I try to knock out everybody I meet."

Zannelli personally revived boxing in Providence. He sold out Infantry Hall time and again *(Continued on page 44)*

NEW FACES

By MEYER ACKERMAN

TONY BROWN and Jimmy Marsh have come up with another good one, and if this newcomer's record can be used as a yardstick of measurement, then it is reasonably safe to assume that in Irish Johnny Dube, Brown and Marsh have a young lightweight who is ready to step out into the front ranks of challengers.

If negotiations that are under way materialize, Baltimore will be the town that will test young Dube to the limit before another few months have passed, because the writer has information that the Oriole City is dickering for an Armstrong-Dube match to be staged the latter part of this month.

It all happened during the course of an afternoon's work in Stillman's gymnasium when Homicide Henry went through his training paces and boxed a few rounds with the latest protege of the boxing concern of Brown and Marsh. They had reminded the writer of another of their stable's great victory that shook Syracuse and neighboring towns when their Charley Gordon, crack lightweight prospect, had won a comparatively easy decision over Joey Brown in the latter's home town, and asked that yours truly take a look at Irish Johnny.

"Here's one young one who won't run," they had said. "Johnny's a fighter."

I waited, watched and saw. Two rounds of fighting the likes of which are not often seen in the ring of a gymnasium. Some one, apparently, was also present and saw. Because the wires to Baltimore burned hot late that afternoon. Overtures were made. And now irons are in the fire that may bring together in Baltimore the two who slugged so fast and furious that afternoon in the smoked denseness of the gymnasium.

Born in Haverhill, Mass., Dube's wanderlust has carried him around through Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Florida, Pennsylvania, and into New York, and in his journey through the States, has whipped such star bout performers as Tony Bent, Paris Apice, Wildcat Carter, Joe O'Gorman, Rudy Vastano, Jackie Stewart and Dave Pastor. He boxed draws with Bus Breese and Snag Trowbridge, and lost a split decision to Tony Morgano in Philadelphia, the only southpaw to score over him in nine fights with the left-handers.

His most heartbreaking defeat came in his battle with Paul Junior when he saw the verdict handed down against him after a savage battle. In this graduate of St. James High School in Haverhill, crooner working in night clubs when not fighting, the firm of Tony Brown and Jimmy Marsh have managed to come up with another good young one whose fistic appeal has made him a great favorite with the fans.

* * *

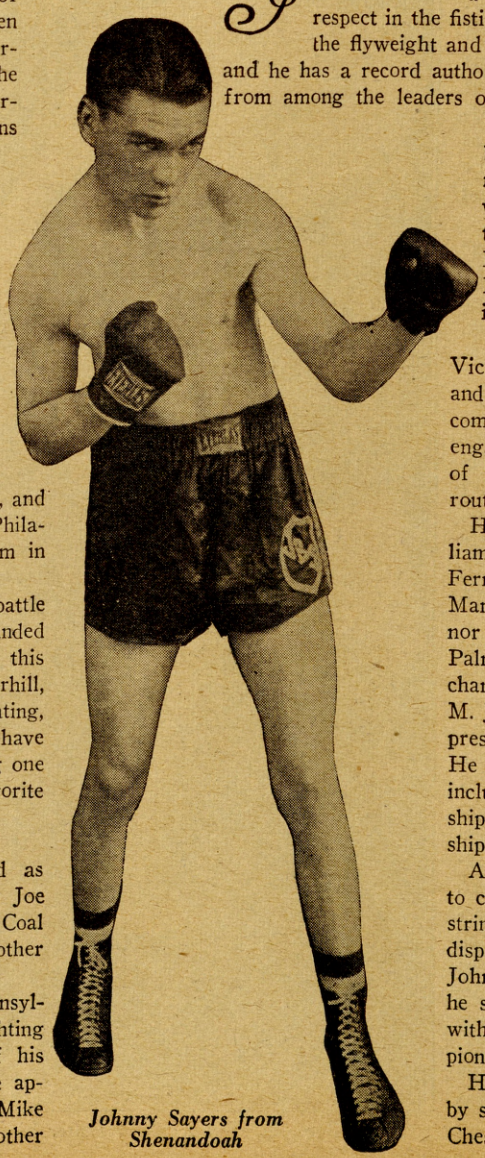
EVER since Pete Latzo was dethroned as welterweight champion of the world by Joe Dundee in the Polo Grounds in 1927, the Coal Regions have not been able to produce another world champion.

From Shenandoah, the coal town of Pennsylvania, however, comes Johnny Sayers, fighting Irish-German, to emulate the fistic feats of his former idol, Latzo, and what could be more appropriate than Sayers being the protege of Mike Latzo, who handled the activities of his brother when Pete ruled the welterweight roost. And to add to the coincidence, Johnny is also a welterweight.

Sayers was born on May 11, 1916. He is at present a junior at Penn State College and when not attending classes is physical instructor at Pockview, the state penitentiary. He has never boxed as an amateur, and in 41 battles has emerged on the victorious end 39 times, a record that stamps Sayers as a youngster well worth watching.

He started boxing as a lightweight and scored over some of the best boys in the Regions. As a welterweight, he has beaten such good ones as Rex Fallabell, Steve Kahley, Vic Ford, Chester Martin, Johnny Van Dure, Joe Nealon, Joey Straiges, Johnny Canzoneri, Midget Cool, Marty Mellett, Jimmy Knight and Red Saunders, among others.

The 21-year-old protege of Mike Latzo is a good puncher and boxer, and is said by Coal Region news scribes to be the handsomest fighter they have seen in action. Sayers, according to Joe Brady who covers the Coal Regions, is the best looking welterweight in that territory for the year 1937, a prospect who bids fair to bloom into a really good fighter.



Johnny Sayers from Shenandoah

* * *

IN far off India there is a lad who is commanding respect in the fistic market. His name is Victor Brighte, the flyweight and bantamweight champion of that area, and he has a record authoritative enough to command attention from among the leaders of the division.

So impressive is his record that his brother-manager, Edgar Brighte, former champion of India, is dickering with Promoter Syd Hulls, in an effort to launch him on a campaign through England in an effort to force World Flyweight Champion Benny Lynch into a title match.

Born in India of British parentage, Victor Brighte took to fighting naturally and in a very short space of time had compiled a record of 60 victories in 64 engagements as an amateur, with 40% of the wins coming via the knockout route.

He knocked out Pte. Arron, Pte. Williams, Pte. Jobbard, N. Nailer, Alga, Fernandez, Johnson, Eddie McCann, Martin Powell, Ellas Josephm, Pte. Connor and D'Costa, besides whipping Bill Palmer and Wadia, for the flyweight championship of Bombay Presidency, and M. Johanes among others to leave an impressive record among the Simon-pures. He captured three amateur titles which include the All-India Railway championship, the Bombay Presidency championship and the All-India Olympic crown.

As a professional, Brighte has played to capacity crowds in rolling up a great string of victories. He gave a brilliant display of boxing ability in whipping Eric Johnstone in 10 rounds, and in Rangoon he scored a popular decision in a battle with Francis Apostos, flyweight champion of Burma and the Orient.

He won the championship of All-India by scoring in decisive fashion over Tom Chester, and scored a five-round knock-

out victory over Patrol Leader Oliver, whom he had to spot 20 pounds, in a fight that saw Brighte at his best. His hard punching and clever boxing was a sight to behold as he smashed his opponent unmercifully before bringing him down for the full count.

So India is in the spotlight with a prospective champion of the world, and all the writer can say is "Watch out Benny Lynch and Harry Jeffra."

* * *

A NEW middleweight threat is rising on the fistic horizon, a puncher who seems destined to go places. Already king of the 160-pounders in the state of Arizona, Charley Stevens is looking forward to better and bigger things, pugilistically speaking, of course.

Fighting but three years, Stevens has compiled a good record for a youngster who has met some of the best boys around his part of the country, and in winning the state title, he had to whip Art Taylor, a fighter who has but recently boxed a draw with Gorilla Jones, who is still being evaded by some of the higher-ups in the 160-pound class.

In 55 professional battles, Stevens has been beaten only nine times, has won 42 bouts, and boxed four draws. In 32 of his fights he has scored knockouts, while some of his losses have been to fighters like Bob Ford, light-heavy and heavyweight king of Arizona, and Christy Lewis, younger brother of John Henry, present world's light-heavyweight ruler.

He is a good boxer, but more than that, his appeal lies in his thundering right-hand punch. A great majority of his knockouts have been scored with one punch, which attests to the dynamite that is prevalent in his right hand.

He is being handled by Ernest Estevez, who resides in Superior, and from his record it is safe to presume that fight fans in the East will be hearing more of him as he continues on the road of pugilism.

It is a tough division, this middleweight class, what with the Apostolis, Lees, Kriegers, Overlins, Yaroszs, Conns, Hostaks, Browns, Blacks and Woods running wild in an effort to catch up with champion Freddie Steele, but with the good handling that Stevens is getting, it may not be long before he is right behind the above mentioned, and turning on steam to pass them on the way.

* * *

WHO is Henry Huerta? A namesake of the one-time president of Mexico. And a pretty good featherweight to boot.

Huerta was born on March 2, 1918. He is the youngest of a family of four children, and started boxing at the tender age of sixteen. A grammar and high school graduate, he started working when he was fifteen years of age to help support the family. Now he works on the railroad in a little town outside of Peoria, which helps him to get into condition for his fighting career.

He started boxing as an amateur when he was 15, and went to Chicago as a local Golden Gloves champion twice. He boxed in the Simon-pure ranks for 18 months, in which time he engaged in sixty-nine contests and lost but six of these affairs.

He turned professional when he was 18 years of age and has had 30 fights at this writing. He has lost but five battles since entering the money ranks, and is being managed by Jack Lofthouse.

He has shown to good advantage on the Coast where he turned in a great upset at the expense of Tony Manini, who was a great favorite, and who later made some good fights in New York.

His pleasing style of fighting has kept him on the move. He appeared in Chicago, Sioux City, Louisville, Dayton and Peoria, where he made great hits. His greatest fights were made in St. Louis where the fans are wild about him and keep clamoring for his return every time he boxes there.

He has the style of Henry Armstrong, whom he idolizes. He shuffles forward, punches all the time, and makes you believe you are looking at the present world's featherweight champion in action. His great ambition—as whose isn't it—is to be another Armstrong.

Among his victories you can find prominent names in the boxing game, headliners in every part of the country where boxing is prevalent. He has defeated such good men as Dave Barry, Jimmy Hicks, Kid Kerr, Jimmy Buckler, Baby Kid Chocolate and Pat Robinson among others and has also boxed a draw with Armanda Sicilia. Sicilia was the A.A.U. featherweight champion in 1934.

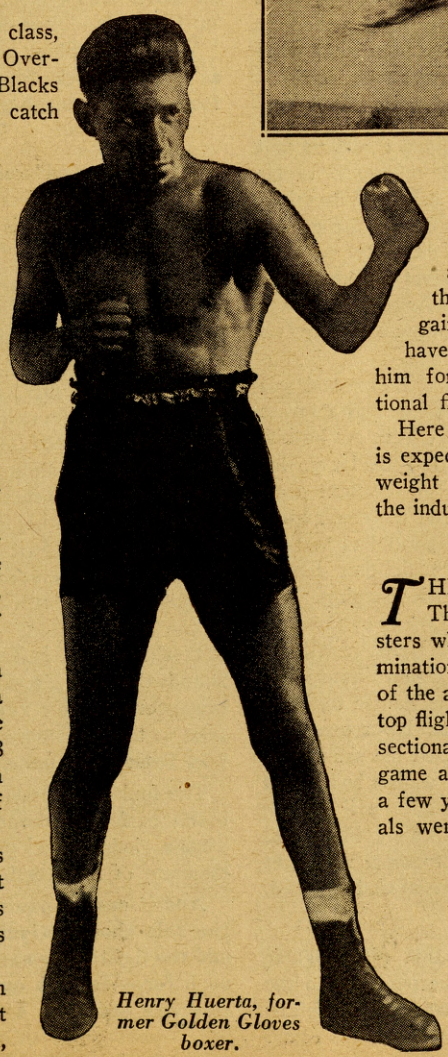
A great asset to Huerta are his legs. He strengthened them while on the track team of his high school where he gained high honors on the cinder path, and they have come in handy today. His legs help to carry him forward in a relentless attack, and his sensational fighting has been the result.

Here is a youngster with a lot of everything. He is expected to make a heap of trouble in the featherweight ranks before he decides to call it a day in the industry of flinging leather.

* * *

THERE are other newcomers who bear watching. The gymnasiums these days are full of youngsters who go about their work with a spirit of determination and who, having graduated from the ranks of the amateurs either as Golden Gloves champions or top flight men who won a crown or came close to it in sectional championships, know the rudiments of the game and can pitch right in as professionals. Where a few years ago the greater portion of the professionals were picked from among the longshoremen and truck drivers, today's crop of young men are former high school and college boys, who were lured into the game via the amateur ranks. Some reach the top; others fall by the wayside because they find that the pro field is quite different from the amateur, but one thing is certain—they are a fine lot of young, intelligent lads.

Victor Brighte, champion of India.



Henry Huerta, former Golden Gloves boxer.

HERE'S a REMEDY

When Foul is Committed and Recognized by Referee, Round Should Terminate

By THE RING EDITOR

NEW YORK saw two unsatisfactory endings of important contests within the space of seven days in Madison Square Garden, both of which brought into prominence the "no-foul" rule. In one, Freddie Steele, generally recognized in America as the world middleweight champion, was badly hurt in his bout with Fred Apostoli, and after a rest of eighteen seconds, continued only to receive a severe shellacking that ultimately led to his defeat by a knockout, when the referee decided to call a halt in the ninth round.

The other found Enrico Venturi, Italian lightweight champion, grimacing and groaning while Referee Arthur Donovan counted him out in the sixth round of his bout with Henry Armstrong, king of the feathers. Each foul claim created such a widespread discussion that many are beginning to question the benefits derived from the rule.

As for me, I am 100 percent in favor of its continuance. That the Steele case brought up a new angle that required quick thinking on the part of the referee, is no reason for condemning a rule that has proved so beneficial to boxing since its adoption following the fouling of Schmeling by Sharkey.

The eighteen seconds rest which Donovan gave to Steele was warranted because Freddie was on his feet, not down, but in a helpless state and it was either up to the referee to stop the bout or submit Steele to an attack that might have been fatal when delivered by an infuriated opponent as was Apostoli that night.

* * *

THE rules specifically state that when a point comes up that is not covered by the rules, it is up to the referee to use his discretion and that Donovan did. Now in the case of Venturi, at no time was he sufficiently hurt to lay squirming on the ground as he did. The punch, a left hook, was landed right before my eyes, and though I must admit that Donovan was correct when he called it a low blow and thereby took the round from Armstrong, it was a punch that crashed against the mid-section only an inch or two at most, below the belt line.

Venturi, who was on the defensive most of the time and was being rushed all over the ring by Henry, received such a severe body beating that he tried to come in for a clinch. As he did, Armstrong rushed forward and with both arms set, let go his left. The pictures which appear in this issue on the next page, show conclusively that the punch was almost on the trunk band, and it was not until seven seconds after Donovan had warned Henry and the betting element began to shout "foul," that Venturi suddenly threw his hands between his feet and groaning, went down.

When he hit the canvas, under the rules of New York State there was no alternative but for Donovan to count Venturi out. I have no doubt he could have continued had he wanted to, judging by his actions before and after the foul. No sooner had Donovan counted ten, and my stop watch clicked the same time, than Venturi started to rise. Unlike a fighter who is badly hurt and must take his time, Venturi almost tossed himself into the air and then, walking backward towards his chair, which had not yet been placed in position, he sat on empty space and went down again in his corner and again he squirmed and groaned.

* * *

I DON'T condone a foul. I believe that every fighter who fouls an opponent deserves to be punished to the limit and while in foreign lands that limit is defeat, in this country, in almost every state, it is the loss of a round and suspension if continued. The fighters knew that. They agreed to fight under such conditions. Each was warned by General Phelan in the pre-fight discussion that no foul claims would be allowed and that a fighter who is fouled and goes down would be counted over. Hence why condemn Referee Donovan for his justifiable actions?

We must keep in mind that boxing, like all other professions, has progressed and that rules in vogue 50 years ago have been changed and will continue to be changed as we go along with the times. We no longer have boxing bouts under the Marquis of Queensberry Rules. We no longer have them under the Frawley Law or the Horton Law. We stage our fights in New York under New York State Commission rules and it is up to all to obey those rules or take the consequences.

I have been among those who from time to time have criticized the Boxing Commission of New York and those of other states, but on the whole, there can be little fault to find with the work they are doing and their accomplishments especially in New York. When they invoked the "no-foul" rule, so popular had that become, that every state in America but four, followed suit, and adopted the same rule. Now because on two occasions unsatisfactory endings have occurred, the gamblers—those who are a menace to all sports—shout from the house tops "let us do away with the 'no-foul' rule—let us do away with the boxing commission."

What folly! Show me a state where boxing is so well conducted as in New York. Show me a state where there has been less fouling, less phenagling than in New York.

* * *

THE "no-foul" rule is an excellent one and should be continued regardless of the hue-and-cry from those whose interest in gambling is far more than in boxing. The flaws that have been found can be eliminated. Some means will be found. Here's my suggestion—

If a fighter fouls another, intentionally or otherwise and is warned for his offense by the referee, that warning under our rules, automatically takes the round from the perpetrator. Let's alter the rules so that if the foul for which the fighter is warned is a harmless punch that has in no way incapacitated or slowed up the victim, continue the round to the finish but if the one who landed the foul repeats the offense twice more, then regardless of how far ahead or behind he might be, let three such warning from the referee be sufficient to halt the bout and award it to the victim through the disqualification of his opponent for repeated violation of the rules relative to disobeying the third man in the ring.

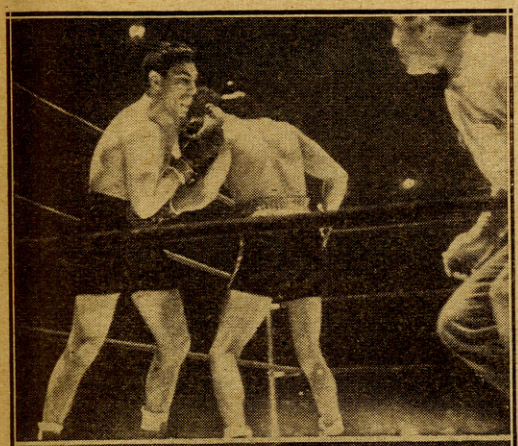
If the victim is hurt, regardless of what period of the round the low punch was landed, the referee should be empowered under new rules to halt that round, order both men to their corner and take the round away from the one who tossed the punch.

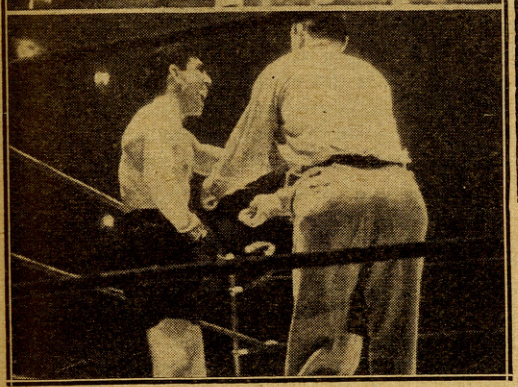
The foul under such a new rule if adopted, would terminate hostilities for the duration of the round, regardless of the time. Thus a victim would get at least one minute rest plus whatever remained of the round.

And if such a punishing foul is committed a second time, the rule should stipulate that the referee has the right to end the fight and award it to the victim on the same grounds as before—for his opponent's repeated disobedience to the referee's orders to hit fair.

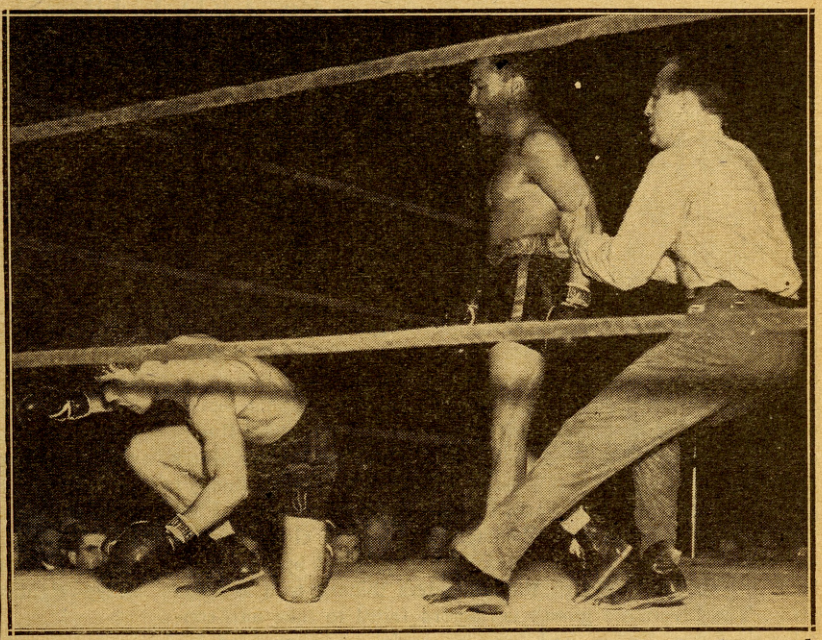
(Continued on page 47)

"Foul Cry" Raised Again

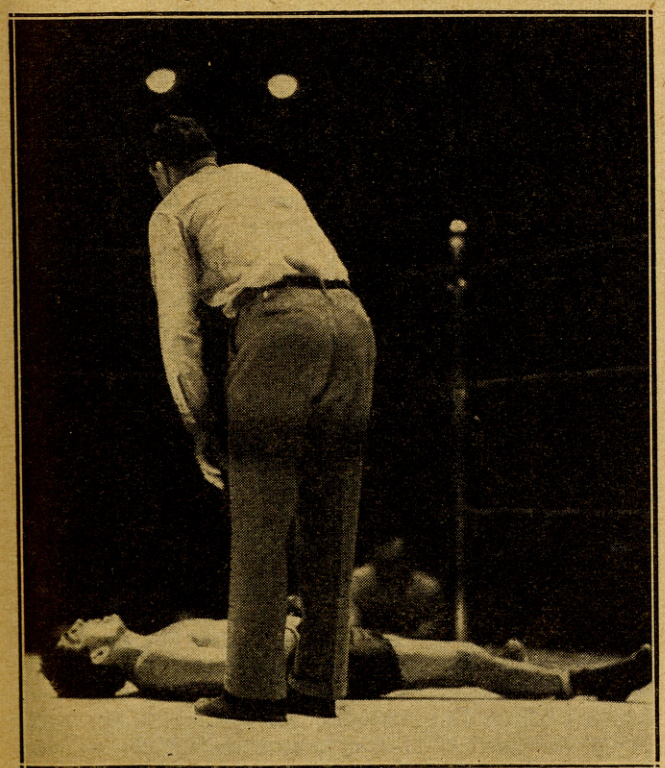




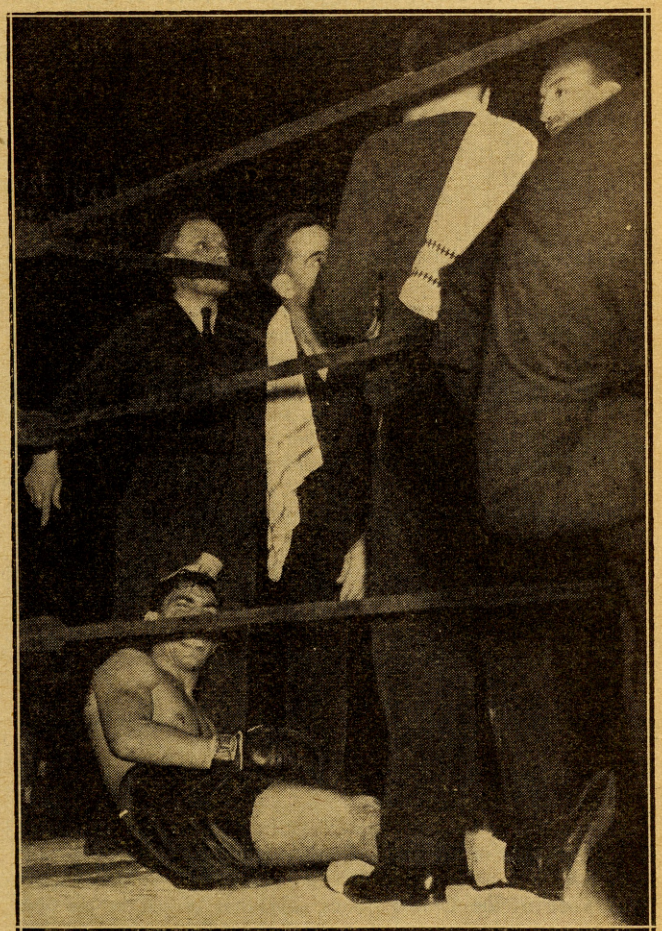
Above, as Venturi comes in close to get into a clinch, Armstrong throws his left and it lands, as you can see, slightly below the belt line.—Below, we see Venturi, after Referee Donovan had warned Henry, suddenly tossing his arms down and grabs at his groin, with a look of agony on his face. Note where he is indicating the punch landed, and compare that with the picture above it. Quite a discrepancy! It was not until seven seconds after Donovan's warning that Enrico even thought of claiming the foul.



Here Venturi begins his downslide. Armstrong, excited over what has happened, is being dragged away from his "fallen" adversary by Referee Donovan. That the punch was a low one, even the referee admitted, but it certainly was not the kind of a blow that should have caused such action by the victim.



The end of the slide. Note Venturi lying flat on his back, hands resting on his groin, agony written all over his face, while Referee Donovan is counting over him. But as my timepiece showed, two seconds after the count was over, Venturi fairly leaped to his feet, certainly not the act of a badly wounded warrior.



Walking backward to his corner, Enrico misses his balance while attempting to seat himself. He falls to the canvas again. He still is crying while his handlers are arguing with the referee to change the verdict. How could he under the law? He did the proper thing and Venturi would have done the proper thing had he continued.

California Boxing Aces

By TED CARROLL

CALIFORNIA, homeland of the big bad grizzly bear, the famed football Golden Bears, and the Baer family of boxing reputation has come up with what may be the the biggest and baddest Baer of all as the year 1937 fades into the shadows. The Baer is of the two-legged species, belongs to the last mentioned family of Bruins, the boxing Baers, weighs 245 pounds, ringside, packs as much dynamite in his burly frame as a menagerie full of his four-legged namesakes, was christened Jacob but is known to boxing fans throughout the world as Buddy. Since Buddy Baer decided to follow his brother Max into the roped arena, the youngest of the Baer boys has been more or less obscured by big brother Max's madcap meanderings and bizarre personality.

Some keen observers have frequently maintained that, boiled down to a question of sheer ring equipment and ability, Buddy and not Max was the real fighting man of the family, but Max's occasional flashes of power helped to dispel this opinion. Buddy's great bulk was also held against him, and when gamester Ford Smith withstood Big Bud's barrages and won a clear decision over him the night Brother Max was demolished by Joe Louis back in 1935, the ranks of Bud's boosters thinned to a skeleton army. The Livermore giant's detractors failed to take into consideration that Buddy had been a tearful eyewitness of his brother's downfall and had entered the ring in a distraught state against his smaller opponent.

Since that unhappy evening the youngest Baer has come a long way. Always a tremendous hitter, he has trimmed much of the surplus suet from his gargantuan frame and is a physical marvel today, with a pair of shoulders of almost unnatural width. Back in 1934, Buddy was first bitten by the boxing bug and swept through a mess of rather inept opposition like a grizzly bear through a flock of sheep. The Western Goliath flattened all his foes that year, and although Buddy admits that most of them were of the collapsible variety, he displayed a right hand wallop of epic proportions.

He continued laying 'em low right through 1935, and although the opposition was still nothing to write home about, the big boy showed he definitely was better than an ordinary performer by stopping such well known boxers as Al Delaney, Frankie Connelley, Frank Wotanski, Corn Griffin and Jack Doyle. He hit the canvas for the first time that year when Al Delaney put him on the floor up in Buffalo but he came on to iron out the promising Detroiter in the fourth stanza.

Experienced Babe Hunt had previously outsmarted the novice in Boston in January of that year, for his first defeat, and the Ford Smith catastrophe in September was the second reverse of Bud's budding career. Buddy resumed his knockout string the following February by belting out Wally, not Babe, Hunt, flattened another unknown, and then ran into a third setback at the hands of the capable Andre Lenglet, who knew too much for the giant. Of his remaining eight opponents of 1936, only one went the limit, but wiseacres discounted most of these wins because of the general deficiencies of the victims.

* * *

HIS next impressive performance came over in London, England, against Jim Wilde, rugged Britisher, who had held Tommy Farr to a draw. Buddy kept bouncing the Briton off the canvas until the bout was finally stopped in the fourth, with Baer a winner.

He engaged in only one more bout in England for the simple reason that most of the good foreigners preferred meeting brother Max. This was a ten-round decision win over Jack London last May. Back in the United States, Big Bud turned in his best American showing up to that time by taking everything big Abe Simon could hand out for two rounds and then coming back to stop the Jewish giant in the third on the Louis-Farr card last August. His exhibition that night stirred up considerable comment in the big town, but Buddy didn't really establish himself in the metropolis until his scrap with Eddie Hogan last month.

The large Lith from Waterbury, Conn., had been going great guns, and was considered a difficult hurdle for young Buddy. He looked like all of that for the first two rounds as he showered Baer with lefts and rights, forcing Bud to cover up under the savageness of his onslaught. Any doubts skeptics may have had of the Californian's ability to absorb terrific punishment vanished as Buddy came back grinning in the third and sent his 225-pound rival actually flying through the air with one mighty right-hand blow. This smash finished Hogan and at the same time opened the eyes of Broadway wiseguys that here was a real honest-to-goodness menace to any fighter in the world.

Boxing ability is hardly a distinguishing feature of the Baer system of slugging, and like Brother Max, Big Buddy makes no claims to cleverness. But unlike Brother Max, he is deadly serious in the ring, comes back fighting after he is hit, and strikes as hard a punch as any man in the world. His chin is apparently lined with concrete and added to that devastating right-hand smash, this forms a combination that may possibly bring a second heavyweight world's championship to the Baer family.

* * *

WHEN Ray Carlin brought Frankie Klick East for a series of bouts in 1936, he also brought along tales of a young man, a former national amateur champion, who was headed for big things. "Yes, sir," Ray declared, "two years from now the country will be talking about this fellow. I really think that he is the best thing on the Coast at the moment. His name is Louis Nova and it was a lucky day for me the day I put his name on a contract." Two years after these statements, Carlin stands revealed as a prophet of almost uncanny foresight, for young Mr. Louis Nova, San Francisco Portuguese, is the hottest thing on the Coast right now.

Winner of his amateur crown in 1935 when he waded through a crop of highly touted simon-pures, Nova's pro career has been a highly successful one. Brought east by Carlin in 1936, Nova won all his bouts in New York and beat among others, big Abe Simon, who outweighed him more than 50 pounds.

Equally successful in his campaign on the Coast this year, he hit the headlines throughout the country when he stopped Bob Nestell, in Los Angeles on November 23 in eight rounds. This fine showing sent the native sons into rhapsodical raves about the new California title threat and won him a high place in the annual rankings of THE RING magazine.

* * *

ALTHOUGH born in Nebraska, rough, tough Glen Lee, first attained fistic prominence in sunny California and is accounted a Coast product as all outlanders who show anything, are in the Golden State. Rated the No. 1 welterweight contender after beating Ceferino Garcia and Izzy Jannazzo out West, the new Nebraska wildcat is at the moment busily engaged in mopping up the challengers for Freddy Steele's title. Easterners knew of Lee's fine record but he made them open their eyes when he stopped rugged young Baby Saban, a New York favorite, in Hollywood on October 29th. The Baby is a good tough nut with plenty of heart and a fine right hand and New Yorkers realized that no ordinary fighter was stopping him.

Heading East after this one, Lee was presented with no soft touch for his metropolitan debut in Walter Woods, a local favorite who has been beating everyone. The Nebraskan came through here after a tough struggle and then convinced big town fight fans he was the real goods by stopping hard hitting Harry Balsamo, another local pride, in nine rounds in Madison Square Garden. Lee is a middleweight right now, but is still growing, and with his ceaseless boring-in attack and damaging punches, is a worthy rival for any man in his division.

A BIGGER AND "BADDER"
BAER
"BUDDY"
"THE 245 lb. BABY BAER" STARTS THE YEAR RECOGNIZED AS ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS CONTENDERS FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT CROWN..!!!..
..HE HITS AS HARD AS ANY MAN IN THE WORLD!!..
"LOU" NOVA
ANOTHER CALIFORNIAN.. WHO IS MOVING UP AMONG THE TOP FLIGHT HEAVIES!!
THERE'S ANOTHER "NEBRASKA WILDCAT" LOOSE!!..
GLEN LEE
..A TOUGH NUT.. FOR ANY MIDDLEWEIGHT TO CRACK!!
LEE
TED CARROLL

ARMSTRONG *Wins Ring's*

Featherweight Beats Joe Louis in Annual Competition for the Outstanding Prize to Be Gained Out of Competition—Farr and Schmeling Follow

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

ACCORDING to the decision of readers of THE RING and a committee of experts picked to assist in the selection, Henry Armstrong, the Los Angeles Negro who holds the world's featherweight championship, is the most valuable boxer in the world for the year 1937.

This award, which carries with it a silver medal presented annually by the editor of THE RING MAGAZINE, really comes as no surprise. If there was anybody in boxing last year who made dramatic history, who met all comers, who showed superlative skill not only in his own division but against heavier men, it was Armstrong.

Let us not overlook the story that the selection means a lot more than just the fact that Armstrong was voted the outstanding fighter of the year. Let us quote the four rules which always have governed this award of THE RING MAGAZINE, as follows:—

1. The man chosen must be foremost in his contribution to the skill and the science of the sport, and he need not be a champion.

2. The recipient of the award must combine with his high place in the ranking of fighters, a similar position as a sportsman.

3. He must associate with his abilities as a fighter, good public relations, and a reputation for clean and moral living.

4. The boxer who gets the medal must be recognized unquestionably as an example to the growing American boy.

* * *

IT will be appreciated from a careful digest of these four stipulations that in winning the Most Valuable Boxer medal of THE RING MAGAZINE, Armstrong achieves the most coveted honor that can come to a fighter apart from the winning of a world championship.

In fact, there have been winners of THE RING award who, in all sincerity, have rated it over a title. Tommy Loughran, Philadelphia's gentleman of the squared circle, was one of these. Loughran won the prize twice and got a tremendous thrill out of the fact that his values outside of the roped arena, his way of living, and his splendid relations with press and public, had gained such widespread and such definite recognition.

To those who have been following boxing intently, Armstrong's record is quite well known. In 1937, the California Negro engaged in twenty-seven bouts, and scored twenty-six knockouts.

In the annual ranking of THE RING MAGAZINE, Armstrong attained a higher honor than even that accorded to Joe Louis, who was chosen in a class by himself among the heavyweights. In addition to being rated at the top in the featherweight division, he also was placed No. 1 among the lightweights, over Lew Ambers, the champion of that class and was the only fighter who received every vote cast by the sports writers of the world—a unique distinction.

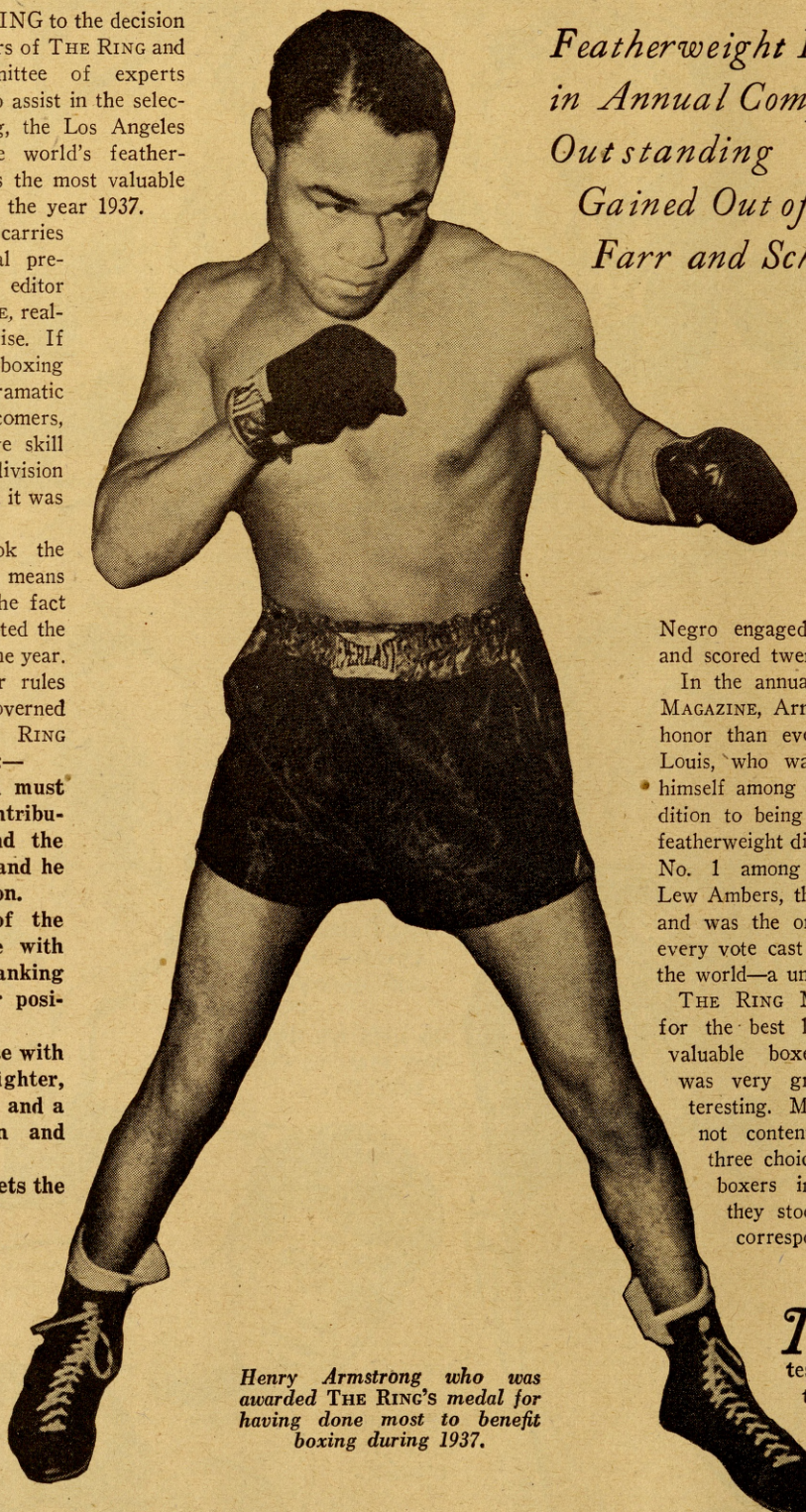
THE RING MAGAZINE offered prizes for the best letters naming the most valuable boxers, and the response was very gratifying, and most interesting. Most of the writers did not content themselves with just three choices, but named numerous boxers in the order in which they stood in the esteem of the correspondents.

* * *

THERE were 1580 readers in the contest. There also were ten experts, appointed by the editor. The final tanding of the fighters was as follows:

Pos. boxer	Points
1. Henry Armstrong	7235
2. Joe Louis	6005
3. Tommy Farr	3875
4. Max Schmeling	3865
5. Freddy Steele	3810
6. Fred Apostoli	2735
7. Barney Ross	2560
8. Benny Lynch	2500
9. John Henry Lewis	1420
10. Harry Jeffra	1320

THE RING MAGAZINE is naming only the first ten. In addition



Henry Armstrong who was awarded THE RING'S *medal for having done most to benefit boxing during 1937.*

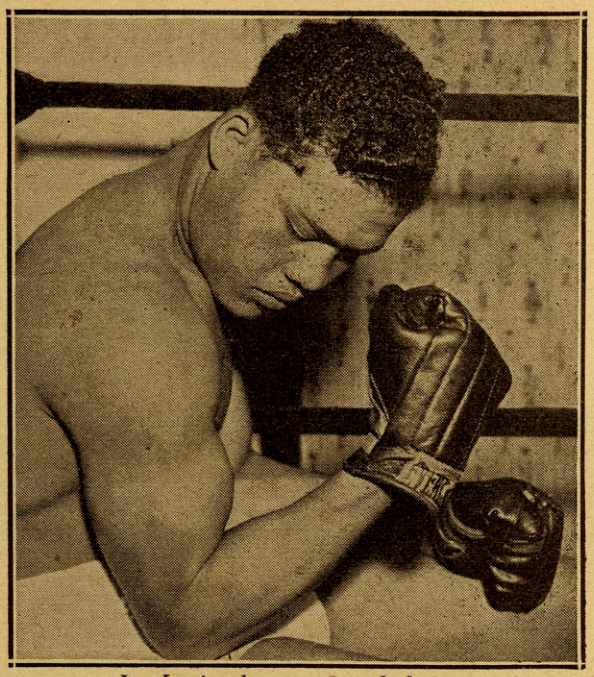
Most Valuable Award

to these, there were high votes for Pedro Montanez, Jimmy Adamick and Nathan Mann. Others who made good showings were Jock McAvoy, Tiger Jack Fox, Ralph Zannelli, Billy Beauhuld, Jackie Wilson, and Al Hostak.

It will be seen from the points table that the contest really was a duel between Armstrong and Joe Louis—between two Negro fighters. This, it would seem, is a splendid commentary on the sportsmanship of those who took the time and the trouble to write their choices and become involved in the contest.

During the first two weeks of the contest, Louis looked like a certainty. He appeared to be running away with the award and the editor got set with a design for a Louis medal. But then the fun began.

A veritable avalanche of Armstrong votes began to overpower those tabulating the votes and this backing for the featherweight never let up until he had caught—and then passed—the heavyweight champion.



Joe Louis who was second choice.

* * *

IT will interest the readers to know that the ten boxing experts who worked with THE RING on this award gave Armstrong ten votes for first place. All ten gave second honors to Joe Louis.

Thus it will be seen that the choices of the readers of THE RING are backed up solidly by those who are very close to the sport, and who had an intimate appreciation of the various requirements of the award.

Third place in the contest went to Tommy Farr, who stood off Louis for fifteen rounds, and who has given to Merrie England something to shout about at last in the heavyweight competition.

Farr's contribution to the boxing year, and his manner of comporting himself in the face of his success, made him a worthy choice for the No. 3 spot. Incidentally, Louis' conduct since he has jumped to the fore also has been exemplary.

Fourth honors have been voted to Max Schmeling. This comes as a surprise, as the German fought only once during 1937, and then against a man of no great standing. However, there is a feeling that Schmeling has not been treated any too fairly by the Fates—that he really should have got the title by default from Jim Braddock when the American failed to hold to his contract to give the Uhlan a chance.

The No. 4 rating in this contest for Max, therefore, is mainly a sentimental development.

The high position won by Fred Apostoli, the soft-spoken middleweight from California, is perhaps the biggest surprise. It was to be expected that Freddy Steele would land at least as high as fifth. But when Apostoli piled up enough votes to clinch sixth position against the determined rallies of Barney Ross and Benny Lynch, the editor got quite a kick.

Fred Apostoli is one of the finest lads in the roped arena today, a true credit to the boxing game in every way.

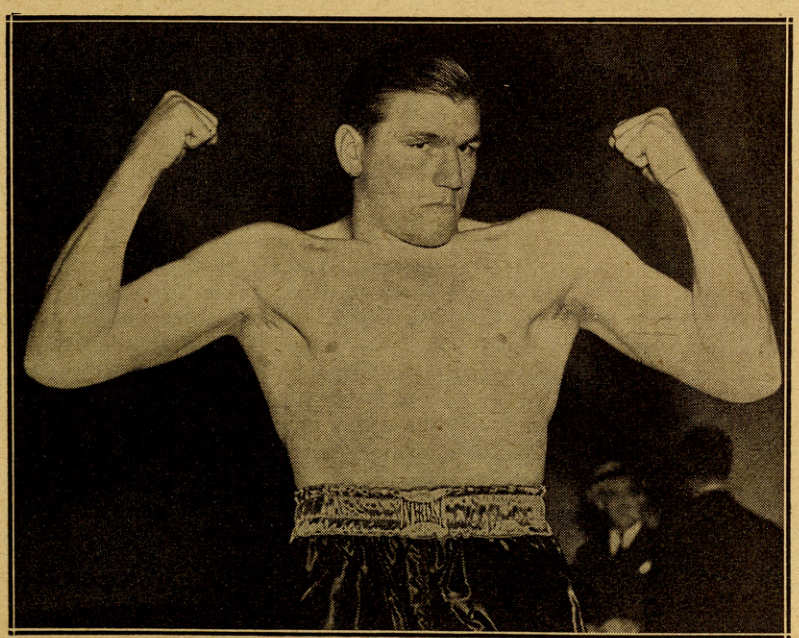
Lynch's strong showing also was a surprise. John Henry Lewis won ninth position and Harry Jeffra, the new bantamweight champion, tenth.

Ambers, Montanez, Adamick, Mann, Escobar and Hostak barely were nosed out by Jeffra.

* * *

THE RING'S most valuable boxer competition was started in 1928, when Gene Tunney won the honors. In 1929, Tommy Loughran was awarded the trophy and Max Schmeling got it the following year. Loughran repeated in 1931 and Jack Sharkey gained the laurels the next year. THE RING'S committee on awards decided that there wasn't an outstanding boxer worthy of the award in 1933, and no trophy was awarded, but the following year, Barney Ross and Tony Canzoneri were deadlocked and each received a belt. Ross repeated in 1935 and Max Schmeling was awarded a medal by THE RING last year.

It is interesting to note that in recognition of the value of this prize and the honor that goes with it, the Boxing Writers' Association has voted to institute a similar award as a memorial to Eddie Neil, Associated Press reporter, who was killed in Spain. Neil used to report fights, and the decision to name the new award after him is a grand one.



Tommy Farr, British Heavyweight king, third choice.

Perhaps in another year the award of THE RING and the Boxing Writers' Association may be combined into one vast enterprise, which would make the selection all the stronger and the honor all the more to be sought after.

It might be arranged to follow the system used in baseball, in which the writers vote for the most valuable players in the National and American Leagues, and the *Sporting News* furnishes the prizes. Both the writers and the *Sporting News* had had separate awards. Perhaps next year the writers will vote on the Ed Neil memorial medal

(Continued on page 43)

FAMOUS FIGHTING FREAKS

By BILL DOHERTY

(Ex-heavyweight champion of Australia. Author of "In the Days of the Giants.")

AWAY back in 1902 I was beaten by Dan Creedon in Australia and although both of us were past our best then, the victory gave me an idea of how good Dan had been when in top form. At the time, I expressed wonderment that a natural welterweight, viz Joe Walcott, could ever have beaten a natural middleweight such as Dan Creedon, and one moreover, who had possessed ability enough to beat Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler and hold Joe Choynski to a draw.

The answers that my expressions of wonderment drew from friends were invariably: "Oh, yes, Walcott, but he was a freak!" A freak it seems is a boxer who, possessing certain disadvantages of disposition or build is able by some uncanny means to develop a style or method of fighting that straightway turns those advantages into assets of superlative value.

Walcott's height was not much over five feet, a distinct disadvantage in the welter class that numbers many exponents approaching the six-footer mark, but did he give up the game on that account in favor of some other occupation where inches did not matter—not he! He developed a peculiar style, a sort of crouch that actually reduced his height still more, but which resulted in his opponents having only one target in a hittable position—the top of Joe's ebony hued and iron-hard skull. It also meant that Joe himself was deprived of the privilege of hitting effective blows for about nine-tenths of the time, but one tenth was all Joe needed because he developed such a punch in those long strong arms, that the best of 'em in his day took the count whenever Joe seized an opportunity to connect with left or right.

* * *

FITZSIMMONS was another freak—he had no chin to speak of, was knock-kneed, thin-legged, and had a pendulous underlip and a hayseed smile that must have caused many a prospective match promoter to sheer off him and look elsewhere for something to swell the box office receipts. Even old Father Time was against "Old Bob" who was nearly bald and middleaged (pugilistically) before anyone of note even heard of him. But somehow Bob turned all those drawbacks into assets.

He looked so foolish that no one gave him credit for being able to think and as a result he not only outfought Jim Corbett but actually out-thought him and caught him unawares with a punch that robbed the astonished Jim of the championship of the world before he realized what had happened. Those spindle legs were used by Bob merely as props while he employed a mighty pair of shoulders and arms full-time and then some, and as for his chin, he perfected such a guard for it that the surest and hardest punchers that ever drew on gloves failed to land a knock-out blow on Bob. In well over a quarter of a century of battling Bob was knocked out only a couple of times.

* * *

GRIFFO was another freak. His disposition was such that not one fighter in a million would have failed to be ruined by it. His love for beer exceeded that of a she-tiger for her cubs, and enormous quantities of ale were consumed by Griffo even at a time when he was supposed to be preparing for world-championship battles. The fattening powers of this beverage are well-known, and Griffo's slenderness about the waist-line disappeared with extraordinary rapidity, with disastrous results on his ability to move about on his feet. These crushing disadvantages were however nullified by Griffo as others as serious had been nullified by Fitzsimmons and Walcott.

When he was full of liquor, his fighting abilities actually seemed to be greater and he won or held his opponent to a draw time after time, when the only training he had done was to get the traditional "haircut and shave." His corpulence and slowness on his pins he overcame by acquiring marvelous arm-speed and extraordinary keenness and quickness of sight.

His attack was like greased lightning and if his opponent was able to do any attacking at all, Griffo the freak, was able to watch the punches coming every inch of the way and "ride" or "duck" them with scarcely any foot movement at all. Griffo used that corpulent body as Bob Fitz used those thin legs, merely as a carrier and support for a pair of fast and forceful arms and a fighting head and brain.

* * *

I HAVE always looked upon "Torpedo Billy" Murphy, whom I knew well in the old days as a freak because he had a temperament of the kind that has lost more fights than it has ever won—and yet he was rarely beaten. He was a fiery hot-tempered little featherweight who invariably "saw red" after receiving a punch of any force, and theoretically ought to have been easy meat for an opponent who was capable of keeping cool. But he was not any easy mark for anyone as Johnny Griffen, Frank Murphy, Tommy Warren and Ike Weir can testify if questioned about this.

Somewhere in that narrow chest, packed away behind those thin ribs were lungs of extraordinary power, that enabled him to keep going carrying the fight to his opponent's corner long after many a bigger and better built fighter would have tired; and similarly, those thin arms were mysteriously capable of delivering punches that had the force of dynamite.

Ike Weir, known as the "Belfast Spider" because he looked like a spider, also has always impressed me as being a freak, because he was even smaller and thinner than Murphy, and on looks alone could not have got a fight with a tenth-rater anywhere nowadays; and yet in his day he was a worthy opponent for Jack Havlin, Johnny Murphy, Frank Murphy, Billy Murphy, Tommy Warren, Tommy White and Griffo. Some of his fights were terrific battles of twenty, thirty-six, sixty-one and eighty rounds.

This astonishing and freakish fighter was also master of about a dozen different forms of athletic and other activities, for he was a jockey of note, an acrobat, a runner, a musician, and a comedian, to quote but a few of them.

He was tremendously fast, with the courage of a gamecock, as his many long fights attest. In some of his exhibition bouts, he put in quite a lot of comedy, while in the match with Farrell, important as it was, he stood up in his corner between the first and second rounds reading a newspaper.

After retiring from the ring, Ike devoted his attention to schooling horses for races at the Brookline Country Club, and as he was a cross-country jockey of the highest skill, he was then in his element, especially if his mount was hard to handle. When Ike got through with them they were usually well broken, for he was a master of animals, without breaking their spirit.

Ike was a great favorite with everybody, for one never knew what he would do from one minute to another. On one occasion, a carload of mustang ponies arrived at Brighton and were sold from the cars. They were range horses, wild as any outlaw, and none had ever been saddled. Ike bought one for $10, and in less time than it takes to tell it, he had the saddle on the beast and was on its back.

A short battle, in which Weir was victor, and then Ike rode this tearing, fighting, bucking animal down through the business section of Boston, out Washington Street to Gay's Hotel, and emulated Tom Mix's present day stunt by riding the mustang into the barroom of the hotel.

Truly in the fight game there are many things to wonder at and many fighters who can be explained only by that handy phrase, "Oh, but he was a freak!"

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 9)

Commissioner Farley's contention with an editorial that I wrote for the New York *Telegram*, of which I was then Sports Editor, and the day after the fight, Muldoon, at a luncheon I had with him at the New York A.C., remarked:

"I read your statement this afternoon and after digesting your arguments, I think you are correct. I shall take up the matter at our next meeting and have Graham declared the champion."

At the next meeting, however, Muldoon was prevailed upon by Commissioner Farley, who had (changed his mind) not to make that an official ruling. Instead, it was agreed that Graham was the leading bantam in the world and on May 23, 1928, Graham faced New York's No. 1 challenger, Corporal Izzy Schwartz in a fifteen round bout designated by the Commission as for the champion and Graham won, thereby receiving official recognition as title holder—something he should have received when Rosenberg failed to meet the weight requirements.

* * *

I HAVE been asked, in letters I wrote in answer to inquiries, why Max Schmeling, based on the same ruling, was not declared world heavyweight king when he weighed in for the "phantom" fight and Jimmy Braddock had failed to put in an appearance. My answer follows:

There is no analogy. In the latter case, the boxing commission was informed three months before the scheduled fight that there would be no battle between champion and challenger because Braddock had ducked the issue. Schmeling knew that there would be no fight. Everyone, it seems, was aware of that but the Commission, which, to save its face because of the international problem involved, with an attack on Hitlerism being the chief issue, ordered Schmeling to continue to train and then ordered champion and challenger to appear at the weighing-in ceremonies. All the time the Commission knew that this was only a gesture on its part and that it could not and would not deprive Braddock of the title.

Had Braddock appeared and weighed in and Schmeling had weighed in, then Braddock's refusal to enter the ring, automatically would have settled the issue and a new world heavyweight king, Max Schmeling, would have ruled the roost.

I have also been asked to settle this question in re championship fights: "If a champion is fouled out by the challenger in New York, where the no-foul rule is in vogue, would the champion's crown be taken from him?"

My answer is in the affirmative. Under the rules of boxing in states where the no-foul rule is used, if a fighter is hit low and is counted out, which he must be if the referee obeys the rules, the fighter who did the fouling wins the bout. This was the case in the Armstrong-Venturi fight. If the bout is for the title, a new champion is crowned.

* * *

THE last month of the old year may not have been a profitable one for the 20th Century Sporting Club which operates both the Hippodrome and Madison Square Garden, but it certainly was one that proved to the boxing world that in Al Weill, America has one of the best matchmakers of recent years. Almost every contest which he has staged in the past five months has been productive of high class exhibitions with the Garden bouts for the month of December holding the spotlight.

The transformation in the Garden has been astounding. People are beginning to talk about boxing again. They feel they are getting splendid entertainment in the Garden and that is as it should be in the world's outstanding fight arena. The fight between Glen Lee and Harry Balsamo and that between Eddie Hogan and Buddy Baer, were hair-raisers. Considering that these two matches were part of the same show, it becomes obvious why public faith in boxing has been restored. New York, the fistic center of the world, is sports crazy and will spend its money for good boxing matches the same as it will for basketball and hockey.

Both Buddy Baer and Glen Lee established themselves as contenders in their respective divisions and each paved the way for lucrative contests. Buddy proved by his sensational knockout of Hogan that he is a better fighter at this stage than was his famed brother at the height of his career. Buddy has the fighting spirit, is courageous, and packs a good punch. He also proved that he can assimilate punishment to make him stand up with the best heavyweights around the country today.

As for Lee, he is a fighting demon. He is a reminder of Ace Hudkins in all his actions. He tosses punches from all angles and is an incessant worker in the ring. Lee's addition to the top flight of the middleweight division gives that class the finest talent it has had in many years.

A fight between Lee and Apostoli would be as hair raising a match as was that between Steele and Apostoli. With Solly Krieger back in the spotlight, Al Hostak bowling them over, Ben Brown, a good threat from the South, the middleweight division commands considerable attention.

* * *

THE NEW YEAR started well for some of the leading lights of pugilism and poorly for others. Thus Alberto Lovell, rated by the boxing scribes as one of the outstanding world heavyweights, found himself badly whipped by Gunnar Barlund, who in our rating for 1936 received fourth post but this year failed to figure among the top liners because of a poor showing in his 1937 bouts. If Gunnar can continue to show the form he displayed against Lovell, who by the way was suffering with a serious ailment that necessitated immediate hospital attention after the fight—he should figure prominently in the fistic news, just as he did when he first arrived in America. Barlund seemed to have everything the night he fought Lovell. He had a keen eye, his punches were sharp and accurate and he stood up well before all that Lovell sent the Gunnar's way.

Harry Jeffra, fighting over the weight on New Year's Day in Mexico, was whipped by Pancho Villa, the champion of that country. Jeffra, like others who have visited Mexico, found it difficult to acclimate himself in that city's high altitude, but that should not detract from the victory of Pancho who is a very good fighter. Villa's triumph adds one more good name to the list of promoters' aces. Regardless of the outcome of the Jeffra-Escobar fight in San Juan, Villa has earned a title shot and will undoubtedly get it.

Another top flight battler, Saverio Turiello, found himself on the wrong end of the decision when he was beaten by Kid Azteca, Mexican welterweight champion, on the same card. He likewise was afflicted by the rare atmosphere. Red Burman's victory over Pepe Gonzales by the kayo route, was a good New Year's start for Jack Dempsey's aspirant to heavyweight honors.

* * *

ONE of the outstanding fighters in the middle west, George Black, received a severe jolt when he was knocked out by Solly Krieger of New York in the third round of their New Year's Day card in Detroit. Thus Krieger, who started off at a whirlwind clip last year only to peter out towards the end, came through with two great victories within a fortnight and again is in line as a leading challenger for middleweight honors. defeating Frank Battaglia at the Hippodrome, stopping Billy Conn in Pittsburgh and repeating that dose over Black, Krieger has jumped into the front ranks of middleweight contenders, one who will have to be considered by Steele and Apostoli. Krieger, when right, is one of the hardest hitters in the boxing game. He also can take a wallop and is absolutely fearless—great assets for a fighting machine. If he can continue the rest of the year as he started, he'll give plenty of trouble to those who seek the leading contender's rank.

Unless I miss my guess, 1938 will go down into the record books as the year in which more championship bouts will be staged, more champions will see action either in titular contests or over-the-weight matches and more top flight boxers in all divisions will be engaged actively in their profession than in many years. The reason rests in the lucrative contests at stake for those who meet the requirements.

There is big money in the fight game right now, the new business depression not withstanding, and it behooves all who want to profit by the boom, to fight often and to give a good account of themselves. Any fighter who is kept idle because of the greediness of his manager, should make it his business to take proper steps legally to discard such mentor. A pugilist's business is to fight and fight often if the opportunity arises, but too often, greedy, one-thought managers, men who cannot or will not see beyond their nose, are responsible for keeping good talent on the sidelines until such time as the "big dough" is forthcoming. For those thoughtless mentors I have no sympathy.

Elsewhere in this issue you'll find a list of outstanding fights of the year as seen by New York's leading matchmaker, Al Weill, who makes the matches for the 20th Century Club, ruling power in world fisticuffs. If only one-third of the matches he lists can be made, boxing will have enjoyed in 1938, a year of thrilling bouts.

GANG WARS and POLITICS

CRIME and politics have ever been a thorn in the side of boxing. From the birth of the sport in this country to the present day, the progress of pugilism has been hampered by politicians and criminals or associates of gangsters. Thanks to legislative action throughout the nation, boxing is now conducted on a higher plane than ever before, even though in many sectors, gangsters and hoodlums still rule the game and the commissions.

THE RING herewith presents the ninth of the series of articles on gang wars and politics, a most interesting story of the hazards which boxing has hurdled over a stretch of almost one hundred years to survive gang warfare, hoodlumism and murders, a story which is as thrilling as it is a novelty. Follow this story in THE RING.

AMONG the glamorous figures of the fifties there were many pugilists who never attained championship form, or anything close to that degree, yet by reason of their fighting proclivities and readiness to engage in street warfare for hire, were listed as valuable assets by the political powers of the period. Of these none left a more sinister record behind him than Albert Hicks, a reliable member of the Tammany slugging brigade.

Hicks followed the sea in his youth and was one of a party of survivors from the brig Waterwitch that was picked up in an open boat three hundred miles south of Santiago, Chile, by the barque Queen Anne, bound from Liverpool to South America. The story of the shipwrecked men, ten in number, was that their ship took fire and burned to the water's edge. No trace was ever found of another boat, said to carry the captain and first and second mates of the Waterwitch. The rescued boat was in charge of the carpenter, the only one of the occupants who possessed any knowledge of navigation.

After reaching port, the Waterwitch survivors made merry in the Santiago saloons. The fact that they seemed to have more money than sailors as a rule are provided with, gave rise to suspicions that their tale of misfortune was untrue. Some remarks made while drunk by a Negro cook named Hart, indicated that there had been foul play and led to the arrest and detention of the colored man and his companions.

As the Waterwitch had sailed under the American flag, with New York as her home port, the United States consul was called into conference. The results of the investigation were that the consul sought instructions from Washington, and the seamen were sent to New York to be tried by Federal authorities. The charge was piracy on the high seas, including the murder of the captain, two mates and three of the crew who, presumably, had not joined the mutineers. Hart, the Negro cook, committed suicide while in jail. No tangible evidence came to light on which the others could be convicted. They were found not guilty and discharged.

* * *

SHORTLY after the trial, Al Hicks enlisted in the United States Navy. He became one of the crew of Commodore Galbraith Perry's flagship, the steam frigate Susquehanna, when that renowned officer sailed to Tokio, then known as Yedo, on the memorable historic cruise which resulted in opening up the hitherto forbidden ports of Japan to foreign trade.

It was during this voyage that Hicks, although only weighing 150 pounds, beat up a fellow sailor named Callahan, a man of giant build, until then considered the best scrapper in the fleet, and was promptly put in irons for a spell as a reward for this infringement of discipline. While the Susquehanna was on the China station, Hicks was one of a shore party on leave at Shanghai that became embroiled with another party of sailors from the British warship, Alert, and in the rough-and-tumble, free-for-all that followed, distinguished himself by gouging out the left eye of an English boatswain.

Hicks was a man of ungovernable temper, and so frequent were his exhibitions of ferocity aboard the frigate, that the Susquehanna's officers, used as they were to taming tough subjects, decided that the United States Navy would be better off without his services, and on arriving in New York turned him loose with a dishonorable discharge.

From this time on he seems, in sailor slang, to have "swallowed the anchor," for no further record of his deeds afloat appears, if we expect a last crowning exploit, which preceded his final dramatic bow to life in general, as will be chronicled in due course. But for a gent of Mr. Hick's temperament and muscular strength, New York offered a wide field of activity at that time and it was not long before he became a prominent member of the celebrated Dock gang that terrorized the waterfront.

* * *

IT was, of course, at street scrapping that Hicks excelled, and along the waterfront at least, he was regarded as undisputed champion. Now and then, however, in some of the seamen's hangouts where boxing bouts of a crude description were occasionally held for the edification of marine patrons, he engaged in glove contests which brought him an enviable reputation as a knockout puncher.

Few of his opponents ever lasted over the second round. But while some of these were on the level, it was undoubtedly true that many of his antagonists "took a flop," in modern parlance. There was a substantial reason for this, for it was notorious among the waterfront fraternity that if a man succeeded in staying four or six rounds with "Pirate" Al, as he was known, Mr. Hicks was accustomed to "lay" for the too successful slugger on the outside and batter him into a state of coma.

Those were the days when the American marine was in its glory, and the masts of the great clippers and other deep-sea vessels loomed en masse along South Street, and sailors from all the Seven Seas of diverse nationalities, colors and races swarmed in their downtown haunts of pleasure. Among these the fame of Hicks had spread, and his sobriquet of "Pirate," dating back to that shady little episode of the Waterwitch's unsolved fate, added to the glamour that surrounded him.

Rumor had it that in his cups, Hicks was wont to assert frankly that he was the leading spirit in the Waterwitch affair, and that it was his hand that disposed of the captain and first mate with the aid of a belaying pin. As under American law he could not be put in jeopardy twice for the same crime, he was safe in thus boasting. Judging by later developments in his career, there appears no reason to doubt that his bragging was founded on a pretty solid foundation.

Battery Park, even now as cool a spot as can be found during the dog days in New York, with a breeze always blowing from some point of the compass, was then a favorite recreation ground for the belles and beaux of Manhattan.

* * *

IN the fifties, there was no sea wall, the tides came and went, surging along a beach of considerable extent and sandy surface. Castle Garden, since transformed into the Aquarium, was still considered a fortress to be relied upon in defense of the shores. The sea hemmed it in on all sides and a wooden bridge spanned the gap between the land and citadel. Large trees—there are a few of their descendants there today—spread a grateful shade over the park, where orioles, bluebirds and other feathered denizens of the leafy retreats sung and throve unmolested. The grime and discordant noise of a city swollen to huge proportions had not yet combined to sully the charms of nature.

of the PRIZE RING

By GEORGE T. PARDY

His Adventures in the Navy—Uncrowned King of the Plug-Uglies Along the Water Front—His Battle With Nobby Taylor—Sentenced for the Bradley Slaying and Escapes From Sing Sing—His Death Upon the Gallows

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Many of the Knickerbocker merchants and lawyers lived in the neighborhood of the Battery and Bowling Green. Stephen Whitney's house was on Bowling Green Place. Robert Goelet lived at 32 Broadway, and his brother Peter on State Street. The Leroys had moved to Lafayette Place, the Rhinelanders to Washington Square, the Schermerhorns to Great Jones Street.

But there were plenty of the city's best families still residing around lower Broadway and its off-lying streets. For them the Battery was ever the end of their afternoon walk. People were active pedestrians then, whether they lived close by or dwelt so far uptown as Bleecker and Bond Streets, then the acknowledged fashion centre. The day's parade of the younger folk was along by Trinity, and their favorite trysting place under shelter of the trees by the water-side.

Yet in streets not far removed from this scene of social propriety, the lights of dives and groggeries glared on every corner, and sailors, wharf rats, river pirates, longshoremen, prostitutes and other human flotsam and jetsam held high revel into the early hours of the morning. South and State Streets were lively thoroughfares then, lively with a ferocious, rough-house sort of joviality such as might be expected of a port where foregathered the hard-living, hard-drinking wanderers from all over the globe. It was a section of New York with a sporting atmosphere peculiarly its own, as utterly alien to that of the uptown resorts as could well be imagined.

* * *

IN that exclusively hard-boiled neighborhood, Al Hicks was a sort of uncrowned king of the plug-uglies. Had he been merely of the ordinary thug type, it is probable that he would never have graduated into more important fistic society. But it was inevitable in the due course of time, that some hint of his prowess should reach the ears of the men higher up in the realm of slugdom, and that is exactly what occurred when he fought and whipped Nobby Taylor in Captain Fisher's Cabin.

Taylor was a Tammany boy who had won several ring battles, a short, chunky middleweight and great favorite of Bill Poole, who had still three years to live before the fateful night in Stanwix Hall when assassins' bullets sent him to his final account. A bit shy on science, he was a veritable wild bull at the rushing game, and had mastered all his opponents by taking all they could give and beating them down with sledge hammer blows.

His excursion into Hicks' realm was largely the result of a desire to oblige Cap Fisher, who, finding home talent growing rather scarce so far as opponents for Hicks were concerned, hit on the notion of bringing down an outside to entertain his patrons. Nobby probably looked upon his prospective Saturday night encounter as a champ of today does, who journeys into the sticks with the intention of picking up easy change by lambasting some pug of purely local renown.

His bosom pal, Poole, must have agreed with him, for Bill did not even take the trouble of being on hand for the affair. So Poole's astonishment may be imagined when on the day after the battle, he learned that Nobby Taylor was in hospital with two broken ribs and a much chastened spirit, as a result of the terrific punishment and ultimate knockout he had sustained at the hands of Al Hicks, the Fighting Pirate.

Had his pal received fair play, or did the Hicksites gang him? That was what Bill Poole wanted to know, and was quite reassured on the point. Nobby admitted that Hicks needed no help from any gang, but had simply torn in and half-murdered him in three hectic rounds.

Bill Poole, who helped develop Al Hicks and sponsored him.

Poole, much amazed, sought out his friend, Tom Hyer, the then heavyweight champ of America, and discussed the strange happening with him. This Hicks party, they agreed, must be worth having a look at. So it followed that on the next occasion when Captain Fisher entertained his patrons with a boxing card of which Hicks was the star, Poole and Hyer were present.

* * *

THE ancient two-story and attic double house at 103 and 103½ Cherry Street, wherein Captain Fisher's Cabin was located, still stood, shaky but erect, until February 20, 1935, one of the downtown relics existing in a spot that retains many of the structural characteristics of New York as it was in 1852. Then, it was torn down by relief workers, and as though the old building wanted to emphasize its evil reputation to the very last, the walls suddenly collapsed, burying half a dozen of the wreckers in the debris.

Fortunately, though these were badly bruised and cut, none was fatally injured. Old-timers about the district, which was the boyhood playground of Al Smith, Joe Humphreys and other now notable East Siders, still recall the personality of Cap. Fisher, who lived to the ripe age of one hundred, had followed the sea for many years, and was as wily an old cuss as ever drew the breath of life.

Evidence of the captain's craft was discernible when the dingy cellars of the old structure were fully exposed. For beneath the cellar proper ran a subterranean passage, which led to Water Street, and could be utilized as a means of making a getaway during police raids. It was through that passage that many famed sportsmen and pugilists passed when the time got too hot.

Yet 103 Cherry Street, long before the days of the Fishers, Hickses and their ilk, had dignified claim to aristocratic atmosphere. For during the Revolutionary period it was the home of members of the gentry, and among the society folk with residences close by, were John Hancock, who lived at number 5; and one George Washington, whose home in 1788 was number 3. The street took its name from a cherry orchard that blossomed across to the river on the property of Richard Sackett.

There was, however, no suggestion of cherry blossoms in the foul, murky air of the basement which accommodated a hundred odd sports, mostly of the marine persuasion, on the night when Hyer, Poole and a few of their cronies huddled around the

ringside to watch Al Hicks demonstrate his scrapping talents. His opponent was a big New England sailor, first mate of a clipper, who outweighed Hicks by some forty pounds, but was milled to the ropes, wilted under a succession of pile-driving punches, and bowled over by a final smash on the jaw that left him stretched out senseless in less than a round.

* * *

FISHER had introduced Hicks to the two illustrious guests before the fight started and Hyer and Poole, much impressed with his hitting powers, approached and shook the hand of the winner, who grinned cheerfully in response to their greeting. It was at this juncture that a terrific hubbub broke out overhead and a panic-stricken chorus of yells and oaths signified to the trained ear of Al Hicks that a police raid was in progress.

Hastily grabbing his clothes from a second, Hicks led the way to an adjoining cellar, opened a cunningly concealed iron door in the wall, and piloted the heavyweight champion, Hyer, and their entourage to Water Street, where they speedily found safe harborage in another dive.

Always interested in a likely bit of fighting material, Hyer and Poole saw to it that Hicks was given a tryout at Harry Hill's famous resort at Houston and Crosby Streets, where John L. Sullivan was later to make his first bow to a New York audience. Professor Ottingnon was selected to test the newcomer's mettle in a four-rounder.

The professor was looked upon as one of the best heavies of the day. Hicks was little more than a middleweight, but giving away a lot of weight was not so seriously considered then as now. Yet it was generally supposed that Ottingnon would surely dispose of his opponent within the scheduled limit.

But the tigerish fury of the smaller man more than made up for the weight handicap. In the second round, the professor was blasted clean off his feet by a mad whirl of blows and sank to the stage floor, claiming that he had been hit below the belt. As Ottingnon was a strong favorite with Hill's patrons, it is not surprising that a majority of the spectators supported his claim, which, however, was not allowed by the referee.

* * *

IT is worth while noticing that, while giving full credit to Hicks for a remarkable performance against a much bigger and far more experienced fighter, "Pirate" Al was not noted for clean methods of milling and, as after events showed, cared little whether he fouled or not, so long as he had the satisfaction of putting the other fellow down. Reared in the rough school, of which he was such a proficient pupil, and frequently the victim of fiendish bursts of rage when in action, it would have been rather surprising had he ever developed into anything save a wild, reckless slugger.

But from the night the professor sprawled at his feet, his reputation as a good man of his hands was made in the metropolis. For this, he had Hyer and Poole to thank, and it might naturally be supposed that Hicks would have gravitated into the ranks of the Native Americans, the political party of which big Bill and the heavyweight champion were acknowledged kings of the fighting brigade.

But Hicks, who, at no stage of his life, was accused of excess gratitude in his makeup, proceeded to give both his notable sponsors the cold shoulder, and was next heard of as a welcome recruit in the ranks of the rugged scrappers maintained for the well-being of Tammany Hall. It is said that the split with Hyer and Poole resulted from a warning to him by Hyer that his foul methods of fighting would not be tolerated in regular ring circles.

Hicks deemed this comment as being equal to an assertion that he did foul Ottingnon, and his naturally cantankerous disposition led him to resent the implication. Not openly, perhaps, for pugnacious as he was, there were limits to his fighting-madness, and he knew full well that he was no match, with or without gloves, for Hyer, and certainly not in the formidable Poole's class as a rough-and-tumble artist.

It made no difference to him which party he joined, as he possessed no more political opinions or prejudices than one of the many goats that then roamed the squatters' fields of Harlem. What Hyer said, Poole swore by, and Hicks therefore nursed a grouch against both, which he felt could best be demonstrated by allying himself with their enemies.

* * *

TO Tammany, therefore, he went, as handy a slugger as the Lords of High Decision in that famous organization could desire, and speedily enrolled himself in the good graces of John Morrissey, the most distinguished of Tammany's fist-wielders. It was through the latter's efforts that he was matched to fight Sam Riley, a St. Louis pug and protege of Mike McCoole, who came East with a record of winning nine out of twelve battles in the South and Middle West.

They met at Hart's Island in April, 1853, in a hammer-and-tongs mill, under a heavy downpour of rain which began shortly after the men stripped for action and lasted to the finish. This came in the twenty-seventh round, when forty minutes had passed. Riley, game as a pebble, stood up to the gaff valiantly, but the ring was a sea of mud, and though naturally fast on his feet, the heavy going handicapped him.

Hicks was much the stronger of the two and in the rallies hit Riley off his feet again and again. When it came to wrestling, Hicks also had the upper hand, throwing Riley repeatedly, and falling upon him with a force that knocked all the breath out of his adversary. Finally, in the twenty-seventh round, Hicks landed a straight right flush on the mouth which sent Riley down. The St. Louis man struggled to his knees, and while in that position, Hicks deliberately swung on his jaw, knocking half-way through the ropes.

So flagrant was the foul that the referee had no option but to award the verdict to Riley, which he did, amid frantic yells of fury from the Hicks contingent and corresponding shouts of joy from Riley's backers. The foul was also patently unnecessary, since Hicks had the fight well in hand, was fresh and full of vim, while his antagonist could hardly have traveled another round.

Morrissey, who was at the ringside and lost quite a respectable wager on Hicks, was loud in his wrath, but there was nothing he could do about it, except berate the loser for displaying such poor judgment. However, Hicks lost few friends by his action, for his work as a whole was excellent up to the time of the unexpected termination of the bout. Also, it being his first bare knuckle trial under regulation rules, the question of whether he could last a distance and carry himself as well as he had done in rough-and-tumble mills or short glove contests, had been satisfactorily answered.

* * *

HICKS rested upon his newly-gained reputation, as the man who lost when he could have won, for over a year. He was not particularly anxious to fight in the ring anyhow. For one thing, he hated training, and hated worse the necessary abstinence from liquor that had to last through a weary period of getting himself into condition. It was far easier, and much more to his taste, to do any street scrapping that the Tammany interests deemed advisable, or the secret "bashing" of an enemy of some gambler or politician, both services which were well paid and simple of performance, without much risk of any unpleasant legal aftermath, such as so often followed the staging of an argument between the ropes.

It was, of course, impossible for a person of such truculent habits as Hicks, especially when under the influence of whiskey, to keep altogether clear of trouble with the law, and on several occasions he found himself under arrest for acts of violence, with long jail sentences apparently awaiting him, had he received his just deserts. In most of these cases, however, the long arm of Tammany was extended and plucked him out of danger.

There was one instance, however, where the evidence against him was too damning to allow of his going altogether scot-free. That was when, during a brawl with some Native American gangsters outside "The" Allen's Bal Mobile on Bleecker Street, near Broadway, an unoffending passerby, Jonas Bradley, a middle-aged, respected merchant, was caught in the tidal wave of con-

tending furies, beaten and kicked as he lay on the sidewalk, and ultimately died of his injuries.

Mr. Bradley was a person of too much consequence in the community for his sudden demise to be treated lightly. The death of a gangster meant little or nothing, but public opinion demanded an investigation into the passing of a well-to-do citizen. Someone had to be pinched, and the choice fell upon Hicks.

* * *

WHETHER the latter was actually the slayer of Bradley, it is difficult to say. At all events, Hicks "took the rap," pleaded not guilty, but was duly convicted of manslaughter and sent up the river on a five-year sentence. It is probable that he was given assurance by the big men behind the scenes that he would be granted an early release and a fitting bonus for the disagreeable curtailment of his freedom, even for a limited space of time.

But the secret powers were chary of moving in the case too soon, and after five months had gone by, with Hicks still an unwilling guest at Sing Sing, his fertile imagination conceived a plan of escape from his boring surroundings which he at once proceeded to put into effect.

There were numerous wild ducks on and about the river, where the walls of old Sing Sing ran down to the water, a circumstance that had not escaped Hicks' notice. Once it was permissible to shoot these birds, but a warden who reigned some years before Hicks was a prisoner, issued orders against the practice for the reason that the reports of guns alarmed the prison and brought out the guards.

Hicks decided to swim a duck to freedom, almost in the manner of Sinbad escaping from the Valley of Diamonds. Being a handy chap at wood carving, as are a good many sailors, he fashioned from a block of pine a realistic duck decoy, which he then managed to paint, furtively, a streak at a time, in the prison paintshop.

He played sick and got himself confined to the hospital for a few days, where he succeeded in stealing a piece of rubber tubing and a square of sheet rubber. With these, and a little cloth, thread and glue, he fashioned a helmet or mask, through which he ran one end of the tube in such manner that it would fit into his mouth.

When he was near the marble-loading docks, Hicks tied the other end of his rubber tube to the neck of his wooden decoy duck, donned the mask, put a few stones into his pockets and waded out into the Hudson. Submerged, he half-swam, half-walked along the bottom about a mile and a half northward to Brandreth's pill factory. There he left the water, got rid of his convict suit in a convenient nook ashore, and then attracted the attention of the pill factory workers.

* * *

THESE men called proprietor Dr. Brandreth, to whom Hicks told a tale about being in swimming, and some cheap thief, or practical joker, stealing his clothes. Brandreth was quite sympathetic. It never occurred to the worthy doctor that his visitor might be an errant brother from Sing Sing, so he supplied Hicks with clothing and sent him on his way rejoicing. It was not until hours later that Brandreth became aware of his charitable mistake.

It is an apt illustration not only of the rather easy-going way in which the law worked in those days, but the power of Tammany in placing a protective wing over its vassals, that Hicks remained around New York for nearly a month without falling into the grip of the police, after his memorable flitting from durance vile. As a matter of fact, the affair created a lot of amusement for newspaper readers, and, no doubt, a certain amount of admiration for the ingenuity of Hicks.

The police could have put their hands upon him had they wanted to, but the word had been given to leave him alone. Finally, Hicks was tipped off to give himself up, and he surrendered to the authorities, who returned him to the Big House on the Hudson. But his stay there was limited, for two weeks later, a pardon was obtained for him, and he once more blossomed forth on the Gotham trail. The New York newspapers at the time commented on his discharge and declared him a menace to society turned loose.

ONCE back on his native heath, he found himself a greater man than ever in the eyes of admiring colleagues, but before he could well begin enjoying the fruits of his new fame, circumstances over which he had no control pushed him back into the current of prize-ring affairs. Ex-Alderman Simon Flaherty, who had been one of the men chiefly instrumental in procuring Hick's pardon, was a patron of pugilism who believed in the ex-convict's scrapping ability, provided that he could be put into good condition.

Nearly six months of enforced abstinence and hard work had toughened up Hicks considerably and he needed but little training to make him fit to fight for his life. Much against his will, but not daring to disobey the ukase of the men higher up, he agreed to a match with Cooley Keyes of Brooklyn, and set about the unpalatable task of preparing himself for battle, which was scheduled to be fought with the bare knuckles in the vicinity of "Dapper" Gleason's boat house and training quarters at the foot of West 82nd Street.

Riverside Drive, especially that section between Seventieth and Ninetieth Streets, now a pleasant residential district, was then the wildest nature exhibit of the metropolis, and the scene of many a thrilling mill with bare knuckles or skin tight gloves.

There was no Riverside Drive at that time, nor were there any streets cut through to the North River. It was just a waste bit of land, inhabited mainly by goats because of the good grazing fields and a stretch in which a patrolling policeman was an unknown quantity. It was a rural, peaceful spot, except when a fight crowd descended upon it. Then it was temporarily transformed into a mixture of Hell's Kitchen and the Five Points, with noise enough to awaken the dead.

However, there was nobody near enough to have his early morning slumbers disturbed by the strident yowls of sports and thugs, for there wasn't a house within twelve blocks of the boat-house. As for the police, they never appeared unless prior information was given them, when Captain Ryan might make an unwelcome appearance, sailing up the Hudson with his forces on the department boat, Patrol.

There was a law on the statute books of New York State then that made it a misdemeanor for anyone to leave the state for the purpose of attending a prize fight, and it also gave the authorities power of arrest of any person going to or coming from such an exhibition. This decree was destined later to influence the fortunes of at least one principal in the Hicks-Keyes affair.

* * *

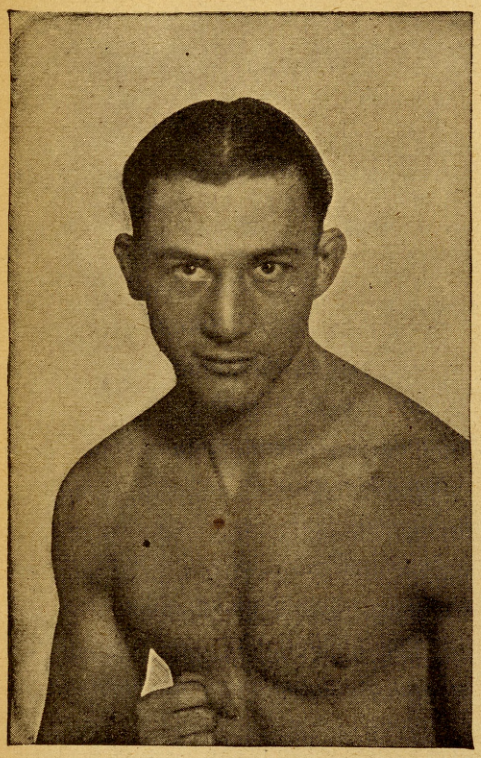
IT was a fine April morning in 1854 when the two middleweights squared off in the ring pitched on the soft, sandy beach of the Hudson, just at sunrise. Hicks was trained to the minute, and his opponent, lithe, tall and muscular, was also in the pink of condition.

Keyes was a clever boxer, with a decided advantage in height, weight and reach, but the mill had not progressed beyond the first round, when it was evident that the soft sand was a serious handicap to him. Footwork never bothered Al Hicks, who relied on close fighting and smashing deliveries to win, but Keyes was accustomed to trust to his nimble underpinning for keeping out of danger, while he wore an opponent down with straight lefts.

But under the conditions, he was compelled to stand up and take it, and the round was not two minutes old when Hicks crowded him to the ropes and beat him to his knees with a fusillade of hammerlike blows. Just then an alarm was given that the police boat was in sight, and hostilities were halted abruptly. A lookout equipped with a telescope on a bluff had obtained a glimpse of Captain Ryan's craft in the far distance.

Hurriedly, the principals donned their clothes, ropes and stakes were swiftly removed, and hidden by "Dapper" Gleason in his boat-house. By the time the minions of the law reached their goal, the hundred odd sports were either aimlessly wandering up and down the beach, or lying around in exaggerated attitudes of repose. The worthy captain was checkmated and knew it. There was no evidence on which he could make an arrest, a peaceful assembly of men did not constitute an offence against the law, and boarding his gallant *(Continued on page 46)*

GREAT LIGHTWEIGHT



Benny Leonard, who rates next to Gans among the champions of his division.

WHEN the lightweight crown passed from Tony Canzoneri to young Lou Ambers on a fifteen round points decision in Madison Square Garden on the night of September 3, 1936, there were veterans at the ringside who had seen Jack McAuliffe defend that same title during the fading nineties, and felt a trifle melancholy over Tony's defeat. Because Canzoneri, in the opinion of the vets, has repeatedly been listed as the most worthy of present-day fighters to rank with the proud members of the Old Guard who made fistic history resplendent.

They said the same thing about Benny Leonard when Benny was cock of the lightweight roost, even admitting that the latter was good enough to rank with Joe Gans, the incomparable, and when an old-timer goes that far, he has handed out absolutely the best boost he can deliver in the line of unstinted praise.

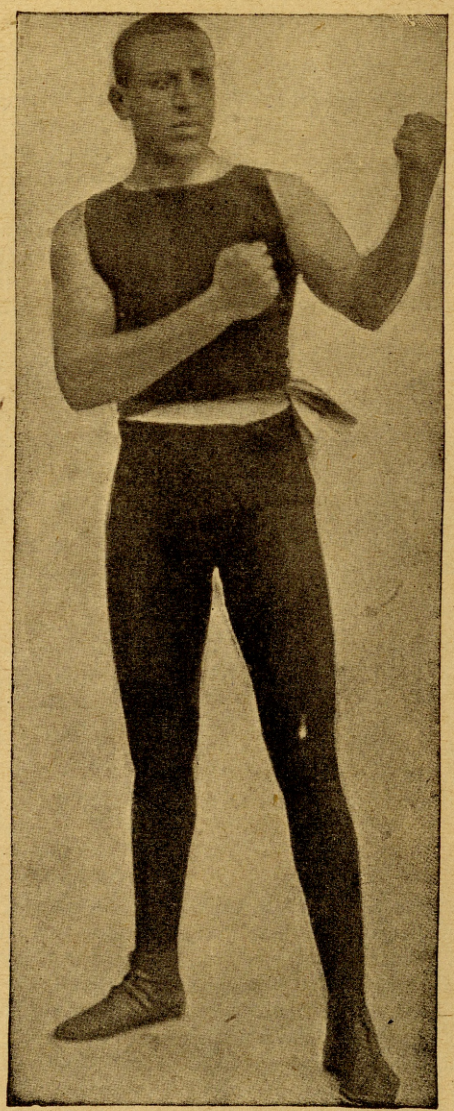
The division over which Ambers now reigns, has invariably held more interest for the fight fans than any other grade outside of the royal heavyweight lineup. Such was the case from the beginning of the Queensberry era when gloves had definitely taken the place of bare knuckles. When Jack McAuliffe was lightweight king he shared much of the popularity that went to John L. Sullivan as a fistic idol, and certainly held his own in that respect with the famous Nonpareil, Jack Dempsey, boss of the middleweights.

* * *

THE lightweights were always much in the public eye because they usually fought more frequently than men in the other classes and the battles they engaged in were remarkable for speed and decisive action. Their contests were generally replete with thrills and for the greater part survive in the annals of pugdom as genuine classics of the ring.

The last knockout scored by McAuliffe in defense of his title was registered over Billy Myers, the Streator Cyclone, at New Orleans on September 5, 1892, in fifteen rounds. This engagement was one of the star bouts of the big fistic carnival held in the Crescent City, lasting three days. In the other events George Dixon kayoed Jack Skelly for the feather title, and John L. lost the heavyweight championship to James J. Corbett.

The McAuliffe-Myers affair was a gruelling mill, a case of one of the most scientific battlers of that age pitted against an impetuous, rushing opponent famous for a right-hand delivery that usually meant curtains in a hurry for the man whose jaw encountered its impact. McAuliffe was also a stunning puncher, but never the chap to take foolish chances. He wore down the pet of Streator by steady, persistent jabbing, occasionally switching to a devastating right uppercut as Myers weakened, finally dropping him with a beautifully timed right-cross to the chin that halted hostilities for good.



Joe Gans who is generally referred to as the greatest lightweight of modern times.

The winner had excellent reasons for pursuing cautious tactics with Myers for he had tested the Cyclone's quality before. They had met at North Judson, Illinois, on February 13, 1889, fighting with small gloves to a sixty-four round draw, with nothing to choose between them at the finish.

* * *

HOW important that particular mill loomed in the vision of the sports of that day, may be guessed from the fact that a conservative estimate of the money bet on the result amounted to over half a million dollars. With so much at stake, the men fought as if their respective lives depended on victory, each being anxious to save his backer, and the referee's decision, coming at a time when both principals were too exhausted to strike a decisive blow, was a welcome relief to all concerned.

McAuliffe was at his peak in the second Myers fray. He won several limited round bouts the same year, but then ensued for him a long period of inactivity, and, after boxing a six-round, no decision bout with Kid Lavigne in 1896, he retired undefeated as lightweight champion, as did Leonard in a later generation.

* * *

LAVIGNE succeeded to the title and clinched his right to recognition as world's leader of the light brigade by crossing the ocean and knocking out Dick Burge, British lightweight champion, in 17 rounds before the National Sporting Club of London.

Burge was a scientist, possessed of a splendid defense and one of the best straight lefts that ever played havoc with an opponent's features. Lavigne was savagely aggressive, supple as an eel, a vicious puncher with either hand, and gifted with iron endurance. Consequently the battle resolved itself into a test

BATTLES of the PAST

By GEORGE TICKELL

between two gladiators of exactly opposite styles. Burge stood erect in the traditional Jem Mace attitude, facing his opponent squarely.

Lavigne, head slightly down, his guard held low, dashed from his corner at the first tap of the bell, as ferociously as a panther leaping upon its prey. Burge, immovable as a statue, timed the rush to a split second, and as Lavigne closed, sidestepped with the swiftness of light. Unable to check himself, the Saginaw Kid shot half-way across the ring and thudded face-first into a stake in a neutral corner.

At that time, the ring-stakes were of plain hard wood, without a semblance of padding. As a result of this unlooked for collision Lavigne's mouth and nose were cut and the blood streamed freely down his visage as he swung round, and again hurtled into action.

An unpromising beginning for the American, and the betting odds on Burge rose, actually before a blow had been struck on either side. But the Kid was cast in a tough mold.

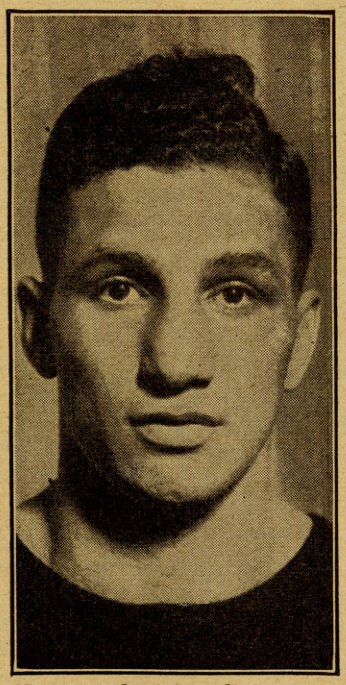
Resuming his furious asasult he broke through Burge's deft counter punch, and beat a fierce tattoo on the Briton's body. Burge slid into a clinch, and when they were separated, craftily kept the American at long range, landing constantly with his straight driving left, and in general giving a beautiful exhibition of boxing.

* * *

ROUND after round proceeded in much the same way. Burge's strategy was to hold Lavigne off, the American perpetually striving to get to close quarters. There was no let-up to the Kid's dogged attacks, and the question was whether Burge could wear him down, or whether Lavigne could land the knockout for which he was constantly trying.

Had the bout been limited to fifteen rounds, as in the Ambers-Canzoneri struggle for the title, it is quite probable that Burge would have been awarded a decision on points. The Briton's face was unmarked, though red blotches over his ribs and kidneys showed the effects of Lavigne's hitting. But the Kid's face, damaged at the outset by his unfortunate collision with the wooden stake, was a mask of crimson, for Burge's shrewd left counters had ripped and torn their target unmercifully.

But loss of blood from a battered map doesn't necessarily mean loss of a battle. In these delicately humane days, a referee would probably call a halt and send a fighter thus disguised in gore to his corner. They were less finicky about such matters then, which was lucky for Lavigne, and correspondingly unlucky for Burge, as the sequel proved.



Never a champion, but an ace lightweight. That's what Lew Tendler was.

For the sixteenth round saw Burge weakening from the body bombardment, his leads were commencing to go wild, and he staggered as he sought his corner. Implacable, apparently tireless, the rushing Saginaw Kid bored in relentlessly when the bell rang for the seventeenth session. A volley of rights and lefts to the stomach brought down Burge's guard, a ripping right cross found his jaw—and the battle was over!

Tony Canzoneri, whose name will go down in ring history as one of the best of the modern lightweights.

* * *

THE most spectacular battle in which Lavigne's successor to lightweight honors, Frank Erne, participated was his first bout with Joe Gans in 1900 when Erne's left jabs cut up the colored man's eyes so badly that Gans was compelled to quit in the twelfth round. The bout was remarkable for the speed with which the principals performed, with the spectators constantly expecting a knockout, for both Gans and Erne were hard punchers, although for some unexplainable reason many fight critics characterized the latter as merely clever, without admitting the potency of his hitting powers. Yet a glance at Erne's record shows that it is plentifully studded with kayo victories.

In a sense Erne's second meeting with Gans was even more spectacular, although it was over in less than half a round. Two years had elapsed since their initial encounter. In the interval Gans had piled up a formidable kayo record and Erne had twice been counted out, once when he trained down to a shadow to tackle Terry McGovern, featherweight champion, and again when he stepped up into another class and was put to sleep by welter champion Rube Ferns.

It is likely, therefore, that Erne had retragraded when he lost his title. But the time of his second meeting with Gans was too limited to allow of condition having anything to do

with the result. In after years, or to be specific, in 1930, another lightweight title-holder, Al Singer, had his crown clouted off by Tony Canzoneri before the initial round was well under way. The Gans and Canzoneri victories were the shortest on record in which the lightweight title changed hands.

* * *

A BATTLE of spectacular proportions was the engagement at Goldfield, Nevada, on September 3, 1906, in which Gans won the lightweight title from Battling Nelson on a foul. This was to a finish, with Tex Rickard as promoter. It was notable also as an example of Shylock-like matchmaking on the part of Nelson's manager, Nolan, who compelled the colored man to scale 133 pounds, the then recognized lightweight limit, at the ringside.

The weight would have been a tight squeeze for Gans had the scaling been done in the afternoon. As it was, Joe just barely made the required notch. The unnatural strain of training down to the bone, so to speak, sapped the great boxer's vitality, and is admitted to have sown the seeds of tuberculosis that later resulted in Gans' demise.

Yet even while laboring under this weight-making handicap Gans was strong enough not only to stall off Nelson's tiger-rushes, but give him a thoroughly artistic trimming. Round after round was reeled off with the Battler failing to land decisively and Gans outpointing him with almost monotonous regularity.

Nelson, frequently warned by referee George Siler for his rough tactics, lost his head completely in the forty-second session, and actually went to the limit of kicking the colored boxer. This was too much for Siler, who halted the proceedings, and declared Gans winner on a foul.

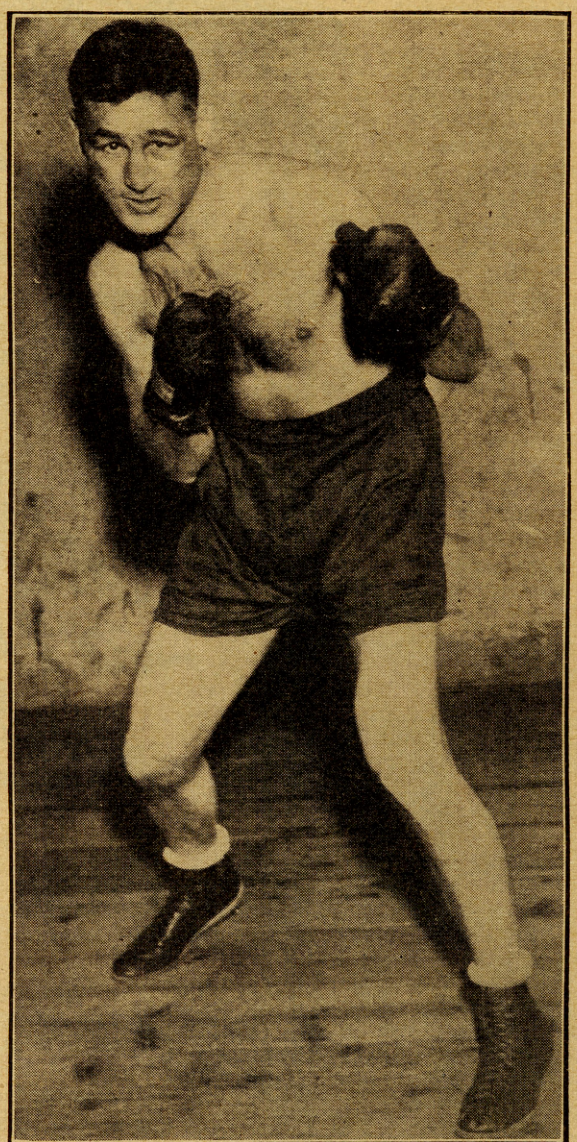
It is worthy of note also, as a testimonial to manager Nolan's shrewd financial strategy, that while the loser received $23,000, the victor had to be content with eleven grand. And this was the largest purse Gans had gained up to that time, although he began fighting in 1891, and his record listed 144 battles!

* * *

GANS was knocked out by Nelson on two later occasions, the first time in 17, the second in 21 rounds. Replete with drama in both cases, the last engagement was particularly thrilling at the outset.

Nelson came tearing out of his corner in a half crouch, hooking both hands for the body, with his usual disregard for defensive methods. Gans met him halfway and crashed a short trip-hammer right squarely on the Dane's jaw. Bat's feet left the floor, he turned a semi-somersault and hit the canvass head-first with a force that actually shook the ring.

It looked like a sure kayo. Nelson lay motionless as the referee started the count. Many of the spectators rose from their seats, thinking it was all over in a punch. But Nelson, stirred, dragged himself to one knee, spat out a mouthful of blood, accompanied by two teeth, shook his head, and at "nine" was erect and rushing again.



Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express who never won a title, yet compares favorably with the greatest lightweights of all time.

Gans had lost the one throw of the dice that seemed to promise victory. From then on the colored crack fought with splendid generalship and gameness, but his reserve of strength slowly ebbed away under the Dane's remorseless, dogged attacks and the 21st round saw Nelson again standing exultant above the prostrate form of his opponent.

Discussing the battle with Gans a month later, the writer referred to that sensational moment of its beginning when Nelson rallied from what appeared to be certain defeat. Said Gans solemnly:

"Those five ounce gloves we used were broken and all the padding forced back and up. There was hardly anything but the leather covering my knuckles. I ain't boasting when I say that I can hit as hard a punch as any man of my weight in the ring. Well, suh, when I put that right on Nelson's jaw I felt my knuckles sink right into the bone. It was maybe the most sockdologing wallop I ever turned loose. And when I see him get off that floor and come a ragin' in, I says to myself—'that man ain't human!' I was licked right then and there, though I did my best an' stuck it out as long as I could stand upright!"

* * *

MELODRAMATIC also to the 'steenth degree was the encounter in which Nelson met his Waterloo at the hands of Ad Wolgast. It was bulldog against bulldog, no pretense of science, a mauling, furious slugging match. The years of vicious battling and the tremendous amount of punishment he had absorbed had taken toll of Bat's once great stamina.

Bloody, battered, desperate, game to the last the Dane struggled on, only to hear referee Eddie Smith proclaim Wolgast victor by a knockout in the 40th round of a truly Homeric engagement. The younger bulldog won, Wolgast was Nelson's junior by a little over six years.

One of the most extraordinary windups that ever terminated a lightweight championship contest occurred when Wolgast and Joe Rivers met at Vernon, California, July 4, 1912. There was little to choose between the men up to the 13th round. If either held a shade in the slugging it was Rivers. In the thirteenth frame Wolgast hooked a left to the Mexican's stomach. River fell, and Wolgast, unable to check the momentum of his rush, crashed on top of his adversary.

Rivers was lying in an arched position and one of his knees collided with Wolgast's groin. Ad rolled over, badly hurt, but managed to get to one knee as the referee began counting. Both fighters were practically helpless, it appeared to be one of those very rare happenings, a double knockout.

Or that's how it looked to the ringsiders! But just before the fateful beat of "ten," Wolgast painfully crawled over to where referee Jack Welsh was standing. Whereupon that official extended a gracious hand, helped the sufferer to arise and—declared him winner.

There was an awful kick of course from those who bet on Rivers and many sport writers *(Continued on page 45)*

Wrestler - Fighter - Cowboy

By BERNICE SANDBOE

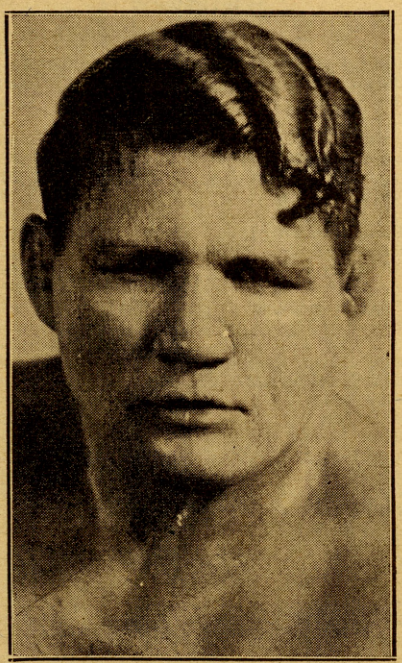
THIS is the story of one of the best box office attractions in the wrestling field, the war-whooping, wild and woolly Chief Little Beaver. Chief Little Beaver is a publicity writer's dream come true. He has enough color to paint all four sides of Farmer Brown's barn and still have enough left to be one of the best showmen of them all. He's as versatile, as spectacular, as picturesque a character as ever clutched a toe-hold on the canvas carpet of pain.

He possesses more nerve, more enthusiasm for living, and plain old dare-devil spirit than the average three men, and to top it all, to quote the Chief, he can outwrestle, outbox and out-cowpunch any wrestler, boxer or cowboy today.

Which, when summed up, seems to leave the impression that the Big Chief is quite an above-the-average personage. He is. Most enthusiastically, and with ringing voice, I repeat, he is. Let me relate to you a few hectic episodes snatched at random from his life history and you can judge for yourself.

* * *

HE was born on January 17, 1904, in Cherokee City, North Carolina. Cherokee City, as you have no doubt deduced by now, is an Indian hamlet, being part of the original Cherokee reservation, and need I further elucidate, Chief Little Beaver is a Cherokee Indian. Would you ever have guessed it!



Chief Little Beaver, a war-whooping, wild and woolly wrestler, who has been packing 'em in down in Dixie.

At the age of three, his parents signed up to travel with the Indian troupe of the 101 Wild West Ranch Show. Because their little Beaver was not a hardy youngster, his parents, who knew a sympathetic old German couple in Canton, Ohio, offered him to them for adoption. The German people were more than pleased to have a little sunbeam around the house, and for ten years all remained silent and serene while Chief Little Beaver grew to sturdy manhood.

At thirteen, Joe (that is the name the O.G.C. at Canton, Ohio, gave him, and it still sticks), who had budded from his original three and one-half pounds at birth to some two hundred pounds, was particularly proud of the job he had done in growing up and decided to pursue a profession in which he could display to the world his muscular strength. Now, think hard, friends, and try to guess what he did. No, you're wrong; he didn't become a wrestler—at least not yet—but he decided to equip himself for a mat career, so he turned to the boxing profession.

In that noble field of endeavor, he fought 112 amateur fights, 24 professional, and lost one. That one, however, was so decisive that Joe decided to embark on his wrestling career, and so, on Christmas night in 1927, Joe, the one and only Little Beaver, started his mayhem-making mat career.

* * *

BUT now that we have successfully launched Joe on his life's work, let's skip on a bit to some of the especially vivid pages from his life. For instance, let's consider the many ring injuries Joe has endured in his ten years in the mat game. He insisted that I jot these down, for he was sure I would never remember them due to their multitude, so I dutifully made notes of his injuries, and my notebook read like a doctor's diary.

Here they are—both shoulders broken, both collar bones broken, his jaw broken twice, at least ten ribs broken, three fractures, his left leg broken, a broken toe, every bone in his hands broken, and his nose broken over forty times.

To prove the latter, the Chief will obligingly push his nose any way you can mention, or flatten it against his face. On top of all this, he bears a deep stab wound, thanks to a pocket knife which came whirling down from the balcony and imbedded itself in his arm, and a neat little bullet mark, the result of an irate fan's hot temper. In conclusion, he has been conked over the head with thirty-seven pop bottles, not to mention other various and sundry articles like umbrellas, chairs, etc.

"It's a lot of hard luck," said the Chief, "but then I like a hospital—nothing to do but eat, sleep and talk to pretty nurses."

* * *

NEXT let us take up the matter of the Chief's hobbies. In chronicling the life story of the average wrestler, this item would take a mere paragraph, but not so with Chief Little Beaver. As a matter of fact, I could have entitled this article "Chief Little Beaver's Hobbies" and still had plenty material left over to write a novel. His enthusiasm for every kind of sport or pastime is endless.

There is practically nothing he has not tried his hand at, and he intends to get around to those things, too, before he is too old to do so. Of all his hobbies, however, I do believe that dogs have the top spot. He can talk for hours on the subject and you can't possibly mistake the proud note in his voice when he tells you about the last two dogs he has had. One was a huge English bull named "King," and the other a dainty, beautiful Eskimo chow, "Queene."

Unfortunately, both these dogs, which, incidentally, were thoroughbreds and cost a pretty penny, are dead, but now the Chief has another English bull, a big, friendly fellow named "Bruiser." "Bruiser" is just a pup, but he has already shown his colors by winning second prize in a Houston dog show recently.

* * *

NEXT to dogs, I would say the Chief's favorite hobby is guns. He possesses a really remarkable collection of firearms of every description and has quite a reputation as a trick shooter. The evening I visited he and his wife at their home, he was invited to join the Houston police officers in their weekly target shooting practice.

The Chief's reputation as a cowboy can hardly be ignored in this list. He's as hardriding a cowpuncher as ever rode the range and takes off his ten-gallon hat to no man when it comes to fast riding, broncho and the other various accomplishments of the cowpunchers. Although he possesses a closet full of good-looking clothes, the Chief is never happy unless he's decked up in a typical cowboy outfit, complete with boots, spurs and hat.

Besides, Joe is an ardent bowler and many of his spare evenings will find Joe and the Missus in some bowling alley knocking down the ten pins. He enjoys a good game of golf, and especially does he like to go deep sea fishing.

* * *

BUT now to get down to his wrestling. To begin with, he has the distinction of being a one-time champion of Texas, having been awarded the title when Leo Savage ran out on a bout with him in Houston. He defended his title against Everett Marshall and lost, but not, however, until he had put up a fierce battle.

From the moment he set his foot *(Continued on page 47)*

The Power Behind the Punch

(Continued from page 7)

NOW comes funny figgers. Fool you some. Sam Langford compiled them and despite the fact that he was one of the all-time GREAT punchers the best he could do on a scoresheet was .229! Laughable, isn't it? Sam belted out sixty-one victims in two hundred and five starts. He was a better hitter than THAT but he had to "carry" so many fellows who never would have consented to meet him otherwise. Sam's paper record wasn't the real story at all. Sam could call the round, the spot and the punch, he was that good.

Jeffries, a great champion, was well up there with his .524, having knocked out eleven in twenty-one tries. Jim Corbett was low man, the best he could do being six victims in thirty-six starts. Jim didn't go in for knockouts. He depended on speed and cleverness to win!

* * *

JACK JOHNSON wasn't a knockerout and the best he could muster was .247 with his twenty-nine knockouts in eighty-one fights.

Tommy Burns, the Canadian, was surprisingly high with his .573. The former champion got thirty-six out of sixty-one.

The immortal Stanley Ketchel, the Michigan Assassin being my name for him, was third on the list of great old-time hitters. "Steve" tallied .650, with a knockout record of thirty-nine out of sixty. Sweet puncher, that baby.

One of my pet hitters and my choice for greatest puncher, all time, any class, Aurelio Herrera, was high with a nice score of .478. The record books have him scoring forty-seven out of ninety-eight but Herrera neglected to tab so many of his early knockouts that his true record never will be known. He WAS the hardest right-hand puncher, pound for pound, who ever breathed!

Honey Mellody was way up, scoring forty out of seventy for a score of .577.

Frankie Neil, one-time bantamweight champion and who used to be a printer's devil when I was an office boy on the San Francisco *Examiner,* was a .500 puncher, getting twenty-three out of forty-six.

He had a better record than Terry McGovern, who scored thirty-six knockouts in eighty-five fights.

* * *

JIMMY WILDE, England's "Mighty Atom," was a nice puncher. He got sixty-three of the one hundred and twenty-eight lads who faced him.

No doubt the greatest puncher the lightweight division produced so far as results are concerned was George Chaney of Baltimore. He was a terrific body puncher and he settled ninety-nine men in a total of two hundred and two fights.

Georges Carpentier was one of the best light-heavyweight punchers in history, his score being fifty kayoes out of one hundred and ten fights. He scored .462.

Benny Leonard, great champion that he was, ran up only .320 as an average. He knocked out seventy in two hundred fights.

We repeat and it is well that you remember, these old fellows ran up these scores over a long term of years in many instances. They were hitters, and it is just as well that they are not around now, in their prime. They would have raised ructions with the present army of glovemen, from Lynch to Louis, I do declare and believe!

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Name	*Fights*	*Kayos*	*P.C.*
Joe Louis	5	3	.600
Max Schmeling	1	1	1.000
Alberto Lovell	10	4	.400
Buddy Baer	5	3	.600
Nathan Mann	8	1	.125
Louis Nova	6	4	.667
Johnny Whiters	4	2	.500
Johnny Risko	3	1	.333
Freddie Fiducia	13	5	.385
Jimmy Adamick	11	10	.909
Maurice Strickland	8	2	.250
Roscoe Toles	7	3	.429
Red Burman	8	5	.625
Tommy Farr	6	2	.333
Maxie Rosenbloom	11	0	.000
Willie Reddish	5	1	.200
Al McCoy	6	2	.333
Eddie Hogan	10	5	.500
Italo Colonello	10	6	.600
Eddie Blunt	13	5	.385
Al Delaney	4	1	.250
Andre Lenglet	12	6	.500
Tony Galento	9	4	.444
Sonnyboy Walker	12	3	.250
Harry Thomas	7	3	.429
Walter Neusel	3	1	.250
Arturo Godoy	10	4	.400
Lorenzo Pack	9	5	.556
Max Baer	2	1	.500
Gunnar Barlund	7	2	.286
Steve Dudas	6	0	.000
Lee Ramage	5	2	.400
Patsy Perroni	6	1	.167
Tony Shucco	3	0	.000
Al Ettore	6	0	.000
Jack Trammell	11	4	.364
Bob Olin	7	2	.286
Leroy Haynes	5	2	.400
Bob Nestell	5	2	.400
Jorge Brescia	5	0	.000
Bob Pastor	3	0	.000
Abie Feldman	5	1	.200

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS

Jock McAvoy	5	3	.600
Tiger Warrington	9	5	.556
Tiger Jack Fox	17	11	.647
Jack Gibbons	13	5	.385
Ralph De John	11	3	.273
Melio Bettina	12	5	.417
Al Gainer	10	5	.500
John Henry Lewis	20	10	.500
Gus Lesnevich	8	1	.125
Carmen Barth	7	2	.286
Dave Clark	7	0	.000
Ray Actis	4	2	.300
Fred Lenhart	4	1	.250
Swede Berglund	13	3	.231
Leo Kelly	5	1	.200
Oscar Rankins	8	1	.125
Red Bruce	9	3	.333

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Freddy Steele	6	4	.667
Ben Brown	14	6	.429
Al Hostak	9	9	1.000
Harry Balsamo	15	9	.600
Walter Woods	18	8	.444
Fred Apostoli	8	5	.625
Glen Lee	9	3	.333
Ken Overlin	8	3	.375
Paulie Walker	16	6	.375
Billy Conn	7	0	.000
Erich Seelig	7	2	.286
Allen Matthews	7	3	.429
Tony Ciaccio	13	1	.077
Young Corbett	5	1	.200
Tommy Freeman	6	2	.338
Frankie Blair	12	1	.083
Vince Dundee	7	2	.286
Gorilla Jones	7	2	.286
Lou Brouillard	5	1	.200
Frank Battaglia	7	3	.429
Solly Krieger	12	5	.417
Marcel Thil	2	0	.000
Jimmy Clark	14	3	.214
Teddy Yarosz	5	0	.000
Babe Risko	4	0	.000

WELTERWEIGHTS

Barney Ross	5	2	.400
Jack Carroll	3	0	.000
Ralph Zannelli	19	9	.474
Gustave Eder	12	4	.333
Sammy Fuller	2	1	.500

Name	*Fights*	*Kayos*	*P.C.*
Fritzie Zivic	6	3	.500
Kid Azteca	4	1	.250
Milt Aron	8	3	.375
Wildcat O'Connor	7	0	.000
Severio Turiello	13	0	.000
Leonard Del Genio	7	1	.143
Holman Williams	13	2	.154
Ceferino Garcia	10	6	.600
Sonny Jones	12	4	.333
Bobby Pacho	19	5	.263
Andrea Jessurun	19	1	.053
Cleto Locatelli	9	3	.333
Cocoa Kid	12	5	.417
Bep Van Klavern	3	1	.333
Izzy Jannazzo	2	0	.000
Gordon Wallace	8	1	.125
Phil Furr	12	1	.083
Jimmy Leto	4	1	.250
Baby Saboy Sabin	11	4	.364

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Eddie Cool	11	3	.273
Pedro Montanez	17	12	.706
Billy Beauhuld	15	1	.067
Johnny Bellus	14	5	.357
Lou Ambers	12	0	.000
Benny Bass	9	1	.111
Davey Day	7	4	.571
Norment Quarles	16	6	.375
Chino Alvarez	13	7	.538
Wesley Ramey	14	2	.143
Ritchie Fontaine	6	0	.000
Maxie Berger	14	0	.000
Indian Hurtado	7	1	.143
Lou Camps	9	1	.111
Enrico Venturi	13	0	.000
Tony Canzoneri	4	2	.500
Paul Junior	16	3	.187
Laurie Stevens	4	3	.750
Irving Eldridge	12	1	.083
Al Roth	13	3	.231
Eddie McGeever	15	2	.133
Tommy Speigel	16	2	.125
Aldo Spoldi	8	2	.250
George Zengaras	17	1	.059
Jimmy Walsh	13	1	.077
Red Guggino	16	0	.000
Baby Arizmendi	5	0	.000
Lew Feldman	16	0	.000
Hubert Dennis	6	0	.000
Nick Camarata	9	0	.000
Eddie Zivic	7	2	.286
Johnny Cabello	11	0	.000
Orville Drouillard	10	0	.000
Frankie Klick	2	0	.000

FEATHERWEIGHTS

Henry Armstrong	27	26	.963
Leo Rodak	11	0	.000
Ginger Foran	8	5	.625
Kid Chocolate	23	5	.217
Victor Vallee	10	0	.000
Pablo Dano	6	0	.000
Fillo Echeverria	7	0	.000
Joey Archibald	12	7	.583
Jackie Wilson	13	1	.077
Mike Belloise	9	3	.333
Johnny Hutchinson	9	2	.222
Freddy Miller	14	1	.071
Tony Chavez	8	2	.250
Vincenzo Dell Orto	15	2	.133
Al Reid	16	0	.000
Petey Sarron	10	1	.100
Dick Corbett	8	0	.000
Young Rightmire	12	2	.167
Johnny McGrory	5	0	.000
Baby Casanova	4	0	.000
Pete Scalzo	19	9	.474

BANTAMWEIGHTS

Harry Jeffra	10	6	.600
Johnny King	7	4	.571
K.O. Morgan	7	2	.286
Aurel Toma	7	4	.571
Al Brown	4	4	1.000
Tommy Forte	12	7	.583
Indian Quintana	20	11	.550
Baby Yack	8	0	.000
Lou Salica	9	2	.222
Horace Mann	8	0	.000
Sixto Escobar	7	4	.571
Baltasar Sangchili	4	1	.250
Henry Hook	19	0	.000

FLYWEIGHTS

Jackie Jurich	7	1	.143
Peter Kane	12	8	.667
Jim Warnock	8	2	.250
Benny Lynch	8	4	.500
Pat Palmer	5	3	.600
Katzumi Morioka	12	0	.000
Small Montana	6	0	.000
Valentin Anglemann	4	0	.000

The Ring's Rating of WRESTLERS *for* 1937 *Topped by* NAGURSKI

By NAT FLEISCHER

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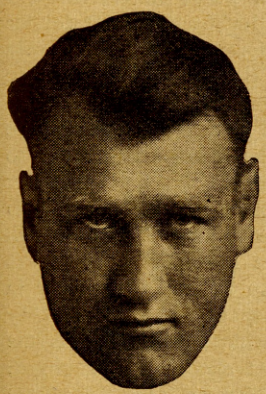
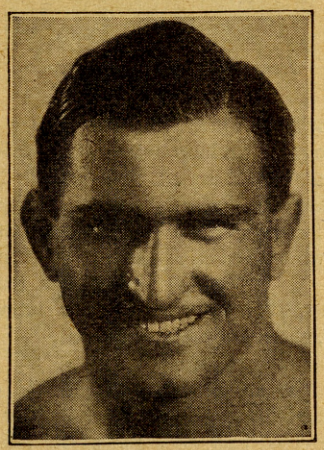


Bronko Nagurski, Minn.

WITH this issue, THE RING Editor, as in the case of boxing, takes over the world ranking of wrestlers as an annual feature. Four years ago, THE RING, as a consequence of the intense interest displayed in the mat sport, decided to give its army of wrestling readers an annual rating similar to that used for boxing, and had the late Jack Curley start the ball rolling. The following year, Curley again made the choices, and the third year, his associate, Toots Mondt, wrestling's promotion genius, took the helm. A few weeks ago I ran across Mondt as he was about to fly back to California, and I asked if he would consent to handle the job again and though he argued that it took up too much of his time, I finally induced him to accept and so advertised it.

Then came the hitch. Letters from promoters and RING readers urged that instead of having a promoter or manager of wrestlers, whose choices might be biased, rate the men, that I do it. I follow wrestling with as keen an interest as I do boxing, get reports of the matmen from all parts of the world and realizing that the arguments of the writers were deserving of attention, I studied the merits of the complaints and reached the conclusion that they were justified. I discussed the case with Mondt and he agreed that it was in the best interests of the sport for me to make the ratings and I have accepted the responsibility. I feel that my knowledge of wrestling fully qualifies me to do this work.

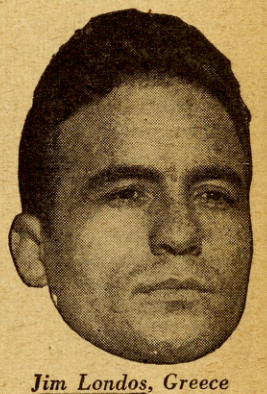
I feel that my ratings will meet with popular approval because I have made my selections after considerable study of the records of the leaders, regardless of their factional affiliations. I play no favorites. The records are my guides.



Earl McCready, Canada

I KNOW that for every "shooting match," such as Strangler Lewis and Lee Wyckoff engaged in, there are 1000 "phonies" taking place, but I also know ability when I see it.

I know that many matches are pre-arranged because under the present system of syndicate sport, in which a dozen or so promoters control it over an area of thousands of miles, certain talent must be kept on top to aid the gate. Wrestling today is an entertainment. The matmen perform like acrobats—not to show their skill but to make the spectators laugh and shout as the grapplers kick, punch, pull, slap, bite and go through all kinds of stunts—anything but wrestle. Hence when a real wrestler is seen, it is a novelty and a pleasure to those who, like myself, prefer to view a classy performance to an acrobatic entertainment.



Jim Londos, Greece

The promoter cannot and should not be blamed for that condition. He has his money invested and he gives the fans what they want to see. If he didn't and the wrestlers refused to obey their instructions, the promoter would be forced to quit promoting.

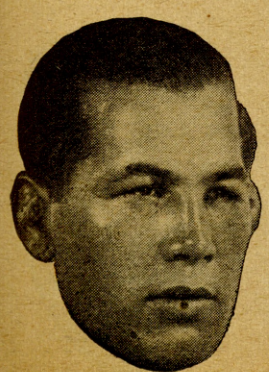
There you have the bold facts. We might as well be truthful rather than extol a sport that no longer is a sport. But just as long as wrestling in its present form arouses the fans' interest, pleases them, holds their attention, makes them happy, why worry whether wrestling is on the level or just a lot of hokum.

* * *

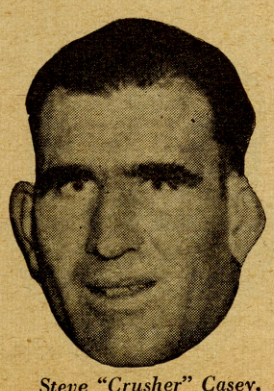
A FEW weeks ago, I spent hours going through my index of wrestlers — about eight hundred, and dividing them into three groups:

1. Those who were extremely clever and gave splendid exhibitions of scientific wrestling.

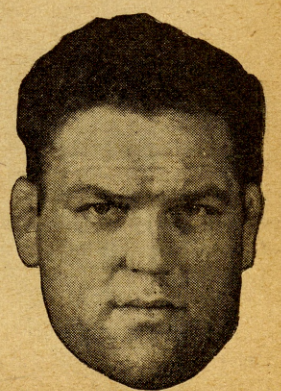
2. Those who



Ernie Dusek, Nebraska



Steve "Crusher" Casey, Ireland



Dean Detton, Utah

Ram Singh, India

mixed cleverness with roughness; and

3. Those who didn't know a lick about wrestling holds, but made a hit with the fans because they employed the rough tactics that one would have expected to view at a Donnybrook Fair of old.

The study was a most interesting one, because, contrary to expectation, I tabulated eighty-one wrestlers who I thought were as clever as any in my long association with sports. And of that list, I determined that Jim Londos led the field, with Dean Detton, Lee Wyckoff, Jack Sherry, Johannes Van der Walt, John Pesek, Henri De Glane and Ram Singh, following in the order named.

Of course, unlike boxing, wrestlers cannot be rated on their victories and defeats, because in too many cases, as already said, the victors are determined not by ability but by arrangements made for the principals by the promoters. You might ask then why should the wrestlers submit to such deals? The answer is that syndicate handling of the sport would make it most difficult for one to earn his livelihood if he attempted to cross those who book him.

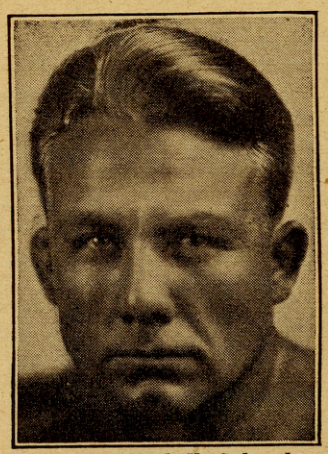
No better examples need be cited than the case of Carl Pojello, one of the great scientific wrestlers of today, a man who could whip 50 per cent of the cream of the world matmen if he were permitted to meet them in shooting matches. Likewise that of Lee Wyckoff, John Pesek, Hans Steinke, Dick Shikat, Hans Kampfer and Jack Sherry.

* * *

STEINKE and Shikat could be invincible if they didn't have their hands tied. Kampfer is one of the strongest grapplers in the game, yet he rates far behind where he normally should be, only because he often is forced to lose to "palookas" to keep the latter in the spotlight. As for Sherry, who is called in Europe the world heavyweight champion, there are few better wrestlers than he, yet he couldn't get a match in America because he wouldn't play ball and was forced to go abroad where he keeps on winning.

Pesek long has been a thorn in the side of the syndicate promoters, and though he loses a match occasionally, there are less than a dozen world wrestlers who can cope with him in ability. Of the newcomers the South African champion, Van der Walt is a man of rare wrestling ability, but he went home because as he informed me, he disliked being told whom he could beat, to whom he must lose, with whom he would wrestle a draw, etc.

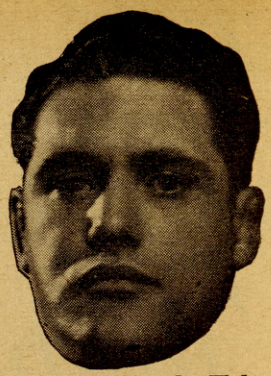
That riled him, and as he said when he left me for home: "Mr. Fleischer, we don't work that way in our country. We work on the level. I feel there are only five men in the world who are my superiors and I refuse to take orders to lose to men whom I know I can whip. In your land, I think that Jim Londos, McCready, Detton, Orville Brown and Pesek are the best, and as for the rest, they do very little wrestling because they don't know how. Casey is a good, strong man, but knows little about wrestling holds. When a man really wrestles, the crowd hisses and wants him removed, and the promoters resent such wrestling. That is why I'm going home. My kind of wrestling is not appreciated."



Everette Marshall, Colorado

* * *

I AGREE with the South African. He hit the nail right on the head, but as I told him, the promoters must yield to the fans. It is they who pay the freight, and if they don't get what they want, there will be no more wrestling in this country. Hence, why blame the promoters?



Johannes Van der Walt, S. Africa

I offer the above statement by Van der Walt as a prelude, to show why we cannot rate the wrestlers on wins and losses. Where ability is known, that must come in for considerable consideration, but, of course, we cannot wholly ignore victories and defeats. Based on the above, I rate Jim Londos the leading challenger for the world title, which belongs to Bronko Nagurski and to no one else. He is the only legitimate owner of the crown that has passed down from Frank Gotch, and all other claimants are mere pretenders without the semblance of proof to substantiate their claims.

There are close followers of the sport who will assert that Steve Crusher Casey, the Irish giant, should get the honor given by me to Londos, because Steve has not lost a bout in this country, but they cannot prove that by me. I am fully convinced that Casey is the most powerful, if not close to the strongest, wrestler in captivity, but he lacks the science that Londos, McCready or Dean Detton possess, and has met talent that is inferior to that which McCready and Detton have tackled.

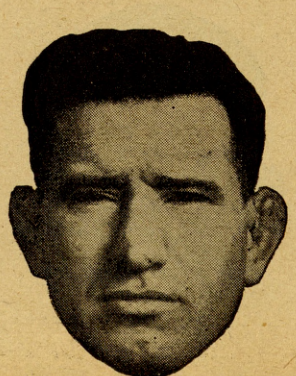
I therefore give the Number 2 post to McCready, who has lost only a couple of matches in more than two years and has clashed with the world's best in foreign lands. Casey gets the position behind Earl, with Detton, former world king, one of the classiest matmen of today, holding down fourth place. Then comes the roughest grappler in the East, Ernie Dusek, who, despite his toughness, knows the holds and applies them with telling effect when he is not gouging, kicking or elbowing his opponent.

* * *

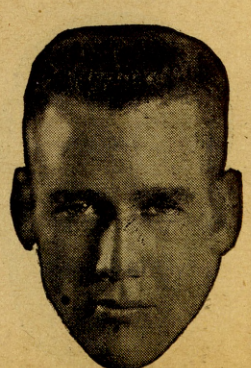
THE old order of things is changing everything and that holds for wrestling, also. New faces and new stars dominate the sport, with only a few dozen of the veterans still able to hold their own against the college youth who predominates. The lad who, two years ago, had just graduated from a gridiron hero worship to enter the field of wrestling as a new novice, today ranks among the leaders in his chosen profession. Of the veterans, Londos, McCready and Pesek seem to be as good today as they were when the youngsters were just making their bow.

Londos, who is making a strong comeback, in my opinion, will be the world champion again next summer if he gets the chance to meet Nagurski, and the same holds good if McCready gets that opportunity. A Nagurski - Casey match would also be

Lee Wyckoff, Missouri



Jack Sherry, Alaska



Cliff Olson, Minnesota

"THE RING'S" Wrestling Ranking *on* Achievements *in* 1937

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World Champion
Bronko Nagurski, International Falls, Minn.

Group No. 1
1—Jim Londos, Greece.
2—Earl McCready, Canada.
3—Steve "Crusher" Casey, Ireland.
4—Dean Detton, Salt Lake City, Utah.
5—Ernie Dusek, Omaha.
6—Ram Singh, India.
7—Lee Wyckoff, Kansas City, Mo.
8—Jack Sherry, Alaska.
9—Johannes Van der Walt, South Africa.
10—Everette Marshall, La Junta, Col.
11—Cliff Olson, Baudette, Minn.
12—Richard Shikat, Germany.
13—John Pesek, Ravenna, Nebraska.
14—Yvon Robert, Canada.
15—Henri De Glane, France.
16—Mambucks Gama, India.
17—Sammy Stein, Newark, N. J.
18—Lofty Blomfield, Australia.
19—Lou Thesz, St. Louis, Mo.
20—Max Krauser, Poland.

Group No. 2
1—Hans Schwartz, Germany.
2—Sandor Szabo, Hungary.
3—Ali Baba, Detroit, Mich.
4—Vincent Lopez, Mexico.
5—Ed Don George, North Java, N. Y.
6—Orville Brown, Kansas City, Mo.
7—Gino Garibaldi, Italy.
8—George Penchoff, St. Louis, Mo.
9—Joe Cox, Kansas City, Mo.
10—George "Dazzler" Clark, Scotland.
11—Ray Steele, California.
12—Rudy Dusek, Omaha.
13—Angelo Romacotti, Italy.
14—Yusif Husigan, Istanbul, Turkey.
15—Hans Kampfer, Germany.
16—Roughhouse Silverstein, Chicago, Ill.

Group No. 3
1—Mersinly Ahmet, Istanbul, Turkey.
2—Abe Coleman, St. Louis, Mo.
3—Nick Lutze, California.
4—Joe Savoldi, Three Oaks, Mich.
5—George Koverly, Hollywood, Cal.
6—Vic Christy, Los Angeles, Cal.
7—Yrua Muria, Spain.
8—Chief Little Wolf, Colorado.
9—Stan Korolyi, Hungary.
10—Stanley Pinto, Ravenna, Neb.
11—Billy Bartush, Chicago, Ill.
12—Joe Dusek, Omaha.
13—Hans Steinke, Germany.
14—Gus Sonnenberg, Massachusetts.
15—Pat Meehan, Ireland.

Group No. 4
Paul Blanchard, South Africa; Kola Kwariani, Russia; Jesse James, Greece; Fritz Kley, Germany; Paul Boesch, Long Beach, L. I.; Maurice La Chapelle, France; Rebel Bob Russell, Texas; Wee Willie Davis, Texas; Walter Percy, England; Jim Austeri, Italy; Billy Reyburn, Oklahoma; Manfredo Gama, India; Prince Bhu Pindar, India.

Jim McMillen, Illinois; Irish Jack Kennedy, Texas; Jack Donovan, Boston; Bill Sledge, Florida; Ralph Garibaldi, St. Louis; Danny Muir, Australia; Jack Pye, England.

George Zaharias, Pueblo, Col.; Charley Strack, Spring Valley, N. Y.; Dr. Len Hall, Nebraska; Mike Mazurki, New York City; Milo Steinborn, New Haven, Conn.; Chief Little Beaver, Texas; Daniel Boone Savage, Kentucky.

Bobby Managoff, Chicago, Ill.; Nick Campofreda, Baltimore, Md.; Ed Meske, Columbus, O.; Gaston Ghevcart, France; Riti De Froot, Flanders; Hank Barber, Boston, Mass.; George Kondoylis, Greece; Hardy Krusmark, Oakland, Cal.; Babe Caddock, Connecticut; Tor Johnson, Sweden; Dr. Harry Fields, Philadelphia, Pa.; Len Macaluso, Utica, N. Y.; Sol Slagel, Nebraska; Oki Shikuma, Japan; George Linehan, Massachusetts; Chief Thunderbird, Vancouver, B. C.; Cy Williams, Florida.

Bert Rubi, Hungary; Paul Duveen, England; Mike Demetri, Greece; Wally Dusek, Omaha; Emil Dusek, Omaha; Paul Jones, Houston, Texas; Floyd Marshall, Arizona; Dick Raines, Texas; Al Pierrera, Portugal; Bill Morrissey, Spokane, Wash.; Tommy Nilen, Australia; Bobby Bruns, Chicago, Ill.; Al Sparks, England; Charles Rigoulet, France; Douglas Clark, England.

Ivan Managoff, Russia; Bibber McCoy, Boston, Mass.; Karl Davis, Georgia; Young Gotch, Cincinnati; Eli Fisher, New Brunswick, N. J.; Sammy Menacker, New York; Tex Morgan, Texas; Jack Hader, Kansas City, Mo.; Al Billings, Cleveland; Walter Podolak, Poland; Billy Hanson, Seattle, Wash.; Dick Daviscourt, California; Roland Kirschmeyer, Oklahoma.

Group No. 5
John Grandowich, Russia; Sol Westerich, Camden, N. J.; Gabriel Annunzio, Philadelphia, Pa.; Vanka Zelesniak, Russia; Ghoofar Khan, Afghanistan; Bobby Roberts, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Al Bisagnano, Des Moines, Iowa; Serge Kalmikoff, Siberia; Chris Zaharias, Greece; John Humberto, Mexico; Lou Plummer, Illinois; Frank Spears, Georgia; Steve Savage, Nebraska; Angelo Cistoldi, Massachusetts.

Jack Holland, Hollywood, Cal.; Mayes McLain, Oklahoma; Henry Piers, Holland; Frank Judson, Boston; Felix Kersic, St. Louis; Ede Virag, Hungary; Dick Lever, South Carolina; Mike Strehlich, Utah; John Svenska, Boston; Harry Finkelstein, Boston, Mass.; Bill Middlekauff, Florida; Laverne Baxter, Rahway, N. J.; Abe Yourist, Salt Lake City; Ignacio Martinez, Spain; Paddy Mack, Boston; Juan Olaquival, Spain.

Pat McClary, Ireland; Ted Key, Texas; Tiny Roebuck, Kansas City, Mo.; Frank Sexton, St. Louis; Kimon Kudo, Japan; Johnny Mars, Boston, Mass.; Don McIntire, Massachusetts; Dr. John Drop Kick Murphy, Massachusetts; Dory Roche, Arizona; Jim Coffield, Kansas City, Mo.; Jim McClinkstock, Nebraska.

Jim Parker, Tennessee; Frenchy La Rue, Roumania; Jake Patterson, Syracuse; Joe Maynard, Jamaica, N. Y.; Del Raines, Georgia; Bronco Valdez, Mexico; Frank Bruce, Jamaica, L. I.; Casey Berger, Alabama; Firpo Wilcox, Oklahoma; Jim Wallis, Boston, Mass.; Earle Wampler, Indiana; Abe Kashey, Syria; Scotty McDougall, Canada; Scotty Dawkins, Canada; Dave Armstrong, England; Bert Mansfield, England; Issy Van Dutz, Holland; Johnny Demchuck, Russia.

Group No. 6
Walter Underhill, Detroit; Pete Managoff, Russia; Jack Zarnas, Greece; Jack Singer, Columbus; Lou Farino, New Jersey; Ed Cook, Cedar Rapids; Tony Garibaldi, St. Louis; Ayub Khan, Afghanistan; Leo Hyatt, New Hampshire; Boris Demitroff, Bulgaria; Nick Elitch, Jugo-Slav; Eli Bashara, Virginia; Jim Henry, Oklahoma; Moe Brazin, Brooklyn; Rube Wright, Texas; Jim Wright, Texas; Jim Cortland, Boston; Sol Labelson, Newark; Felix Slovitkowsky, Russia; Charley Webb, New York; George Harben, Georgia; Charley Harben, Georgia.

Tiny Ruff, Newark; Chief Sanooke, Oklahoma; Bull Curry, Detroit; Dobie Osborne, Arizona; Olaf Olson, Sweden; Hermie Olson, Portland; Heinie Olson, Portland; Cowboy Lutteral, Texas; George Richards, Canada; Andy Meixner, Germany.

Sheriff Tom Hanly, Texas; Irving Halpern, Brooklyn; Ben Marfugi, Newark; George Manich, New Jersey; Pat Fraley, Seattle; Howard Cantonwine, Montana; Chief Chewaki, Mexico; Jack Forsgren, Seattle; Jack McArthur, Boston; Pat O'Shocker, St. Louis; John Spellman, Boston; Rusty Westcott, Honolulu; Frank Bronowicz, Poland; Tony Colesano, Italy; John L. Sullivan, Ireland; Al Mercier, Boston; Felix M'Quait, Canada; Dr. Fred Meyers, Chicago; Pat Riley, Spokane.

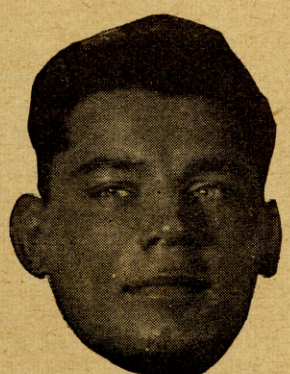
Dick Stahl, Germany; Geza Tako, Hungary; Count Nowina, Poland; Franz Schuman, Germany; Ted Christy, Los Angeles; Frank Malcewicz, Utica; Abe Goldberg, California; Benny Ginsburg, New York; George Wilson, Seattle; Jumbo Kennedy, California; Leo Papianos, Detroit; Steve Strelich, Utah; Ernie Powers, Vancouver; Tommy Rae, Connecticut; Luigi Bacigalupi, Italy; Al Tafroff, New Jersey; Maurice Robert, Canada; Max Miller, Germany; Fritz Schmelling, Germany; Herb Freeman, New York; Bluebeard Lewis, Richmond; Marvin Westenberg, Boston.

most interesting, with Casey having an army of supporters. He probably would go to the post a favorite.

Ram Singh of India, a newcomer in our midst, is rated No. 6. This Hindu is one of the best masters of scientific wrestlers sent to America in many moons. He is as strong as a bull and knows his holds. He will bear watching. America hasn't seen many grapplers of his type in recent years. He knows his stuff and is a most pleasing addition to the wrestling group now performing in America.

Yvon Robert, Canada

Lee Wyckoff, rated No. 7, is a capable performer of the old school, a scientific grappler who can hold his own against the best.



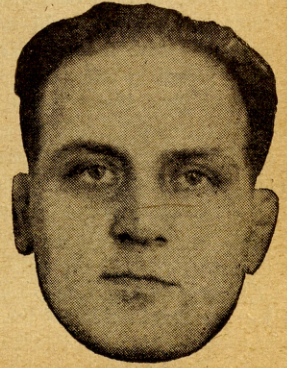
Sandor Szabo, Hungary

Jack Sherry, next on my list, is England's No. 1 man, a claimant to the world title. He has gone back considerably in the last two years and no longer is the power he used to be.

Johannes Van der Walt, a sturdy son of Johannesburg, who showed his wares in America, gets my next call. I think that the South African is one of the best men in the business. Ask Jim Londos about him.

Everette Marshall, who was an ace performer in 1936, fell down in his work in 1937. His defeat at the hands of Steele, followed by that by Thesz late in December, caused his drop from fourth place in my rating to

(Continued on page 42)



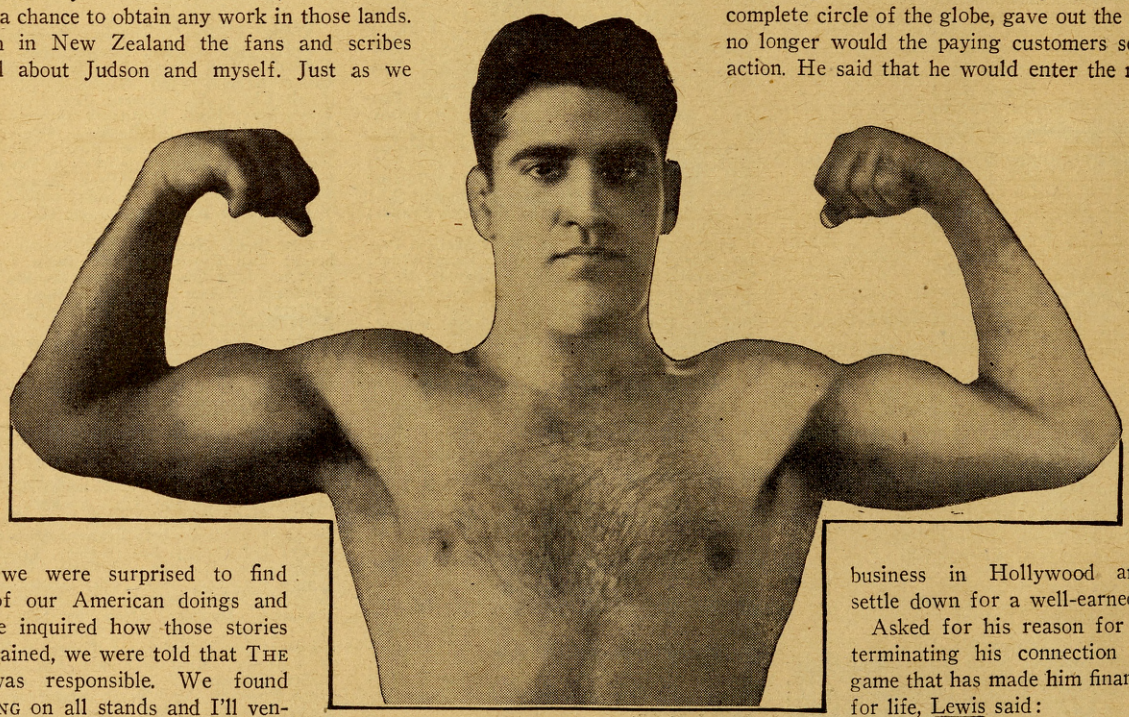
Dick Shikat, Germany

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

SAMMY STEIN, who returned a few weeks ago with Frank Judson from an invasion of Australia and New Zealand, like other famous wrestlers who have taken the trip, comes back with nothing but the highest of praise for the promoters, the talent and the spectators. Upon reaching New York, Stein's first visit was to THE RING office, where he came to offer New Year's greetings and to tell THE RING Editor how much his publication means to the wrestler and the fighter in far off countries. Said Sammy:

"You can't imagine the power of THE RING unless you've travelled as I have. In far off Australia and New Zealand, in South Africa and in England, they swear by THE RING. You would be treated like a king if you visited those lands—that's how much the people think of you. THE RING is the bible of boxing and wrestling, and unless a fighter or wrestler is mentioned in the publication as an athlete of ability and unless he is highly recommended by THE RING Editor, he hasn't a ghost of a chance to obtain any work in those lands.

"Down in New Zealand the fans and scribes knew all about Judson and myself. Just as we landed, we were surprised to find stories of our American doings and when we inquired how those stories were obtained, we were told that THE RING was responsible. We found THE RING on all stands and I'll venture to say that the publication has as big a sale or better in New Zealand and Australia than it has in many of the leading states of this country."



Sammy Stein, who made a hit with Australians and New Zealanders.

Stein has a new hold which he invented, named the "Southern Cross," by Bill Corbett, sports writer of *The Sun*. The hold is a complicated one but made a hit with New Zealanders. Stein remained in Australia four months and in New Zealand three. He engaged in 46 matches and lost one, to Lofty Bloomfield, whom he previously had beaten. He had three draws and was a hit wherever he wrestled. He'll go back next June for another campaign and Nagurski may accompany him.

Sammy says that the New Zealanders and Australians know their wrestling and won't stand for the nonsense of our pachyderms. They like straight wrestling, the clean, fast kind that keeps all on edge, and the type of roughhouse stuff pulled in our country meets with banishment by the police. Each match consists of 10 eight-minute rounds. Sammy says that the American boys are extremely popular, especially those who know how to wrestle.

* * *

ED STRANGLER LEWIS, the headlock specialist, and five times holder of the wrestling championship of the world, has finally admitted that he can't stand the gaff any longer and has decided to hang up his grappling trunks for all time. Lewis in his time was a worthy champion. He was a title holder who had gained the plaudits of the fans and critics as a wrestler who "knew his oats." But all that was BEFORE modern bone bending took such a firm grip on the public.

The Strangler began to take a backward step as soon as the mat game took an upward climb with the advent of new faces, new color, new kinds of holds and attacks—new everything. It was then that Lewis began to see the handwriting on the wall. He realized that his time as a headliner would be short. He sensed that the fans no longer would come out and see him in action when new heroes were beginning to steal all the thunder away from him.

Burly Ed made his decision quick and to the point. He planned a world tour with the idea of reaping in whatever financial gain there would be had and then call it a day.

And that is exactly what happened. The former kingpin of the mat profession, who recently returned from a complete circle of the globe, gave out the news that no longer would the paying customers see him in action. He said that he would enter the restaurant business in Hollywood and there settle down for a well-earned rest.

Asked for his reason for suddenly terminating his connection with the game that has made him financially set for life, Lewis said:

"I don't like this new slam-bang type of wrestling. It's terrible. It's awful, and it's the fault of the public. If a promoter puts on a scientific match the fans walk out. They want to see somebody killed."

Yes, Lewis openly admitted that the present day wrestlers are entirely too rough for him. What with such bruisers as the Riot Squad of Matdom—the Duseks—Rudy, Ernie, Emil, Joe and Cousin Wallie; George K. O. Koverly, the Hollywood Howitzer; Dead Pan Stanley Pinto, the Ravenna Ravager and forearm smasher extraordinary; Dynamite Joe Cox, the Kansas City Krasher; Gino Garibaldi, the Larruping Latin; Rebel Bob Russell, the Texas Terror, and many others of that ilk stepping in there day in and day out doing a world of body danger to the orthodox rivals, it is no small wonder that the ex-titleholder has quit. He is too old to take their punishment and he is willing, like a good sport, to acknowledge it.

Types as the above mentioned were the responsible parties for the headlock king to call it a day. Lewis realizes that the fans of today want thrills, spills and chills in over-abundance. And as long as that is supplied to them, they will continue to patronize the sports arenas. They have been schooled in the new slam-bang style of wrestling and won't go to see the kind of matches that filled arenas when Lewis and Zbyszko were in their prime. The fans are in glee when they see the Duseks, Koverly, Pinto, Cox,

Garibaldi and Russell use their varied assortment of off-color attacks. They want it and will continue to get it.

* * *

Firpo Wilcox, the Oklahoma Indian, recently returned to this country after a year's tour of South America. Firpo is "wowing" them in the Eastern grappling rings.

* * *

Latest reports from Emil Dusek's home in Omaha are encouraging. Looks as though the injured members of the Riot Squad will start action in the ring at almost anytime. With Emil back in competition, there will be five Rioteers attempting to batter their rivals into submission.

* * *

George Kondylis, the mustached Greek, lays claim to the championship of his country. Kondylis states that Jim Londos has refused time and again to meet him in mat warfare.

* * *

Keep your eyes on Bernie Kaplan, the former all sports luminary of Western Maryland University. At the rate this youthful phenom from Philadelphia has been traveling, it is almost a certainty that he will be battling the topliners with the same success that he has been having against the ordinary run of opponents. He has what it takes to make a star—color, a knowledge of all the holds and fearlessness.

* * *

And Kaplan's former running mate at W. M., Nick Campofreda, has arrived in the big time. The reason for the Baltimore Italian's quicker ascent is due to the fact that he started on a professional wrestling career a year earlier than Kaplan.

* * *

Stanley Pinto, the forearm smasher extraordinary, like "Old Man River," seems to go on forever. This bald pated individual is going stronger today than at any time of his spectacular career. Pinto specializes in the Knockout Pin—viz, a stupor-rending forearm thrust to the vulnerable point of his opponent's chin and then falling on him until the referee tolls off the three count.

* * *

Duke Kahanamouku (third from left) presenting Oki Shikina the Hawaiian championship belt after his defeat of Rusty Westcott. Promoter Al Karasick, the Russian Lion, is on extreme left.

It's a fourth girl at the abode of the Rudy Duseks. The eldest member of Matdom's Rioteers became a daddy for the fourth time in mid December.

* * *

University of Dayton's entry in the grip-and-get-gripped realm, Bobby Roberts, seems to have taken a new lease in life since his successful tour of the South. Bobby has suddenly begun to make the fans and critics realize that he is a real terror of the mat.

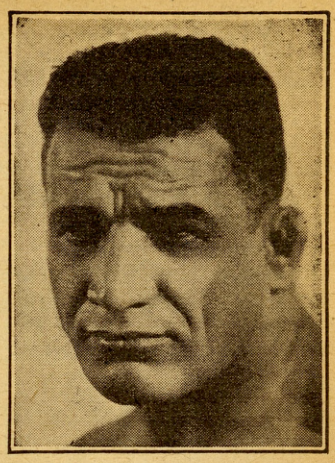
* * *

"Smiling" Sammy Menacker, the Jewish sensation, is not only a master grappler, but also proved that he knows his spelling. Sammy, only a high school graduate, recently competed in a spelling bee with college graduates and won first prize. Looks like he knows how to pick his opponents and assembled words apart to the satisfaction of all concerned.

* * *

The fans are already beginning to ask questions about Frank Bruce, the sensational Jamaica, L. I., life-guard. Since Bruce

By NAT FRANK



Ray Steele, a veteran, who continues in the wrestling spotlight.

scored an upset by breaking the leg of Tommy Draak and forcing the latter into permanent retirement, he has been coming along like a meteor.

* * *

Speaking of phenoms, Bobby Managoff, son of the former champion of the world, may some day step into the championship shoes vacated by his dad. Don't be surprised if Bobby, Jr., ascends to the throne in a surprisingly short time. All he needs is a crack at the crown to prove that he is tops in the game.

* * *

DIXIE DOINGS—I am sure that the entire sports world will join me in heartily cheering the return to the ring of big Alf Johnson, one of the finest boys in the wrestling game. Alf, in case you don't recall, is the grappler who had his leg broken here in Houston in a charity bout for the flood victims. For 11 months he has been out of the game and those have been long and restless months for this active, energetic young man.

* * *

It is a pleasant surprise to learn that Louis Thesz, the incrediably young Hungarian wrestler from St. Louis, has beaten Everett Marshall. Thesz has appeared here in Houston many times and completely captured the admiration of wrestling fans. Morris Sigel, Houston promoter, has lost no time in booking this sensational young man and it is likely that he will meet Marshall here late in January. This bout will indeed be a promotional coup and shows that our energetic little promoter is always endeavoring to give the Dixie fans the cream of the crop.

* * *

FROM BERNICE SANDBOE, our Texas correspondent: LITTLE THINGS ABOUT BIG MEN—I wish to express my appreciation to the many wrestlers who remembered me with Christmas cards . . . . thanks a lot, boys . . . . also thanks to you Spider Mascall, RING correspondent, for your lovely card from London . . . . Strangler Lewis has added a swellelegant cocktail lounge to his E&E Broiler in Glendale . . . . Howard Cantowine also has a swanky restaurant in Los Angeles . . . . I wonder if Joe Malcewitz, former wrestler and now a promoter in Frisco, remembers a youngster he used to take to the wrestling matches with him in New York Mills, N. Y. . . . . the boy, Stephen Miscasek, is now determined to become a wrestler and spends all his spare time in training . . . . Hardy Kruskamp is a crossword puzzle fiend . . . . Bob Wagner recently middle-aisled it . . . . greetings to the North Carolina wrestling commissioner . . . . thanks for your message via Eli Fisher and glad to hear that you are an ardent reader of

THE RING . . . . speaking of Eli, the former Rutgers football star, he certainly is a fine grappler and has won the hearts of the Dixie fans with his impressive wrestling . . . . Ellis Bashara is holidaying it in California . . . . next year he says he is going to Honolulu . . . . if you've been wondering what has become of Jack "Roughhouse" Nelson, he's Tom Pack's right-hand man . . . . Pat O'Shocker, the handsome red head, is sailing for Australia . . . . good luck to you, Patrick . . . . sorry to hear that Tommy O'Toole is very ill.

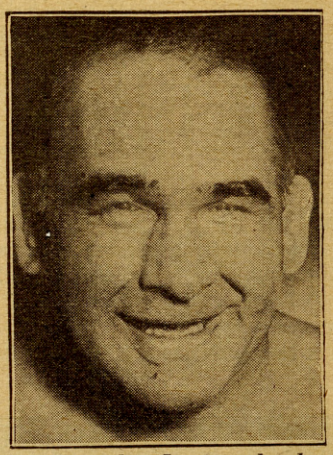
* * *

GORDON SHAFER, Minneapolis light-heavyweight star, is back in harness after a long layoff due to injuries. He has fully recovered and is a big favorite in the Middle West. He lost his first match to Gus Kallio. Shafer is eager to make a stand in New York and may land a berth with one of the big time promoters.

* * *

With experience decidedly in his favor, Oki Shikina defeated Rusty Wescoatt to be crowned Hawaii's heavyweight wrestling champion. Following the one-hour bout, Oki received a gold belt from Duke Kahanamoku, Hawaii's favorite son. Shikina won the match with only one fall which came after 45 minutes. Just before pinning his man, the Japanese husky was the victim of a series of flying tackles. As Wescoatt prepared for one final lunge, Oki evaded the aggressor and countered with a headlock and body slam. So securely did he bind Rusty that the latter was unable to free himself from the hold, and was counted out.

* *



Ed Strangler Lewis, who has retired after more than twenty years of ring activity.

CONTINENTAL MAT CLIPPINGS, by Charles "Spider" Mascall, follow: The return of Jimmy Londos, Greek idol of a million wrestling-goers, to the United States seems to have started the turnstiles clicking merrily once again. Meanwhile, abroad in Sweden, England, Ireland, France, Turkey, Hungary and Germany, a very prosperous season is being forecast by leading matchmakers and promoters.

In the metropolis of London and at the spacious stadium known as Olympia, Harold Lane, "square-shooting" English impresario, promoted, for the benefit of a large audience, his second annual big-time grunt-and-groan display. Topped by a sensational, six-a-side team contest, the card brought together, all in all, some twenty-four of the finest gripmen in the British Isles.

Billed as the main encounter, George Pencheff, Australian victor of more than one hundred battles, clashed with Stan Karolyi, burly Hungarian, and was declared the winner when Karolyi was injured following a head-on collision. In a sixty minute, two-out-of-three fall joust, Bob Gregory, much publicized London middleweight, retained his European mat laurels in subduing Sandor Nemeth, one of the cleverest matmen abroad, by an odd fall. In other set-tos on the same bill, Jack Terry Van, long-legged globe-trotter, went to a fast draw with Bengal Englblom, Finnish mat-craftsman, while Harold Angus, Britain's world welterweight title threat, finished even with Bobby McNab, the speed-boy from Montreal, Canada.

* * *

A young fellow who is slowly coming to the front is Paul Duveen, the hairy Jewish heavyweight. This month he gave Dave Armstrong and Bert Mansfield several thrilling struggles.

Making his first appearance in Europe after a long stay in "Down Under" territory was Joe Savoldi, former Notre Dame footballer and one-time heavyweight leader. Savoldi, debuting at the Parisian Palais des Sports, jumped all the way to victory over Mehemet Arif, Turkish torso-twister, in 11 minutes and 14 seconds of a single fall meeting.

A word of praise for Norman Stuart, a veteran wrestler who never fails to give his best. He is a light-heavy hailing from Scotland.

Out of Kentucky came news that "Colonel" Jack Reynolds, welterweight champion, had expressed his willingness to battle Harold Angus, holder of the European crown, in a world title joust provided that the former British Olympic star visits America for the contest. Angus, who, in Paris, defended his throne by disposing of Henri Laurier, a clever French ace, in a little over 18 minutes, said that he would make the trip if satisfactory terms could be arranged.

* * *

JUST FADS AND FANCIES—Cowboy Jackson, a recent arrival from America, startled the peaceful English public by wearing a "ten-gallon hat" and the regalia of a western plainsman . . . . Cliff Warner, that sterling little gentleman from Oxford, went treasure hunting to the Cocos Islands last year . . . . Ed "Strangler" Lewis, himself a restauranteur, likes to sample new dishes in famous foreign kitchens . . . . Jack Terry Van, whose wrestling abroad has been brilliant, owns a collection of trinkets gathered from all over the world . . . . Freddie Unwin, he of the muscular torso, once ran a school for physical culture . . . . Charlie Green, that smashing light-heavyweight from Wigan and one of Britain's best, is a former professional rugby player . . . . Sandor Vary wears a crested bathrobe . . . . Jan Gotch, the Polish grappler, is a movie extra.

* * *

By virtue of a victory on a foul, Mike Demitre, masterful Greek matman, became the new light-heavyweight champion of Europe when his opponent, Stan Karolyi, a sturdy Hungarian, was disqualified for unethical tactics after each had gained one fall. The title fray was the feature event of a card presented at L' Elysee-Montmartre in Paris.

Among the newcomers to the British mats were: Peter Lynch, Apeman Baer, Hec Trudeau and Rod Fenton. The last named are from the Pacific Coast, while the other pair are South Africans.

* * *

Claiming the heavyweight championship of the universe, Jack Sherry, whom the mighty Ed "Strangler" Lewis vanquished at Madison Square Garden some five years back, defended his "title" at the Belle Vue Stadium, Manchester, by throwing Bonnie Alan Muir, Aussie flying-tackler, in two falls.

* * *

Cable dispatches from America tell us that Al Pereira, the rugged Portuguese, clashed with Jimmy Londos in Baltimore. Their match was declared drawn when the ring collapsed. Pereira, during his stay in Europe, ran up a splendid record of wins. Amongst the notables who fell before him were Henri Deglane, whom he whipped to gain the European title, Dan Koloff, Al Sparks, Charles Rigoulet, the French Hercules, and that great American ex-champion, Ed "Don" George.

In Preston, northern wrestling center, Douglas Clark, contender for the British heavyweight diadem, downed Issy Van Dutz, good-looking Hollander, two falls to one. A supporting bout saw the "Brown Masked Marvel," a hooded light-heavy, take two straight falls from Jack Atherton of Lancashire.

* * *

Rapidly gaining weight is Johnny Demchuck, Russian "Man of a Million Holds," who, in a short time, has jumped from the middleweights into the light-heavyweight class. Demchuck, a skilled scientist of the squirm profession, recently gave Tommy Nilan, a stocky crackerjack from Australia, two close contests.

* * *

CURFEW CHATTER—As these notes near completion for this issue, we hear that . . . . *(Continued on page 42)*

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Ring Reader, Springfield, Vt.

Q.—Do you recall a heavyweight whose last name was McAuliffe and who fought Luis Firpo? What was his first name?

A.—Jack McAuliffe the second, is the man to whom you have reference.

Reader, Upper Charlo, New Brunswick, Canada.

Q.—How good is "Irish" Eddie Dolan? What do you think of Dave Karess as a manager? What kind of record had Stoker McGraw from Connecticut? What money is usually paid to a preliminary boxer in New York and how many rounds is the general rule.

A.—Dolan is considered a fairly good welterweight. Mr. Karess is not known to The Ring but that does not mean that he is not a capable manager. McGraw's record is unknown to us. $25 for four rounds is the minimum allowed to those who box in New York. From four to six rounds is the general rule.

Le Roy Grant, Omaha, Nebr.

Q.—What is the highest purse a topnotch featherweight can make in a fight? How can I get fights in other towns? Can a lightweight topnotch make $5,000 a fight?

A.—Johnny Kilbane received $65,000 when he defended his title against Eugene Criqui some years ago. At the present time, Henry Armstrong gets from $2,000 to $7,500 a fight. Your manager is supposed to do the booking for out of town fights by writing to different promoters. They probably average $1,000. A champion naturally gets a big purse when he defends his title.

William Landrik, Coronation, Alberta, Canada.

Q.—What is the height and weight of Buddy Baer, Jack Trammell, John Henry Lewis, and Lorenzo Pack? What are Buddy Baer's chances of becoming champion? Would the Atlas course by okay for anyone who wanted to become a boxer or a wrestler? Is it all Atlas claims it to be?

A.—Baer is 6 feet 4½ inches, weighs 230 pounds. Trammell is 6 feet 3 inches and weighs 195 pounds. Lewis is 6 feet 1 inch and weighs 175 pounds. Pack is 6 feet 2 inches and weighs 220 pounds. Baer is a splendid heavyweight prospect. The Atlas course is taken mostly by people who wish to increase their strength, and to develop their body. Very good for wrestlers. The Atlas course is well recommended.

Milton A. Levy, Olympia, Wash.

Q.—Please correct me in the following: I say that Barney Ross has fought Ceferino Garcia twice up to and not including their fight in New York. In their first fight in California staged in California in 1935 Ross was floored twice by Garcia but won the decision. Later in 1936 they fought back East, Ross winning the decision by points, there being no knockdowns in this fight? Thank you.

A.—The only knockdowns scored by Garcia in their three meetings was in their San Francisco bout. Ross won all three decisions. Only one meeting, their last one, was for the title.

James Russo, Huntington, Indiana.

Q.—Do you think that Primo Carnera will ever be rated again in The Ring? After all, he beat many good boxers. What was the cause of his retirement? Could Henry Armstrong beat Lou Ambers? Boxer number 1 is fighting number 2. Boxer 1 is winning the fight but in the last round number 2 knocks down 1 and at the count of 6 the bell rings ending the fight. Who wins?

How long did Johnny Coulon hold the bantamweight title? Is he the only one you know of who can't be lifted off the floor? How old is Ceferino Garcia, Henry Armstrong? Has Carnera a good allowance saved up or were his managers smarter than he was? Is he married? Do you think Garcia is the hardest hitting welterweight at the present time? Who is the youngest titleholder at the present time? Who is the oldest?

A.—No. He was recently beaten by a novice. The man has seen his best days in the ring. Yes. If number 1 had a big lead before the last round, he should get the decision. If it was a close fight, you could give it to number 2 or still call it a draw. Coulon held the bantam title from 1910 to 1914. There are many who can perform the trick. Garcia is 30 years of age. Carnera is reputed to be broke. Garcia is the hardest hitter among the welterweights today. Lou Ambers recently turned 21 and is the youngest among titleholders. Barney Ross is 28 years of age and is the oldest of the champions today.

Reader.

Q.—Can you tell me the nationalities of the following: Fred Apostoli, Jimmy Adamick and Freddie Steele? I am fifteen years of age, 5 feet 6½ inches and weigh 120 pounds. Will I be a heavyweight at the age of 22?

A.—Apostoli is Italian-American, Adamick is of Irish-German descent, Steele is Irish-Scotch-American. Unlikely. You should develop into a middleweight.

Constable Astan L. James, Jamaica, B. W. I.

Q.—From whom did Jack Johnson take the heavyweight title? I say it was from Jeffries. Am I wrong? Do you believe Joe Louis will soon retire? Or do you think he will hold the title for long? Do you think his fight with Schmeling was a fake? Please give me the address of the following people: Jack Johnson, Joe Louis, John Henry Lewis and Leroy Haynes? How many fights has Joe Louis had?

A.—You are wrong. Johnson won the heavyweight title from Tommy Burns. I imagine that Joe Louis will retire after his next contest with Max Schmeling, win or lose. The Louis-Schmeling fight was as legitimate as any fight ever staged. Don't ever talk fake to me. I dislike the insinuations as soon as a good fighter loses gamely to a better man; I candidly tell you that I've seen only 2 fights in 25 years that I thought were not legitimately fought and in both cases the fighters were suspended for life. Johnson—445 West 153rd St., New York City. Louis—83 East 35th St., Chicago, Ill. Lewis—2501 Bedford Ave., Pittburgh, Pa. Haynes—Room 1012, Franklin Trust Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

Thomas Catterall, Bradford, England.

Q.—I am a constant reader of The Ring and after reading an article in which Joe Walcott, the negro welterweight, was mentioned, I was surprised to find one Kid Lavigne, a much lighter man, giving Walcott the K.O. and on the other hand, Walcott having a victory over Choynski. How do you solve that problem? Am I right in assuming that Choynski was ill or past his prime? I cannot see how a man like Choynski with his ability could be defeated by a man so light unless something was wrong with him. I would like very much to have your opinion on this.

A.—Walcott was a great fighter and knocked out Choynski on his merits. Lavigne was also a mighty lightweight but Walcott was forced to make a weakening weight limit for the fight which brought about his defeat with Lavigne.

Harold Simms, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—Is it mandatory on the part of a referee in New York to stop a fight in which a fighter has been knocked down three times?

A.—No, it is up to the referee to decide the beaten boxer's condition, as was the case when Arthur Donovan permitted Harry Thomas to continue after being floored many times by Max Schmeling.

Mike Thomasca, Scranton, Pa.

Q.—If the lightweight champion meets the featherweight champion, can such a match be advertised or arranged as an overweight contest in which neither fighter has his title at stake?

A.—No. The lighter fighter, in your case being the featherweight champion, being within the lightweight limit, would win the lightweight championship in such a fight if he was decided the victor. On the other hand, if the lightweight king, forced the featherweight champion to weigh in over the lightweight limit—if such were possible, as it is, then the title would not be at stake, but such a case is a rarity. A growing feather can scale 137 pounds if not properly conditioned.

T. H. Norman, Herington, Kansas.

Q.—Name the flyweight champions since Izzy Schwartz and the bantams since Al Brown?

A.—Midget Wolgast, Small Montana, and Benny Lynch, present champion. Baltasar Sangchili, Tony Marino, Sixto Escobar and Harry Jeffra, the present champion.

Wallace Goulet, Argyle, Minn.

Q.—What were Jimmy Braddock's leading fights? I am 13½ years of age and weigh 90 pounds, 4 feet 11½ inches. Do you think I will be a welterweight at 21?

A.—Joe Louis, Max Baer, Tommy Loughran, Jimmy Slattery, Tuffy Griffiths, Maxey Rosenbloom, Leo Lomski, Art Lasky, John Henry Lewis are some of the outstanding names he has fought. You should easily make the welterweight class and possibly the middleweights.

Donald Parker, Tulsa, Okla.

Q.—I am sixteen years of age, weigh 140 pounds and am five ten inches tall. What will my measurements be at 20? Will push up or any other strenuous exercises slow up one for boxing? Are good boxers big armed men? Is there much danger for a beginner to overtrain in boxing? Do tall or short stocky persons make the best boxers? Is Joe Louis' left hand more effective than his right?

A.—Weight about 170 pounds and 6 feet 1 inch. Yes. A good reach is essential for a good boxer. To avoid over-training which is being done frequently by beginners get "How to Train" which will guide you along the proper lines. Louis' left hand is much more effective than his right.

Frank Manchowitz, Albany, N. Y.

Q.—When does the count begin—as the fighter starts his fall to the canvas or after he hits the floor?

A.—As his body strikes the floor, the official knockdown count starts, and the count of one isn't made until the body has remained on the canvas for one second.

D. K. Ireland.

Q.—What are the addresses of Joe Louis, Jim Braddock, John Henry Lewis, Freddy Steele, Jack Johnson and Gene Tunney? What do you mean when you say the eight best prospects of the month? Did Jack Dempsey ever fight as an amateur? Do you think Max Schmeling will win if he fights Joe Louis? Is it true that Max Baer is staging a comeback?

A.—Louis—83 East 35th St., Chicago, Ill. Braddock—Mayflower Hotel, New York City. Lewis—2501 Bedford Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. Steele—Lincolnshire Hotel, Tacoma, Wash. Johnson—445 West 153rd St., New York City. Tunney—230 Park Ave., New York City.

The month's best prospects are boys who look good and are selected at random from all parts of the world because of their exceptional work during the month. Dempsey was never an amateur. Schmeling should beat Louis when they meet. Baer expects to have a busy campaign.

Michael Romeo, Massena, N. Y.

Q.—Was the Johnson-Willard fight a "phony" one? What nationality is Harry Jeffra? Marcel Thil was recognized as the world middleweight champion. Apostoli beat him, doesn't that make him the champion? Are Vince, Joe and Johnny Dundee brothers?

A.—Proving that any fight is a fake is very difficult. There was plenty of rumors spread but nothing could be confirmed. Thil had retired which left the title open. Steele has the best claim to the world middleweight title. Vince and Joe are brothers. Johnny is not related to either.

Al Ashe, New York City.

Q.—Did a fighter by the name of Brescia Garcia ever fight Tony Canzoneri? When and where? Would you say that the nickname of Brescia in English is Bobby?

A.—Yes. They fought on January 22, 1936, at the Star Casino Club on East 107th St. Canzoneri knocked him out in nine rounds but he gave Tony a very stubborn fight until the finish. Garcia made a reputation for himself around Texas under the name of Midget Mexico.

Hebe De Mel, Colombo.

Q.—What were the weights of Tommy Burns and Jack Johnson when they fought for the world's heavyweight title at Sydney, Australia? Have you any record of a colored lightweight, now a welterweight, called Gunboat Jack? Did you ever see him? Was he a contender for the lightweight crown? Was he really a classy fighter?

A.—Burns 168½ and Johnson 192. We have no record on Gunboat Jack and do not know how good he was.

W. H. W. Dallas, Texas.

Q.—When and where did the following die: Robert Fitzsimmons, Joe Gans, Gus Ruhlin and Peter Jackson? Where are Joe Choynski and Peter Maher now living, if alive?

A.—Fitzsimmons died in Chicago, October 22, 1917. Gans, August 10, 1910 in Baltimore. Jackson on July 23, 1903, in Roma, Australia. Only data on Ruhlin is that he died in 1912. Choynski from last reports was a boxing instructor in Cincinnati and Maher is living in Philadelphia.

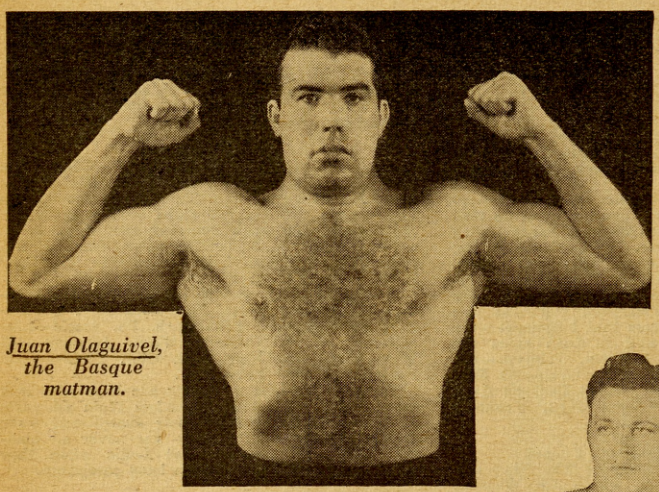
J. Serdeckney, Hartford, Conn.

Q.—If a heavyweight champion gets licked or is knocked out in an exhibition, does he lose the title? Is his title at stake every time he fights? Recently you stated that it was and my friends say you are all wet. Can a heavyweight champion lose his title in an exhibition or a no-decision bout?

A.—Again I say yes. If a champion heavyweight engages in an exhibition with his sparring partners, that would be different but if he accepts a match with any other heavyweight and even if the bout is registered as an exhibition, if he is knocked out, he'd no longer be champion because under the rules of boxing in thirty-one states, every time a fight takes place, if it is a scheduled match between the champion and a fighter other than the sparring partner, a decision must be rendered and what would happen if the champion had the decision against him or was knocked out? Would he still be holding on to the crown? I say no.

In New York two years ago Jimmy Braddock wanted to fight an exhibition against a Buffalo fighter, Brackey by name, but when the New York Commission said it would list the affair as a four round exhibition but would have its referee and the judges render their verdict the same as at any other fight, Braddock and his manager, Joe Gould, refused to accept the bout? Why? Because they knew that if Braddock lost to Brackey, his opponent, or was knocked out, Brackey, not Braddock would be the champion.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

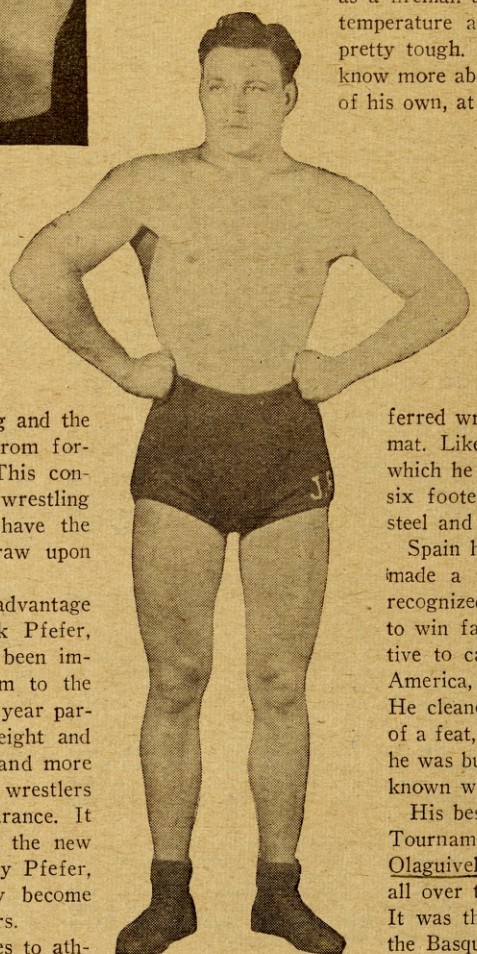


Juan Olaguivel, the Basque matman.

IN no sport does internationalism play so great a part as it does in wrestling. Every civilized country has its champions or near champions and the competition for top honors is keen and bitterly contested. It is, in no small measure, responsible for the ever-changing complexion of wrestling and the introduction of new stars recruited from foreign countries as well as our own. This constant change is a boon not only to wrestling enthusiasts, but to promoters, who have the whole world at their disposal to draw upon for wrestling talent.

No wrestling promoter has taken advantage of this situation more than has Jack Pfefer, who, for nearly fourteen years, has been importing athletes and introducing them to the American public. At this time of the year particularly, when wrestling is at its height and followers of the sport become more and more wrestling minded, do new faces and wrestlers from other lands make their appearance. It therefore is interesting to look over the new arrivals from Europe, brought here by Pfefer, and obtain a close-up and generally become better acquainted with these newcomers.

Italy, always in front when it comes to athletes, sends us several high class matmen.



Pierre Deglane, Parisian heavyweight.

* * *

ANGELO PATI. Angelo Pati was born in Genoa. He is 28 years old, weighs 215 pounds, and stands 5 feet 8 inches. Started life as a sailor in the Italian mercantile marine, and sailed the Seven Seas for eight years. He is a squat individual, beetle-browed but very muscular. Pati can lay claim to being the most tattooed wrestler in the world. Every part of his body has some tattooed remembrance of some part of the world or other. He is a walking picture gallery.

If you happen to be interested in sailing ships, he has one under full sail gracefully plowing through the waves. The sirens of the Rhine occupy a place of honor. Other sirens who never saw the Rhine but possibly had similar allurements, are also shown reposing at ease in various waterfront haunts which sailors love to frequent. Gorgeous multicolored butterflies bring to one's mind the sereneness of tropical isles; a king cobra warns the observer of lurking dangers in far-off Rangoon, but almost immediately scenes of dancing Gheishas a few inches away from the cobra soothe the observer and recall cherry blossoms in Japan.

Many other scenes are depicted, which would take too long to describe, but believe him or not, Pati says that his picture gallery of which he is very proud, has won him many matches when wrestlers on the mat became too interested in the scenes represented and left themselves open to the sailor's deadly holds.

Angelo Pati doesn't like Swedes; he makes no bones about it—just plainly dislikes them. The reason? Because they first taught him wrestling when he came in contact with them aboard ship. They taught him to wrestle, then took advantage of his greenness and proceeded to beat him up.

But when a man works in the engine room of a ship first as a fireman and later as an oiler, as Angelo did, with the temperature at 114 degrees and above, one naturally gets pretty tough. So Angelo took his beatings until he got to know more about the game, then he did a little manhandling of his own, at which he is now an adept. If you really want to please Angelo Pati—match him with a Swede. He just doesn't like them no how!

* * *

JUAN OLAGUIVEL. A Basque, born in Irun on the Franco-Spanish frontier, high up in the Pyranees Mountains. First introduced to this country by his cousin, Paulino Uzcudun—the original woodchopper. Juan did considerable boxing before he turned professional wrestler, but always preferred wrestling to boxing and eventually turned to the mat. Like Paulino, Olaguivel was a woodchopper, at which he earned a meagre living in Spain. He is a big six footer, weighs 235 pounds, has arms and legs of steel and is a very promising heavyweight.

Spain has produced few wrestlers; in fact, none that made a name beyond its own frontier. It is not a recognized sport in Spain, and only lately is beginning to win favor because it now has a worthy representative to carry the banner of Spain. Before coming to America, Juan did considerable wrestling in Europe. He cleaned up the field in his own country, not much of a feat, because of the few wrestlers there, but showed he was built of the right material by scoring over well-known wrestlers in France, Italy and England.

His best feat was to win the International Wrestling Tournament in Buenos Aires two years ago. There, Olaguivel met with real competition, wrestlers from all over the world and a few stars from this country. It was the winning of this tournament which induced the Basque Woodchopper to come to America. He has done well since he came here, has a large following among his own people, and will bear watching in matches with headliners.

* * *

PIERRE DEGLANE. Pierre Deglane is only twenty-two years old, was born in Paris, and weighs 192 pounds and is getting heavier. He stands 5 feet 11 inches, has a big frame, and is still growing. He spent his boyhood on the Buttes Montmartre, and what visitor to Paris doesn't know that section of the city known for its gaiety and the spirit which is—Paris. In this section, boys fight at the drop of the hat, but in most cases as they have no hats, they just fight and let it go at that. Pierre Deglane is the aggressive type of wrestler. He has the imagination of the Latin and never fails to carry the fans with him.

You may think that wrestling in the mud is something new, but Pierre tells us that he learned his wrestling in the mud, rolled and wallowed in it, even rubbing his defeated opponent's face with it to round out the job. His schooling is not worth mentioning. He attended school when forced to, but ducked it on the

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

By AL MAYER

slightest provocation to spread terror in his neighborhood, but all in a good-natured way.

Pierre is going to be very popular over here. He has the disposition, the color and the enthusiasm to make a star, withal the ability to take excellent care of himself on the mat. With these qualifications, France's contribution to the mat for the year 1938 ought to be interesting.

* * *

ABE KASHEY. Abe Kashey, Syrian Assassin, if not exactly a newcomer, at least is making a new departure which entitles him to a place with the recent arrivals. For Kashey is making it hot for the baby face type of grapplers and handsome mat heroes. Kashey is just a plain mat villain. He doesn't deny it, nor does he want to be known by any other name. Kashey was born in Homs, Syria, not far from Damascus, he comes from an ancient family of silk weavers, and himself is an expert at the trade. But silk weaving, while a well paying trade, was too soft and too secure for a man of Kashey's build and roughness. He did not immediately take up wrestling.

In fact, the game might have lost one of its most colorful matmen and the circus been enriched by a lion tamer who might have rivalled Clyde Beatty, for Kashey did think seriously of becoming a wild animal trainer. He might have succeeded, had not a camel on which he was riding run amuck with Kashey perched on his uncertain seat. He thought discretion the better part of valor and chose a soft spot on which to fall, before the pachyderm chose one of his own.

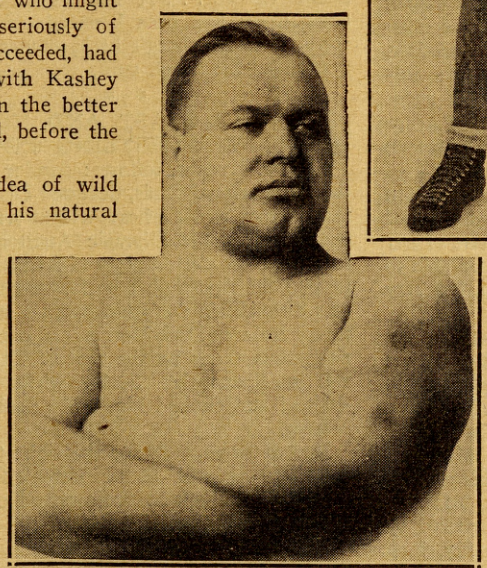
After this experience, Kashey abandoned the idea of wild animal training and turned pro wrestler. It was his natural vocation in the first place, and he has maintained a front rank position for several years. Few can equal him in roughness, or match him at taking punishment when the going gets tough.

* * *

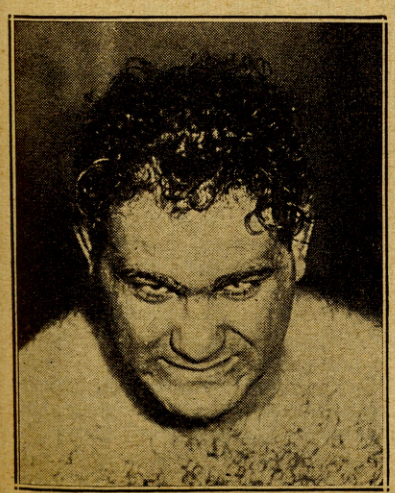
JOHN GRANDOVICH. John Grandovich is one of the strong men in wrestling. Like Kashey, he fits well in the wrestling picture of today. John is a mighty man—6 feet 3 inches tall, and weighing 250 pounds.

He hails from Poland, and when you talk wrestling, the name of Poland and Polish wrestlers naturally come to one's mind.

In Europe, they call Poland "the cradle of wrestling"—an appropriate name. There have developed the world's greatest wrestlers. With Poland are associated names like Stanislaus Zbyszko, long retired, and the late Stanley Stasiak, the most beloved villain of them all.



John Grandovich, one of the strongest wrestlers in captivity.



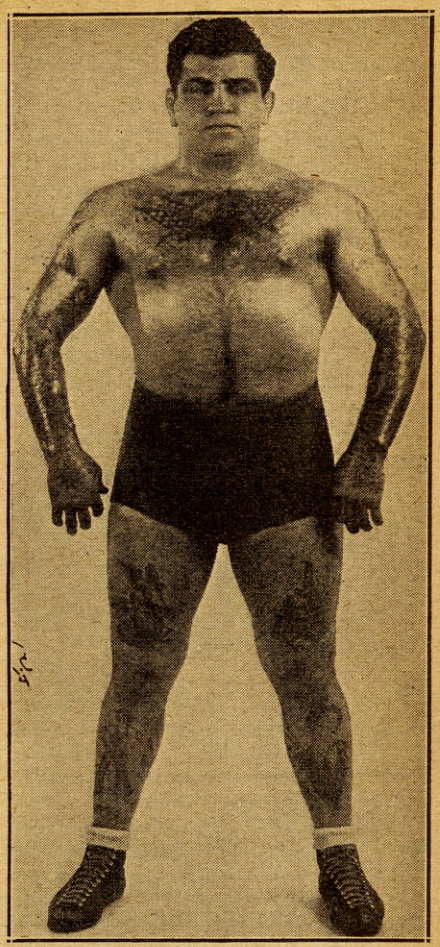
Abe Kashey, the Syrian Assassin.

* * *

A WRESTLER by night and an engineer by day is the life of Jim Parker, well-liked and popular Tennessee grappler.

Parker, who attended the Tennessee Military Academy from 1926 to 1929, where he gained his diploma in an engineering course, was a four-letter sports winner for his Alma Mater. He was picked on the mythical all-Southern football eleven, being the best of tacklers below the Mason and Dixon line; he was one of the best shortstops ever developed on a college eleven; was a member of the track team and captained the wrestling squad.

Upon graduating, Parker became associated with the Halleron Tractor Company of Memphis, his home town, where he was born on May 5, 1909. He was the consulting engineer and remained in the employ of the firm until 1932.



Angelo Pati, Genoa heavyweight, now appearing in United States competition.

That year he embarked on a professional wrestling career. Since then the name of Parker has come to the fore on the sports pages throughout the country. The Memphis matman became a big hit no matter where his battles took place. He is a follower of the orthodox lines of grappling and generally maneuvers his rivals into spots where a victory for Parker seems inevitable.

The Southerner depends on flying tackles, head-locks and the short arm scissors to down his opponents. His every move is picturesque. The fact that he doesn't believe in taking advantage of his antagonists unless, of course, said foemen decide to use pier six methods. Then they find that Jim Parker is equal to the occasion of meeting them at their own game.

The wrestling engineer spends his daytime between training for future tussles and acting as consulting engineer for the big firms. In both cases, he has gone over big and he is in wide demand by both the wrestling promoters and the engineering firms.

The former Tennessee Military Academy student and four-letter sports winner stands five feet ten inches in height and scales two hundred and twenty pounds—all bone and muscle. And he is as fast as lightning and as slippery as an eel, which enables him to ward off the attacks and charges of the mat opponents.

Parker has quite a following in his home state and in other parts of the South and it won't be long before he sees considerable action in the North and West.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 38)

Dave Armstrong and Carl Pojello met in the star performance of the month at Lane's London Club . . . . Dick Shikat, the tough Teuton who conquered Danno O'Mahony, is being sidestepped in Europe . . . . Jack McLaughlin is back in England from a two-year stay in South Africa . . . . Louis Pergantes, Herb Parks and Benny Sherman are also reputed to be returning . . . . Primo Carnera is hoping to enter the wrestling game . . . . Stan England, the elongated middleweight, has been battling for his life in a London hospital . . . . here's wishing him a speedy recovery . . . . Rod Fenton, George Pencheff, Charlie Green, Terry Van and Johnny Demchuck have been booked to appear in the South African territory . . . . Mike Futa, Juan Lopez, Rene Labelle, Buck Moffatt, Red Duggan and Johnny Katsulos continue to gain the cheers and jeers of the English wrestling patrons.

* * *

THAT never-say-die spirit is a slogan firmly imbedded in the massive muscular frame of Ray Steele, the Glendale, Cal., wrestler. And anyone who is a follower of the mat sport will readily agree that Steele is one of the foremost grapplers in the business, even though a veteran of fourteen years' activity.

Ever since Ray was a child he was in failing health. The doctors had prescribed plenty of rest, no work nor exercise of any kind. His fragile body wouldn't be able to withstand any activity, they said, but Ray fooled them.

Steele played baseball, basketball and football. He worked in the steel foundries when he found he had to leave school in order to aid in the family income. He was a railroad brakeman. He toiled in a logging camp in the far Northwest. And this sickly youth overcame the ravages of his ailment and began to get just as strong of body as he was of mind. He has conquered by following his own methods. Today, long past his prime, he still tosses youthful grapplers.

Steele has basked in that spotlight for the past fourteen years. He has been up there matching his holds with the best in the business. Men like Jim Londos, Ed Strangler Lewis, Gus Sonnenberg, Jumping Joe Savoldi, Ed Don George, the late Big Jim Browning and Everette Marshall, all of whom at one time or other had held the world championship, have tasted defeat at the hands of Steele. But in those victories, Steele was never fortunate enough in winning from them when they held the title.

* * *

FROM Iowa, Bill Hawkins writes: John Eliades, Iowa's leading mat promoter, is bringing several big-time stars to Sioux City . . . . Bronko Nagurski is the latest to show his wares here . . . . The veteran Eliades is doing right well . . . . A former wrestler himself, John has worked hard to build the game up in Sioux City . . . . Looking over the results, we note that Paul Jones won over Joe Dusek at Lincoln, Nebr. . . . . Bronko Nagurski defeated Bhu Pinder at Minneapolis . . . . Nagurski, by the way, is a proud daddy, if you happened to miss the news flashes . . . . At Minneapolis, Minn., mat king draws 10,000 to 15,000 every time out.

Kingfish Levinsky, the former boxer, may show his wares around the Mid-West in the rôle of a matman . . . . Muscatine, Ia., is on the wrestling map . . . . Henry Kolln, veteran wrestler, is the matchmaker there . . . . At Minneapolis, Prince Bhu Pinder (our other report on Mr. Pinder left off the Prince) defeated Lou Plummer on a foul . . . . The Prince entered the mat sport by a victory over Stan Zbyszko years ago in a mud filled ring.

Raymond La Master, former middleweight champion of the Asiatic fleet of the United States Navy, is showing his wares around Iowa . . . . Leonard Fromm, son of the former boxer, Pete Fromm, has also entered the mat sport . . . . At Minneapolis, Ray Steele defeated Dick Daviscourt . . . . At Des Moines, Ia., Bronko Nagurski won over Lou Plummer . . . . Prince Bhu Pinder went to a draw with old Gus Sonnenberg on the same card . . . . At Sioux City, Gus Sonnenberg disposed of Eddie Cook . . . . A body slam, applied after Cook had been bounced off of the ropes to Sonnenberg's back, thence to the mat ended the rough stuff.

* * *

PACIFIC COAST AND NORTHWEST WRESTLING REVIEW, By Dave Cavadas, follows: Sandor Szabo, the Hungarian Adonis, defeated Dean Detton, former world's heavyweight wrestling champion, at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles. Detton slugged Szabo around to win the first fall, but the ex-champion was disqualified for rough tactics when he threw Referee Dick Rutherford out of the ring, thus tying up the match. The third fall was awarded Szabo when Detton slugged and choked him and attacked the referee.

In a return match for the right to meet Bronko Nagurski, Detton defeated Szabo in a thrilling bout before a crowd of 7,500 fans at the Olympic.

* * *

Wrestling before 9,000 grappling fans at Los Angeles, Bronko Nagurski made a successful defense of his title when he defeated Dean Detton in two straight falls.

* * *

A new Mexican wrestling sensation is taking Los Angeles by storm. The name of this new hero is El Pulpo and bids fair to replace Vincent Lopez as the popular idol amongst Southern California's Mexican wrestling fans. El Pulpo unmasked the Masked Marvel with his octopus hold. The masked one proved to be Frank Cutler of Chicago. Gus (the Goat) Sonnenberg also fell before El Pulpo. Before a crowd of 8,500 El Pulpo defeated Nick Lutze with his octopus scissors.

* * *

COAST CAVALCADE—Vincent Lopez beat General O'Brien . . . . O'Brien defeated LaVerne Baxter, Pat Fraley and Pat O'Shocker, but lost to Dick Raines . . . . Ernie Dusek won from Gino Garibaldi . . . . King Chewaki defeated General O'Brien . . . . Cy Williams scored over Prince Bhu Pinder . . . . Nick Lutze beat Cy Williams . . . . Pat O'Shocker and Donald McIntyre wrestled to a draw . . . . Hal Rumberg beat Abe Yourist . . . . Abe Yourist defeated Kiman Kudo . . . . Dick Raines lost to Abe Yourist . . . . Dick Raines scored over King Chewaki . . . . Lofty Blomfield drew with Vincent Lopez and beat King Chewaki.

* * *

DEADLINE DATA—The newest importation to the Northwest is Lofty Blomfield . . . . Lofty is from New Zealand and has plenty of wrestling ability . . . . George Zaharias is back on the Coast after a long absence . . . . King Chewaki and Dick Raines engaged in a three-round boxing match at Vancouver, B. C., in one of the attractions of Percy Hicks' Newspapers' Xmas Fund show . . . . all the wrestlers donated their services free for this worthy cause . . . . Floyd "Musty" Musgrave was the master of ceremonies with Paul Boesch assisting, and Dick Raines stealing the show with his singing and his mouth organ . . . . The Red Shadow is being revived in the Northwest . . . . after a long series of wins in this section of the country last winter, the Shadow was finally unmasked as James Casey Morrisey.

Ring's Rating of Wrestlers

(Continued from page 35)

tenth. Cliff Olson, a heady, strong Mid-Westerner, who has clashed with the cream of the talent and given a good account of himself, is my eleventh choice, with Dick Shikat, one of the world's best wrestlers, behind him. Dick, invincible two years ago, has not taken the sport seriously because of the poor calibre of matmen now performing. Were his hands not tied, he'd be up on top instead of where I place him. The same may be said of Hans Kampfer and Hans Steinke, two other great wrestlers.

John Pesek follows Shikat, with Yvon Robert of Canada, trailing. Pesek is another great matman who, were he able to get the kind of work to which he is entitled, would make short work of many of the top flight men, but on his year's record, he doesn't rate better than thirteenth.

Mambucks Gama, brother of the great Gama, is a clever Hindu wrestler, and next in line. Then Sammy Stein, Lofty Blomfield of Australia, Lou Thiesz of St. Louis and Max Krauser, Polish king, complete my first flight wrestlers. Stein, with only one defeat in forty-six matches in New Zealand and Australia, has made a great comeback, and Blomfield has done splendid work against the world's best talent.

I have divided the wrestlers into six groups. Into the second, I have placed the stars who are not quite as good as the No. 1 choices, but who have displayed both science and toughness to win many of their bouts and to give the fans a good run for their money. Hans Schwartz of Germany and Sandor Szabo, the Hungarian who is now a California citizen, and who has been making a fine comeback, head this section, with Vincent close at their heels and Ali Baba and Ed Don George, former champions, next.

Most Valuable Award

(Continued from page 21)

and THE RING will make the award in his name. That will be decided by the boxing writers.

* * *

THE winner of the contest conducted by THE RING Magazine for the best essay explaining the choice by a reader of this publication was won by Carmen Gerard, a seaman on the U.S.S. *Conyngham* at San Diego, Cal. Gerard picked Armstrong, with Ross second and Farr third. His essay was deemed best.

The second choice is Charles Leseman of 4 Orange Street, Charleston, S. C. He wrote a piece, naming Armstrong, with Jeffra second and Adamick third.

Third prize goes to a young woman, Miss Shirley Rubin of 324 Claremont Avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y. She picked Armstrong, too.

The fourth award is won by Robert Bly, 1839 Tenth Street, Riverdale, Cal. His choice was Armstrong.

And the fifth award goes to Walter Knight, 435 Gough St., San Francisco, Cal. He, too, put in a No. 1 vote for the Negro featherweight.

The essays written by the five prize-winners, who have the option of a subscription to THE RING or a copy of "From Milo to Londos," history of wrestling, follow:

* * *

HENRY ARMSTRONG possesses all the qualities essential to the boxer who did the most for the sport during the past year. His outstanding performances in the ring have captured the esteem of the fans and won the respect of his foes, thus entitling him to the award of "the most valuable boxer of 1937."

Recently Armstrong gained the throne he has so tirelessly been striving for, by a slashing victory over Petey Sarron. His steady march to fame has not only brought back into prominence the once "mighty feathers," but has also caused a noticeable increase at the gate and brings a happy smile to the solemn faces of promoters whenever Henry's name is mentioned.

Armstrong's invasion of the lightweight division, which is without doubt only a matter of time, will deservedly cast the spotlight on the smaller fellows and soon have the fans clamoring for a bout between the "Little Bomber" and Lou Ambers. Too often, due to the lack of a colorful scrapper such as Armstrong, competition and interest in the lighter divisions lapses and as a result, certain "little greats" escape the limelight which should righteously be theirs.

Aside from his notable feats in the ring during the past year, Henry has proven himself a capable, intelligent citizen. His happy marriage and his clean, straightforward living have won him many admirers, both white and black, young and old. Henry Armstrong's race is proud of him, and justly so.

He will go down in the history of the game as one of the most colorful two-fisted men ever to enter the squared circle. His vicious, everlasting attack and his ability to "take it" entitle him to be placed on a pedestal with Gans, Dixon, Jeannette and others of his race who won undying fame in the ring.

My second choice is Barney Ross, and my third is Tommy Farr.

CARMEN GERARD,
U.S.S. *Conyngham*,
San Diego, California.

* * *

POUND for pound, Henry Armstrong is the greatest fighter in the world today. The little Negro is as fast as lightning, and carries dynamite in both hands. He won 27 of his last 28 fights by knockouts. His kayo victims include such top-notchers as Baby Casanova, Frankie Klick, Benny Bass, Mike Belloise, Petey Sarron and Billy Beauhuld. In tagging Sarron with his first kayo defeat, the "California Assassin" won the world featherweight championship.

Not only can Armstrong dish it out, but he's game to the core. He has absorbed some punishment in the ring that would have stopped a lesser man. There's no doubt about it—Henry was born with a fighting heart.

Armstrong is the answer to the promoters' prayers. He's the type of fighter that packs a house. The fans will shed their bottom dollars to see Armstrong in action. They can always count on him to give them their money's worth. From the opening gong to the last, he never stops throwing punches. He never bicycles or stalls, and is always willing to force the fight.

When he was only eight years old, Armstrong began to earn his bread and butter by peddling newspapers. He has, ever since, contributed to the support of his family.

Henry's meteoric rise hasn't swelled his head. He is an amiable, modest young man, worthy of the respect of the white and colored races. Armstrong, the husband of a preacher's daughter, is a clean liver, religious and intelligent.

Henry Armstrong is a credit to his race and a boon to boxing. My second choice is Harry Jeffra, and third, Jimmy Adamick.

CHARLES LESEMAN,
4 Orange Street,
Charleston, S. C.

* * *

WHEN considering the boxer who has done the most for the sport in 1937, I believe that one man stands above all the rest. That man is Henry Armstrong. No topnotch fighter has been more active this year. No fighter has compiled a better record in the ring in a long time. Henry rose to the top the hard way, by taking on some of the toughest boys he could find. Since being taken over by Jolson and Mead, he has only been beaten once, and he has twice avenged that defeat by knockouts.

I have only seen Armstrong in action once, when he battered rugged Wally Hally into submission in four bruising rounds. After seeing that exhibition, I wondered if there ever was a really better small man in the ring. I make this statement even after hearing of Terry McGovern.

"Hank" is a clean, modest boy outside the ring. He's a fighter with whom no scandal has been connected, either with his private or business life. I've seen him train, and he is a fellow who takes his training seriously.

Henry is a real credit to the boxing game and a man his race can be proud of. I personally believe Armstrong is a better man for his size than Joe Louis, for while Joe has shown a weakness for a good right, Henry seems to be a boy without a weakness.

I don't know if a man can be champion of two divisions at once, but if it is possible under the rules, Henry is the man who can do it. In spite of his weight, I believe he can put the job over on pure aggressiveness.

The man for your fine award is, without challenge—Henry Armstrong.

ROBERT BLY,
1839 10th Street,
Riverside, Cal.

* * *

I BELIEVE that all the requirements named by you for the Most Valuable Boxer Award of THE RING Magazine for 1937 best are met by Henry Armstrong. My second choice is Freddy Steele, and my third is Barney Ross.

I chose Henry Armstrong as the boxer who did most for the uplift of the sport in 1937 because he not only fought himself up from obscurity to the featherweight title, but also because he is an excellent example of a clean, honest sportsman. Armstrong is both a boxer and a slugger. His battles against Mike Belloise, Aldo Spoldi and Petey Sarron prove his skill with both science and a two-fisted attack.

Too, the featherweight champion is a fine example of clean living. He does not go to night clubs or run around with women for he is happily married and is the proud papa of a little girl. In conclusion, I wish to sum up my reasons for choosing Henry Armstrong. They are as follows:

1. His honest, clean sportsmanship.
2. His progress from a nearly unknown fighter at the start of 1937 to a well-known, popular champion.
3. His skill in the science of boxing and in a two-fisted attack.
4. His clean and moral living as an example to the growing boy of America.

MISS SHIRLEY RUBIN,
324 Claremont Ave.,
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

* * *

HENRY ARMSTRONG has contributed more to boxing during 1937 than any other fighter because he successfully met the best competition in the featherweight division and lightweight class and scored a record total of 26 knockouts in 27 contests against the world's best little fellows.

His numerous fights were won decisively via the knockout route in every instance except one, which ended in a decision. His style of attack is very pleasing and he has renewed an interest in a weight division which has not been endowed with a spectacular, crowd-pleasing leader since the reign of Terry McGovern. This can best be exemplified by the wonderful battle he put up against Petey Sarron when the championship was at stake.

Quite a few fighters rise up from the ranks to become champion, but very rarely do we get one who goes down in the history of boxing as an "immortal," such as Fitz-

NOTICE TO A READER

Will the Springfield, Vermont, reader who sent a list of magazines he has, kindly send me his name and address which he failed to have in his letter.

simmons and a very few others are to the heavyweight division. However, in the short time that Armstrong has ruled the featherweight division it looks as though he has possibilities of coming under the "immortal" classification inasmuch as he already has proved to be a real "fighting" champion, which is quite a rare person in modern boxing. Since winning the title, he has faced good competition about a half dozen times and won each bout by a knockout.

His tireless, constant boring-in style has given the sporting fraternity something they haven't witnessed for a long time. He is spectacular, a clean sportsman, and his record far surpasses any champion or challenger in any division for the year 1937.

His reputation in both public and private life brands him as a man whom all prospective young boxers need not be ashamed to uphold as a model, present-day champion.

WALTER KNIGHT,
435 Gough Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

* * *

THE editor received so many excellent letters that he has decided to give ten additional prizes of a year's subscription or a Dempsey, Tunney or Braddock book.

The names of these winners will be announced in the next issue of THE RING, and their letters published.

The third five will be named in the May issue of this magazine. Watch for *YOUR* name.

Some of the outstanding essays which failed to win will be published in "Letters from Our Readers."

Al Weill Assembles Ace Cards of Year

(Continued from page 3)

boys is a real challenger—a threat to Lou Ambers and his lightweight crown.

There's life in the boxing game! And the fans are ready to spend to see fights. The kind they like.

Take the fight in which Ross defended his title against the withering onslaught of Garcia. How many better fights have you seen at any time? That was a thriller—a great fight in which a great fighter successfully defended his crown in one of the greatest exhibitions of boxing and gameness ever shown in a Metropolitan ring. They'd draw a house that would come close to being a sellout in another title fight.

Let's take a look at some of the other challengers in the division. Jack Carroll from Australia, Jimmy Leto, Izzy Jannazzo, and that young fellow from Providence who is causing a stir among the 147-pounders, Ralph Zannelli. Any one of them would fit into a title fight.

Have you ever seen such an abundance of middleweights? You can name 10 middleweights, anyone of whom would give the champion a great fight. Apostoli, Al Hostak, who scored knockouts over every opponent he faced last year! Solly Krieger, fighting in great style again! Glen Lee, Ben Brown, Billy Conn, Teddy Yarosz, Ken Overlin, Young Corbett and Walter Woods. I've never seen anything like it!

Steele will have to be a great fighter to withstand the challenges of the above mentioned. You can rest assured there will be some great middleweight fights this coming year.

As usual, there is a lull in the light-heavyweight class. The division lacks activity. The champion is active, true. But his activity doesn't include putting the crown at stake. There should be some worthy challengers in a class that includes Al Gainor, Tiger Jack Fox, Jock McAvoy, Ralph De John, Billy Conn and Gus Lesnevich.

It is easier to close for a good heavyweight match today than it ever has been. You can take my word for that. Today, a fighter wins two or three fights over fair opposition and he is in line for a title chance. Take the case of Nathan Mann. He whipped Gunnar Barlund, Arturo Godoy and Bob Pastor, and he is on top, a worthy challenger for world honors.

Years ago, a manager took a young fellow in hand, spent months in a gymnasium teaching the big fellow, and then took two years or so of maneuvering before he thought the boy was ready for the champion. Today the big men are more advanced.

"Ripper" Ralph Zannelli

(Continued from page 13)

and drew a record crowd in the Providence Auditorium with Nat Bor of Fall River.

Phil Buccola, who plucked Zannelli out of the amateurs against the advice of friends and the writer, who thought Zannelli was only a clown, has offered Barney Ross $25,000 to defend his world's welterweight championship against Zannelli in a Boston ring.

Buccola, who has piloted the leading Italian boxers of this section for some time, believes that Zannelli can lick any welterweight living. Usually cautious with his charges, Phil refuses to believe that even Ross can defeat his new welterweight sensation.

Zannelli spent three years in the amateurs before he joined up with Buccola and turned professional. In his last year as a Simon-pure he almost went undefeated, although competing on an average of twice a week.

He cleaned up all the local amateur welterweight championships and went on to win the junior national championship. He was finally stopped in the senior nationals.

Zannelli appears to be an easy target in the ring but he has few marks to show. He moves so fast and in so many directions that he seldom gets hit flush. He takes a punch better than any fighter I have ever seen and if you ask him why he is a fighter he'll just say:

"I love to fight, and besides, my mother can use the money. I give her all my earnings."

That, my friends, is Ralph Zannelli of Federal Hill, Providence, the "Champion of the Wise Guys," who has grown up. And here is his record as a pro:

NAME	CITY	FINISH	ROUND	PLACE
Gabby Paulin	Bangor	Won	5	Boston
Gabby Paulin	Bangor	Won	8	Providence
Babe Castilloux	Waterville	K.O.	4	Providence
Eddie Hannan	Providence	Won	8	Providence
Eddie Holmes	Providence	K.O.	3	Providence
Frankie Dias	Providence	K.O.	2	Providence
Johnny Studley	Brockton	Draw	8	Providence
Gene O'Leary	Manchester	K.O.	5	Providence
Victor Lotti	Marlboro	K.O.	4	Providence
Eddie Guerra	New York	Won	8	Providence
V. Pimpinelli	New York	Won	8	Providence
E. Davenport	North Carolina	Won	8	Providence
Nat Rosen	Scotland	K.O.	5	Boston
Louis Manuel	Porto Rico	K.O.	4	Providence
Young Lefty	Fall River	K.O.	1	Providence
Mickey Paul	New York	K.O.	1	Providence
Dave Bishop	New York	K.O.	1	Providence
E. Davenport	North Carolina	K.O.	8	Boston
Johnny Jadick	Philadelphia	Won	10	Providence
Charley Gordon	Boston	Won	8	Fall River
Young Lefty	Fall River	Won	8	Fall River
Freddie Camuso	Fall River	Draw	8	Providence
Eddie McKeever	New York	Won	10	Providence
Bobby Allen	Nova Scotia	K.O.	2	Boston
Nat Bor	Fall River	K.O.	6	Providence
Young Peter Jackson	California	Won	10	Boston
Bobby Pacho	Mexico	Won	10	Boston
Phil Furr	Washington	Won	10	Providence
Andy Callahan	Lawrence	Won	10	Boston

N.B.A. Seeks New York Aid

(Continued from page 10)

champions who are designated as such in certain states only.

* * *

IT is our aim to put a stop to the designation of title holders who have not won their crown in the ring by deposing the legitimate champion either by a decision victory, by a knockout, by the stopping of the fight by a referee to save the champion from continued injury or by the stopping of a fight by the referee because of a severe injury to the title holder. If we accomplish this, there will be no more recognition by the affiliated organizations of boxers as "champions" who have not properly earned their crown.

It is *not* our aim to interfere with any states or anybody that is following definite regulations which are already in force, but to add to such regulations by having a universal ruling that will do away with the conflicts that now mar the sport.

Thus the naming of Pierre Charles as world heavyweight champion, the naming of Canzoneri as lightweight king, Thil as middleweight champion after he had been stopped by Apostoli, and other similar acts.

Frank J. Hogan, president of the National Boxing Association, who also is president of the Canadian Boxing and Wrestling Federation, has designated me as the official representative of the NBA which comprises 41 members and which has also as its members Cuba, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Canada and Mexico.

Great Lightweight Battles of the Past

(Continued from page 30)

denounced the too generous gesture by the referee that saved the title for Wolgast. But the decision stood, for there was no boxing commission in those days to interfere with the actions of the third man in the ring.

* * *

WILLY RITCHIE took the championship from Wolgast in the latter part of 1912, and lost it in turn on a twenty round point decision to Freddy Welsh. The latter reigned for nearly five years, until stopped in nine rounds by Benny Leonard in 1917.

There was never anything sensational about Welsh's performances. A light puncher and clever boxer, he was one of the finest defense fighters on record, but the last to take a chance. It required a combination of the fighter and boxer like Leonard to penetrate his seemingly impenetrable guard and acquire his title.

During his eight odd years as champion, Leonard quite definitely outclassed all the leading lightweights of his day. He could punch with the sluggers and oppose the clever ones with a fine strategy they couldn't equal or overcome. The first close call he had after winning the title occurred when he fought Charley White, the Chicago left hook artist, in 1920.

White's left hook was a destructive weapon that had levelled many an ambitious aspirant for lightweight honors in the resin. He got it home on Leonard in the early stages of the combat with such deadly force that Benny shot headlong through the ropes and out of the ring.

Leonard was still dazed when he climbed back and into action again. But his wily generalship carried him through impending disaster, for the New Yorker was the type that fights with head as well as hands. He stalled off White until his brain cleared, and then proceeded to give the Windy City slugger a lacing of gorgeous proportions, knocking him out in the ninth round.

* * *

EVEN nearer to defeat was Benny at Madison Square Garden in 1921, when he met Ritchie Mitchell of Milwaukee. A clean right to the jaw dropped the champion in his tracks and Ritchie, with victory almost in his grasp, followed up with a savage assault. Leonard was knocked down several times, but weathered the storm successfully, came back like a fighting wildcat and stopped the Westerner in the sixth frame.

Lew Tendler, the Philadelphia southpaw, gave Leonard an anxious time in their first meeting at Jersey City in 1922. Tendler was a hard puncher and clever in an oddly awkward, unconventional way that had the champ guessing all through a twelve round, no decision bout in which honors were fairly even at the end.

Their next combat, a fifteen-rounder, took place in New York, and provided plenty of thrills for the onlookers. But once Leonard had boxed a man he had his measure. So it proved with Tendler. Benny had completely solved the mystery of the southpaw stance, and although the Philadelphian never stopped trying, Leonard outgeneraled and outboxed him and won a well deserved verdict.

Johnny Dundee gave Leonard a whole lot of trouble both before and after Benny mounted the lightweight throne. From 1915 to 1920 they fought nine times in no decision bouts. Dundee was fast, aggressive and a miracle of endurance and always made Leonard step his best. Each knew the other like the proverbial book, as was the case between those two noted welter rivals, Jack Britton and Ted Lewis who fought so regularly and often.

But Britton finally proved top-dog by knocking Lewis out, whereas nothing really decisive came of the Leonard-Dundee battles. Yet it was generally admitted that the champion was just a shade too good for Johnny, one of the busiest scrappers of his generation, who once held the featherweight crown and had a record of extraordinary length and importance.

* * *

ONLY once in his spectacular career did Dundee go down for the full count, when Willy Jackson, a terrific puncher, knocked him out in the first round of a Philadelphia engagement in 1917. Dundee had an effective trick of allowing himself to be forced to the ropes, rebounding therefrom and sending in a damaging punch to his opponent's jaw, the force of which was redoubled by the momentum thus attained.

He tried this on Jackson. But the latter met him on the rebound with a clip on the chin that dropped Johnny dead to the world for the time being. So complete was the knockout that Dundee was practically in a daze for several hours afterwards. He walked and talked normally enough. But he didn't realize that he had been fighting at all, until his sorrowing manager, Scotty Montieth, broke the news to him that he had been eliminated in the opening frame.

Although Jackson and Dundee met several times after that, the former was never able to repeat. Inch for inch Johnny Dundee was unquestionably one of the toughest lightweights that ever answered the stroke of the gong.

* * *

COMING down to later times, one recalls vividly the thrills that Jimmy McLarnin gave New Yorkers when he was campaigning as a lightweight and scoring one and two round knockouts with such persistency over likely lads of the calibre of Sid Terris, Phil McGraw, Ruby Goldstein, et al.

But the most thrilling contest in which McLarnin took part was undeniably his first time out with Billy Petrolle, the famous Fargo Express, when Jimmy took a licking that might have written finis to the career of a less stout-hearted battler. Nobody who saw that mill at the Garden in 1930 is apt to forget it.

Petrolle copped Jimmy early in the fight with a jaw-smash that dropped him as if he had been hit with a club. No man of his weight was a harder puncher than this same Petrolle, and when McLarnin regained his feet the Fargo Express went after him like a tiger.

How Jimmy lived through that ten rounds it is hard to understand. He was groggy, bleeding profusely, hammered from rope to rope and back again. Repeatedly he appeared to be on the verge of collapse, yet always came back for more punishment.

Even referee Patsey Haley, himself a veteran of many a hard-fought battle, thought the thing had gone far enough, and asked McLarnin if he wanted him to call a halt. McLarnin stammered back a husky "No!" and kept going, with the result that he was still on his feet, beaten by a mile, but far from being disgraced, when the final bell clanged.

Twice afterwards, Petrolle and McLarnin fought. But McLarnin had learned his lesson. No more reckless mixing with the Fargo Express for him! Instead, he left-handed the charging Petrolle cunningly, met him with solid counters that shook Billy from head to foot, and on both occasions proved himself the master of the man who had handed him the worst beating of his career.

After the second battle Petrolle was willing to admit that McLarnin was too much for him. "But," said the valorous Fargo Express, "I know I could whip him if he came at me as he did in our first bout. I can outclass him if he'd only fight my way, just tear in and slug. But he's too damned wise for that! He can outbox me, that's all there's to it!"

* * *

FROM the day he took the lightweight title from Al Singer by a one round knockout until now, Tony Canzoneri was a real fighting champion of that division that always pleased the crowds by his willingness to mix, as well as box, the other fellow. When he lost the crown to Barney Ross in 1933, and failed in his attempt to regain it against Barney a few weeks later, the point decisions only went to his conqueror by a narrow margin on each occasion.

Both those affairs furnished fistic fireworks enough to tickle the fancy of the most ardent lovers of slugging. For like Tony, there's enough of the Simon-pure scrapper in Ross to make him willing to go into a slugging seance when the pace gets hot. And Barney can punch too, make no mistake about that!

* * *

WHEN Ross outgrew the lightweight class and went on to win the welter championship from McLarnin, the New York boxing commission named Canzoneri and Lou Ambers as the leading contenders for the vacant throne. Tony won decisively that time, and again donned the royal purple.

Though he lost the title to Ambers in his first defense of the newly-won honor, he was going strong in the last couple of rounds and slugging back as he has always done, with the unconquerable spirit of the true fighting man who never acknowledges defeat so long as he can stand up. He was outpointed clearly enough.

Ambers now holds the crown. He successfully defended it against Pedro Montanez and expects to defend it again twice this year. The chances are that Henry Armstrong, voted the best all-around fighter for 1937, may be his opponent in one match and such a bout will arouse international interest. The betting in such a contest will be heavily in favor of Armstrong because of his style and punching power. But who knows? Ambers may do to him what he did to Montanez—outpoint him by a big margin.

Gang Wars and Politics

(Continued from page 27)

little craft, he sailed away, heading due south.

There was no telling, however, whether this was not just a stratagem on the captain's part. There was every chance that he might be back again, and it was regretfully decided that the fight could not be continued at the original location. "Dapper" Gleason, who had undergone such experiences before, was equal to the occasion. There were boats in plenty on hand, and under his skilled direction, a small fleet conveying fighters and patrons set out for the Jersey shore.

* * *

THE goal was a deserted Erie Railroad tunnel in what Ida Tarbell has jocosely christened the "Traitor State," about half a mile from the river. It was dismal, dark, rat-infested, but safe from unfriendly eyes, and there, by the uncertain light of a number of smoky lanterns, Hicks and Keyes resumed their interrupted argument. The ground was hard, a condition better suited to the spry-footed Keyes than Hudson sands. Nevertheless, for all his agile cavorting around, Hicks cornered him and knocked him senseless after ten minutes of fighting.

But the victor was left scant time to rejoice over his new-won laurels, for on returning to the New York shore, the indefatigable Captain Ryan stepped out of ambush and placed him under arrest, charged with having left the state to participate in a prize fight. Keyes, having elected to stay behind in New Jersey, was out of the captain's reach for the time being.

And, as a matter of fact, it looked, speaking in modern vernacular, as though the erstwhile Pirate was being "made the goat," for no attempt was made to seize either seconds or spectators. Rumor had it that an enemy of ex-Alderman Flaherty, Hicks' backer, was responsible for the arrest.

However that may have been, Hicks was brought to court. On the advice of the counsel provided for him by Flaherty, the prisoner demanded a jury trial. This was granted, and after a lengthy discussion, the jury came into court and announced that they could not agree, as one of their number resolutely held out for acquitting the prisoner. They were accordingly discharged and Hicks admitted to bail. Thanks to the dexterous wire-pulling of Flaherty and his Tammany associates, the case was never again brought to trial.

* * *

A NEWSPAPER reporter for the *Times* afterwards interviewed the lone juror to whom Hicks owed his freedom, and the following conversation ensued:

Reporter: "Why were you so insistent in holding out against the prisoner's conviction?"

Juror: "Because they had nothing but circumstantial evidence against him. I would not render any verdict on circumstantial evidence; that is, unless it was in the fourth degree."

Reporter: "Just what do you mean by circumstantial evidence in the fourth degree?"

Juror: "Four eye-witnesses who swore that they saw the crime committed!"

Thus did Mr. Hicks benefit from the singular judgment of a gent who invented the hitherto unheard-of doctrine of fourth degree circumstantial evidence. But if weak on law, the dissenting juror was strong on his notions of practical politics, from the municipal standpoint at least. For he was Tammany's ace-in-the-hole on that jury, and accomplished what he was put there for—either to swing his fellows toward acquitting Hicks, or failing that, to deadlock the outfit until discharged by the court.

Bill Poole was killed in the following February, thereby removing a tower of strength from the bunch of fighting coves that upheld the standard of the Native Americans, although heavyweight champion Tom Hyer still remained to them, as well as many another hard-bitten scrapper. But though Hyer on occasion could hold his own with the best at any kind of fighting, he was not given to street brawls of the kind the martial soul of Bill Poole delighted to lead his ferocious cohorts into, and Hicks was fast attaining a reputation as the most dangerous gutter-scrapper in town.

* * *

AS the latter's prestige increased, he grew to be a more difficult proposition for his bosses to handle. His penchant for slugging inoffensive persons, when more than half seas over, was continually getting him into trouble. Political pull took him out of jail on several occasions after convictions for assault and battery, but his sponsors were getting pretty sick of coming to his aid.

Flaherty, in particular, lost all patience with him, all the more so because Hicks persistently refused to get into shape for another mill, and turned down several matches which the ex-alderman had in view for him. The showdown came when Hicks, once more arrested, this time for beating a newsboy, sent for Flaherty, who came, but calmly informed him that he could go to the Island, and stay there until the booze was out of his system.

Hicks did his bit accordingly, and when freed, Flaherty ordered him to go into training to fight Bob Davis of Boston. His mentor also informed him that unless he consented and behaved himself, the powers-that-be would see to it that he went over the road for a stretch of several years. Hicks had seen more than one man put away in just such fashion and sulkily promised to obey.

The fight took place in Brooklyn, with not only Flaherty, but a goodly number of his Tammany associates, plunging heavily on Hicks to win. To their intense chagrin, Davis knocked his man out after fifteen minutes of milling. That is to say, Hicks did not come up to time after being floored. The truth of the matter was that he had deliberately thrown the fight, having sold out to the opposition!

The latter were mostly Native Americans, and when Hicks played traitor, he had planned to go over to the enemy lock, stock and barrel. But although he received the payment promised for quitting, the rest of the deal failed to go through. Hyer was implacably against taking him into the Native ranks, and what Hyer said, went. Tammany was definitely through with him, and Al Hicks, the Fighting Pirate, found himself in as tough a spot as a man without a country is popularly supposed to be.

* * *

CHANGING from one political party to another was not such a great, and certainly not an unprecedented sin. Other men had done so frequently in the past and never been any the worse for the action. They were parties of a higher order of intellect than Hicks, and sure of support in their new environment. But the prize-fighter couldn't make the change, and had nowhere to go. Moreover, playing crooked on the fight angle and thereby depriving the "big shots" of sporting Tammany of some of their well-stolen gains, had effectually cooked the Hicks goose. There were crimes that couldn't be condoned, and that was one of them!

It was the beginning of the end for Hicks. Drunk and desperate, he held up a stranger one night, robbed him of a wallet and gold watch, and was arrested while spending the money-loot in a prolonged debauch. There was no Tammany influence brought to bear in a friendly fashion on this occasion. On the contrary, the "knock" was put in with neatness and dispatch and he went to the penitentiary for three years.

He served his sentence, with the customary time off for good behavior, for oddly enough, he proved a tractable prisoner. When he emerged from Sing Sing for the second time in his career, he sought out several of his old acquaintances, but found that Tammany hadn't forgotten. There was no place in the live scheme of things for Bill Hicks uptown, and he drifted back to his old haunts along the water front.

To try the ring again was out of the question, for his stamina had suffered during his imprisonment, the spring had gone out of his legs, and the punch from his muscles. He picked up a living as longshoreman, married a girl named Mary Zendall, became the father of a son, and later made short voyages now and again on coastal and fishing craft. The big sports and politicians uptown had long forgotten Al Hicks, when his memory was recalled to them by the sensational newspaper accounts of his arrest in connection with the murder mystery of the sloop, E. A. Johnson.

* * *

THE E. A. Johnson was bound from New York to Deep Creek, Va., to procure a cargo of oysters. Besides Captain Samuel Burr, the crew consisted of Al Hicks and two boys, Oliver and Smith Watts.

On the morning of March 20, 1860, the E. A. Johnson was picked up at sea, apparently abandoned, and towed to Fulton Market Slip by the schooner *Telegraph* of New London, Conn. Down below the derelict presented a scene of confusion. The floor and furniture of the cabin were stained with blood, clothing, bedding and papers, also flecked with crimson stains, were scattered all about. It was evident that some ghastly tragedy had been enacted on board.

Police investigation brought to light the fact that Hicks, who had shipped on the vessel under the name of Johnson, had returned to port, spent money freely in a

water front saloon, and afterwards boarded a train for the East with his wife and child. They were located at Providence, R. I., and Hicks was arrested.

The captain's watch and several trinkets belonging to the Watts boys were found in his possession, as well as a roll of bills amounting to over eight hundred dollars. It was known that Captain Burr had a considerable sum of money in his possession when he sailed on what was to prove his last voyage.

As the crime had been committed on the high seas, Hicks was handed over to the jurisdiction of the Federal authorities. By a grim piece of irony, his custodian was none other than Captain Rynders, founder of the famous Empire Club, now a U. S. Marshal, who had been one of the pillars of Tammany, and a great sport patron, when Hicks was in his fighting prime.

The prisoner was found guilty the following May and sentenced to be hanged for murder and piracy, the execution to take place on one of the islands in the bay. While in the Tombs, he confessed that he had slain both the Watts boys and the captain with an axe, plundered the cabin, tossed the bodies overboard, left the ship and rowed to shore in a small boat.

One of the many visitors to the doomed man was P. T. Barnum, who obtained permission from Hicks to take a plaster cast of his face and bust for exhibition in the Barnum Museum, then one of New York's show places, in return for which the prisoner received twenty-five dollars and two boxes of cigars. His parting with his wife was remarkable for the fact that neither betrayed the slightest symptom of emotion. Nor did his nerve fail him all through the somewhat theatrical proceedings that characterized his journey to the scaffold.

* * *

HE was escorted from the Tombs by Father Duranquet, Marshal Rynders, Deputy Marshal Thompson, and Sheriff Kelly, all of whom got into a carriage awaiting them. In a second carriage were deputy sheriffs, and in four other conveyances, police and newspaper reporters. The cortege wound its solemn way to the foot of Canal Street, where it was proposed to embark for Bedloe's Island on board the steamer Red Jacket.

Aboard the Red Jacket was a crowd of 1,500 people, consisting chiefly of gamblers, pugilists, newspaper representatives and medical men. The uptown sports were turning out in force to witness the final public appearance of the Fighting Pirate, whose sobriquet was fully justified at last. High above the rest of the crowd towered the head and sturdy shoulders of Tom Hyer, who pushed his way to the prisoner's side and shook hands with him, old animosities forgotten.

Marshal Rynders, in whom the showman instinct was ever strong, finding that he had plenty of time to spare, and that the *Great Eastern,* then the world's largest ship, was lying at the foot of Hammond Street, having completed her first trip to this country, decided to give his guests a treat. Accordingly, he ordered the steamer headed up the river, sailed around the monster vessel, and then started for Bedloe's Island.

Arriving at their destination, Hicks disembarked first, followed by Father Duranquet and Deputy Marshal Isaacs, the rest of the party proceeding behind them. A platoon of Marines lined the pier and, with troops from Governor's Island, marched in hollow square to the scaffold. The execution was witnessed by over 10,000 people, mostly packed in boats within easy distance of the shore, and numerous excursion steamers, a much larger crowd than Hicks had ever performed before in his fighting days.

He was brisk and game to the last, gazing at the crowd with an air of cool indifference. At 10.45 the trap was sprung, and the hectic career of the Fighting Pirate had reached its melodramatic climax. The body was allowed to remain suspended for half an hour, when it was removed to the ship. Calvary Cemetery received the remains, but no stone was ever erected to mark the burial spot.

Wrestler-Fighter-Cowboy

(Continued from page 31)

on Texas soil to the day he left—as a result of a match with Goon Henry, in which the condition was that the loser should depart these green pastures—did Chief Little Beaver permit peace and tranquility in the wrestling profession. He so completely mauled, battered and bruised each and every wrestler who was tossed into the pit of punishment with him, that the sighs of relief could be heard throughout the state when he departed, for Chief Little Beaver is one of the toughest toughies of them all. However, when he does get down to real wrestling, and especially when he applies his Japanese crab hold as only he can, it usually means "school's out" for his opponent.

Mrs. Little Beaver, a charming young brunette, is exceedingly enthusiastic about her husband's career. As a matter of fact, she became so overwrought at one of his matches several months ago, that when Joe was getting the worst of the affair and was practically out on the mat, she dashed to the ringside and stuck a smelling salts bottle under his nose!

All summed up, I would say that Chief Little Beaver has every reason to be a very happy and contented man. He's happily married, has a husky young son and little daughter, and is well fixed financially. He owns two large farms at Birmingham, Alabama.

U.S. Flyweight King

(Continued from page 12)

Honolulu. He received no trouble in defeating Freddie Imperial and then gave Frisco a bad beating in a return match. The day prior to his sailing for the mainland, Jurich lost the only fight of his career, a questionable 10-round decision to Little Dado. To this day, there are many arguments on the fight, many Honolulu fans believing Jackie won.

* * *

RETURNING to California, he rapidly won 10-round decisions over Joey Puig (twice), Johnny Martin, Santos Hugo and knocked out Joey Forchime in Hollywood. Opponents were getting scarce and little Jackie was forced to fight Johnny Ladao, Filipino favorite, over the 12-round route to a newspaper decision. After the third round there was no doubt as to the final outcome. The decision was a matter of routine.

Back on American soil after losing his world's flyweight title to Benny Lynch, came Small Montana. Seeking a fight, he was offered a large sum to defend his American championship against the San Josean. At the end of ten rounds, Referee Jack Downey called the fight a draw, but six newspapers favored Jurich.

A rematch was demanded. On December 14, 1937, Jurich pounded out a 10-round win over the Filipino, thus claiming the title. There was no doubt as to the decision. Jurich won six rounds, one went to Montana and three were even. Incidentally, Irwin was again the third man in the ring.

Pacific Coast fight experts, Pat Frayne of the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin,* Alan Ward of the Oakland *Tribune* and Harry B. Smith of the San Francisco *Chronicle* were high in praise of Jurich after both fights. They, like Jurich, believe the San Josean has earned a crack at Lynch and Lynch will probably get it.

Here's a Remedy

(Continued from page 16)

IT is my opinion that such a new rule would not in the least affect the "no-foul rule" but would give to the referee added power to prevent its possible abuse. It would also give the official a chance to permit the victim to obtain sufficient rest.

If the boxing commission objected to the disqualification on the ground that such action would nullify its "no-foul" rule, then how about eliminating that portion and giving the referee the power to stop the round after the foul has been committed and send the boys to their corner to await the next round.

Think this over, Messrs. Commissioners.

* * *

THE Armstrong-Venturi battle was a rather one-sided affair with the champion featherweight taking the upper hand at the start and continuing until the end. He tossed more punches at Enrico than the Italian had probably ever seen before and landed quite frequently with telling body smashes to the mid-section as hefty right and left hand hooks to head and chin, several of which jarred his opponent.

It is unfortunate that the bout ended as it did. I believe that it would have ended in a knockout in another round or possibly two for as the fight was progressing, Venturi was weakening and his Negro opponent was continuing at the same rapid pace, ever coming in, never giving his man a chance to get set. That Henry missed often, more so than I've ever seen him, was due entirely to the mode of warfare of his opponent who was out, like Bob Pastor in his fight with Louis, to stick to the limit.

Had Venturi stood his ground and fought instead of backing away, there would have been no foul. It was Armstrong's desire to catch his man—a little fellow stacked against a larger one—that brought those low punches—over anxiety to catch the taller man.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I WAS extremely interested to read your article in the December issue of THE RING, entitled "Glass Jawed Fighters."

Sorry as I am to admit it, practically all of our British heavyweights are of the horizontal variety, and it was mainly the failures of his fellow-countrymen which caused Tommy Farr to be "razzed" so heavily by the majority of American writers. However, he made good in your United States, thus proving the exception. You have said some very nice things in your magazine about Farr, and yet, no matter how good he may turn out to be in the future, the sad fact remains—Bombardier Wells, Joe Beckett, Frank Goddard, Phil Scott, Reggie Meen and Charley Smith could not take it.

And yet I differ with your opinion that they all had "glass jaws," and for the following reason: The opposition was too tough for them. Champions in their own country, against a foreigner they crumbled up. Most of them were game, but they all had one little defect or other which halted their international progress. They did not, however, all have "glass jaws."

Take Billy Wells, for instance. Carpentier was the man who sealed his reputation as a horizontal heavyweight. The two knockouts scored by the Frenchman were administered by blows to the mid-section, not to the chin. Wells had a "glass stomach" maybe, but his jaw was okay. That man took some head and chin punches in his career, believe me, although his record seems to belie this statement. You in America saw him knocked out twice. Gunboat Smith finished him with a roundhouse swing to the occiput and Palzer laid him low with a body attack. Both men were terrific hitters. Wells' jaw was okay.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Joe Beckett, as you know, is still much of a laughing stock on both sides of the Atlantic, but looking at him from an unprejudiced point of view, it becomes apparent that he only put up two really bad performances in his entire career. I admit he was never terribly good, but then men like Baer and Braddock have never been worthy of the title of champion when compared with Dempsey and Tunney. The two bad performances of Joe Beckett's are, of course, those he put up versus Carpentier, and yet I maintain that Beckett, too, was not "glass-jawed." His defense was terrible and the first time Georges hit him on the jaw he went out, but who didn't when they met the Frenchman around 1920? One man, Jack Dempsey, the greatest fighter America ever produced.

Frank Goddard was a failure because he held his chin out for his opponents to hit. Maybe he did have a "glass jaw."

Phil Scott is the greatest offender, of course. You are perfectly justified in belittling him. Yet, here again the body was the weak point, rather than the jaw. Sharkey and Stribling both beat him with belly blows. The Georgian's punches were perfectly legitimate and nowadays they say Sharkey's were, too. You saw the fight and you ought to know. Yet whatever happened, I think Scott was definitely not the better man that night.

Reggie Meen and Charley Smith, two second-raters who were Britain's best when Scott retired, both had body weaknesses. Don McCorkindale stopped Meen with blows to the stomach. Carnera pushed him off his feet so many times that Moss Deyong stopped it, and Jack Petersen's sock knocked him out. He was beaten, yes, but he could take as much on the chin as anyone else.

Charley Smith's jaw was one of the long and inviting ones. Yet when Petersen's punch knocked him out, nobody claimed he had a glass jaw, even though it was broken!

As for Jack Petersen, no man ever knocked him out. He took enough from Walter Neusel in their three fights to prove his jaw was tough enough. And so, although I agree with you Mr. Fleischer in saying that Britain's heavyweights were, on the whole, a poor lot, I differ with you on the "glass jaw" point! I believe it was the bad defense which caused their downfall.

I hope you don't mind me letting you know my opinion. I enjoy THE RING every month and wish it was a weekly. My bound volumes and your "Idol of Fistiana" are the prides of my collection. I wish you every luck with your magazine in the future, and hope that one day it may regrow into that pre-depression bulk it used to have.

O. F. SNELLING,
Edmunton, London, England.

* * *

THE November issue of your fine magazine is on hand in this country, and I might add that this magazine is looked for here in New South Wales as it is the foremost authority on U.S.A. boxing that we can get hold of.

Now sir, the object of my writing is to compliment you on your article, "Ring Tragedy" in the mentioned issue. I believe that it is one of the best articles that I have read on that condition, a condition which I have made a study of for some time, and as I have had the assistance of a very competent medical man in those studies, I am sure that you will forgive me if I pick a hole or two in that article.

You say, "That a certain boxer should have been kept in a State Hospital until cured of his ailment," but, sir, there is no cure for punch-drunkenness, once that condition has become seated.

You also ask, "That if we are to admit that there is such a condition as punch-drunkenness?" to that I answer, unfortunately that condition is a fact, but whilst reading your article I took into consideration that you did not wish to over-blacken the boxing game, and I assure you that you did not, but you did the correct thing, and that was hitting the nail on the portion provided for that purpose, by pointing the finger, not at the boxing game, but at the people who are in it.

Now this world is a fine place to live in, and when one wishes to find fault with it, the only fault that can be found is in the people who live in it, and the same applies to boxing. And I sincerely hope, that your object has some effect upon the hearts (if they have any) of the people to whom you are pointing.

The mentioned issue of your paper has proved a godsend to me, for during the past six years I have been making it my business to have boxing brought under control in this country, but this state in particular, in which time I have submitted instances very much like to the instances quoted in the said article, to the powers that be in this state, and during such period I have been called a crank and a knocker. Therefore, to read an article such as yours, gives me much pleasure, for it gives my knockers a question to answer, and that is—Is the Editor of the world's reputed RING also a crank and a knocker of boxing? I am sure that they are unable to say that.

I am forwarding under separate cover an article which appeared in the Sydney *Labor Daily*, which was of my dictation. I trust that it will be of some interest to you.

GEO. STOREY,
Hon.-Secretary, New South Wales Professional Boxers' Managers' and Trainers' Association.

* * *

IN your article of the December edition of THE RING you said McLarnin beat Goldstein at Coney Island. In your question box you can tell me if it wasn't December 13, 1929, Madison Square Garden, instead of Coney Island. A few lines below that article you have Dempsey knocking out Fulton in 17 minutes. I know you meant 17 seconds. But wasn't 23 seconds the right time.

It was Madison Square Garden and not Coney Island—The time of the Dempsey-Fulton fight was 19 seconds, including 10 seconds for the count. —[New Haven, Conn., Reader.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Williamsport—The first pro boxing show staged here in six years was a financial flop to the promoters, but produced some good material for future cards. In the eight-round scheduled wind-up, Wally Sears, light-heavyweight champ of the Coal Regions from Minersville, kayoed Joe Finnazo of Baltimore, Md., in the sixth round. In the semi-final of six rounds, Paulie Griffiths of Mayfield lost a six-round decision to Vic Finnanzio, brother of the less fortunate Joe.

In another six-round bout, Billy Lindes, sensational club fighter from Pottsville, stopped Luke Beattie of Delta in the fifth round. In the other bouts, Ernie Kahler of Williamsport beat Charlie Sabatella, lightweight, from Dunmore, while Miles Bellott of Williamsport decisioned Tony Mack of Harrisburg.

At Scranton—In a Pete Latzo benefit boxing program which attracted a gate of $3,300 net, Latzo, a former world's welterweight champion, who is recovering from a serious illness, was made $2,000 richer to help defray hospital bills piled up while a patient at the Atlantic City Hospital. All fighters on the card boxed for less than half of what they were entitled to. In the wind-up scheduled to go ten rounds, Walter (Wildcat) O'Connor of Carbondale surprised the entire fistic gentry with his five-round kayo over Eddie McGeever of Scranton.

In the semi-final, Jack Downey, latest heavyweight sensation from Scranton, continued his quick streak of knockouts by belting out George Bonner of Mahanoy City in the second round. In another affair of six rounds, Al Lewis, Welsh Scranton featherweight, fought a slashing draw with Danny Dempsey of the Bellevue section of Scranton. They punched and provided action throughout the entire distance of the battle.

Gene McColligan, rangy West Scranton welterweight, drew in his six-round battle with Rego Dell, Italian favorite from Dunmore. In the other bouts, Benny Desko, light-heavyweight from Pittston, lost a close "duke" to Emil Kozel of Throop. This pair fought a slambang contest as in their previous meeting. Johnny Coyne, local featherweight, who has been making New York his headquarters the past two years, lost in his initial pro appearance to Len De Andrea of Dunmore.

The show as a whole was one of the best action cards ever staged in the local arena, and a tribute to a former champion. Chic Feldman, local newscribe, was chairman, assisted by two other sports writers, Joe Butler and Joe Pollokoff.

At Hazleton—In the wind-up at Feeley Hall, Rex Fallabell, Hazleton welterweight, gained the decision over Johnny Sayers of Shenandoah in eight rounds. Sayers, a student at Penn State College, vacationing over the holidays, was not in the best shape physically. He holds three victories over Fallabell and should and can beat opponents of like caliber.

In the semi-final, Johnny Tillman, rugged Hazleton scrapper, got the six-round verdict over Gene McColligan. The bout overshadowed the star attraction for action and thrills. Patsy Gall of Freeland gained the decision over Fumbler Martin of New Philadelphia. George Bonner, Mahanoy City heavyweight, got back to the winning column with his one-round kayo over Jimmy Sharkey of Hazleton. In the other bout, Mickey Bellettere of Hazleton stopped Jackie Stone of Tamaqua in the third.

At Scranton—In another show at Town Hall the past month, Walter (Wildcat) O'Connor, Carbondale's pride, added another kayo to his list when he stopped Vince De Angelo of Brooklyn in the ninth round. De Angelo, game as they come, took the fight on a thirty-six-hour notice. In the semi-final, Jack Downey, Scranton heavyweight, belted out Roy Lyons in the first stanza.

Jimmy Young, Dunmore's middleweight, won by a T.K.O. in a battle with Billy Lindes of Pottsville. This pair went at it hammer and tongs, much to the delight of the customers. Joe Orlosky, Herrick Center light-heavyweight, won the six-round decision from Billy Gaylord of Binghamton, while in the opening bout, Emil Kozel of Throop drew with George Marinko of Swoyersville.

A LITTLE FOR ALL—Joe Chap and Pat Heeney, managers of Vince De Angelo, were two surprised gents when O'Connor belted out their man, who had never had the fatal ten counted over him before . . . . Danny Dempsey and Joe Tassie, two Scranton featherweights, are under the management of Jake Ouslander . . . . Looks like a good year for the fistic element hereabouts, with new clubs planning to operate . . . . Billy Shaw, Syracuse correspondent for THE RING, will be the matchmaker at the Armory in Syracuse . . . . Joe Netro, well-liked fight pilot from Syracuse, is in the money with his light-heavyweight star, Ralph De John . . . . Any fighters unattached planning to make the Regions their headquarters can contact the writer for bookings . . . . You can buy THE RING at most newsstands throughout the Coal Fields.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

HENRY ARMSTRONG, devastating featherweight champion, likes New Orleans. The people are good natured and the work is easy, to quote him. As proof was Armstrong's brief stay in the Coliseum ring, taking but a couple of rounds to dispose of Johnny Jones, colored Pittsburgh, Pa., lightweight. It was the champion's last fight in 1937 and soared his knockout list for the year to around twenty-seven such victories. However, Armstrong's reception at a local railroad depot was larger than the "gate" drawn by his short joust with Jones. Only around $1,500 resulted.

In the preliminaries to the Armstrong-Jones bout, Elliott Lamerault stopped Prince Irving, featherweights. Dave Carline and Bobby Johnson drew, Sammy Edwards chilled Ace Leon, George Bradford kayoed Israel Robertson, and Carl Coste was knocked out by Paul Holmes, all welterweights. Frankie Clay put Kid Thread away in a heavyweight match.

As part of a mammoth week of sports events, culminating in the annual Sugar Bowl football classic, a team of amateur boxers from Memphis, Tenn., lost to a team from New Orleans. The spotlight bout resulted in the complete rout of Steve Wilkerson, "Ole Miss" 160-pound champion, who recently was voted as the best of amateurs to perform before the American Legion convention held recently in New York. Bob Shaw of New Orleans, Southern A. A. U. middleweight titlist, had little trouble whipping the highly-touted Wilkerson.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

TORONTO has been holding the spotlight in Canadian ringdom with good shows every week, notching a weekly attendance average of 6,000 or so. Bantams and welters are the favorite performers headed by Baby Yack and Frankie Genovese, respectively, a colorful pair of hometown battlers who wear the Canadian crowns in their respective divisions.

Genovese scored a close verdict over Georgie Salvadore in a keen battle that proved he could come from behind to win. Julius Goldberg's protege was taking a little the worst of it in the heavy mixing early in the fight, but, displaying smart generalship, he switched to boxing his man, countering with effect, and held his own against Salvadore's slugging finish to eke out a victory over the battler who had beaten Sammy Luftspring, Genovese's home town rival, in the previous show.

Baby Yack scored handily over Mog Mason, Tommy Farr's Welsh protege, in the feature of a card that attracted 7,000 fans. Yack has battled his way to a high spot among the world's bantams. He will likely make his next title defense against Harry Gerson, rangy Montreal Hebrew, as, like Genovese, his six months' lease has expired.

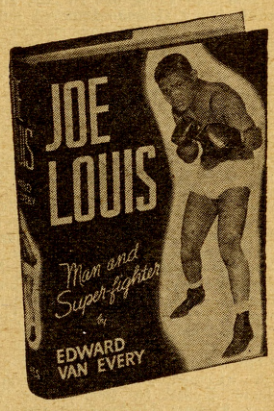
Mason kept in the limelight with Toronto fans by whipping Jimmy Chapman, an Edmonton boy now fighting around Vancouver, in six heats, the referee stopping the battle after Chapman had been saved three times in preceding rounds by the bell. A fair amateur a year ago, Chapman was far too inexperienced for a tough campaigner like Mason, who pasted him unmercifully whenever he caught up with him, and matches like these will hurt the fine build-up the game has been getting in the Queen City.

In one of the other two eight-rounders, Frankie Martin, Montreal's Canadian feather king, had a close call in a non-title bout with Jackie Callura, Hamilton. Callura gave Martin a trouncing in the first five stanzas, flooring him in the third, but the game champ came back strong to outscore Callura in the closing rounds and catch the eye of the judges. Chuck Woods, Detroit welter, lacked condition, but was too much for Gordon Wallace, fast fading Vancouverite, who looks to be through, in the other "eight."

In the last show staged there before going to press, Indian Quintana handed a clean-cut licking to Spider Armstrong, Toronto, in the ten-round feature of a card that also drew 7,000 fans. Mel Glionna, Toronto, won a split decision from Joey Brown, Syracuse, in a torrid six-round semi-final. Morris Bowmile, fast climbing young Toronto bantam, added another knockout victim to his growing list when he kayoed Jerry Labella, Boston, in four heats. Bowmile is another Julius Goldberg protege and promises to go places.

Oliver Shank, leading contender for the Canadian heavyweight title, is back in his adopted home, Montreal, after a strenuous campaign, during which he engaged in fifteen battles throughout most of last year in New York. With the experience gained from twenty pro fights now under his belt, the young Alberta walloper is just about ready to blast his way into prominence. He is likely to show his colorful, heavy hitting wares in Toronto, now that his badly infected finger is healing.

STRAY SHOTS—Harold "Babe" McLeod, popular Montreal lightweight, has quit the ring for the winter in order to concentrate on semi-pro hockey . . . . hockey keeps the Babe so busy and gives him such an appetite that he hardly has the time to train, with the result that he mounts up close to the welter limit during these winter months . . . . after March 1st the Babe will be all set to resume his unbeaten pro ring activities . . . . Al Shank, brother of Oliver, will be in Montreal by the time this is off the press . . . . Alcide will be joining his brother Oliver, whom he hasn't seen in nearly two years, and will seek action in the middleweight division . . . . if he is nearly as colorful as his heavyweight brother, they should be quite a "brother act" for promoters to show . . . . Jack Rogers of ye famed Slitkin & Slotkin cauliflower combine, had the boys groggy when he ups and gets married in the fading days of 1937 . . . . his partner, Lou Wyman, is in New York with Maxie Berger, Canuck lightweight king, and the Marsh brothers, Joe and Doug . . . . "Handsome Joey" Marciente is back in Brooklyn after a short campaign in Cuba . . . . this durable veteran keeps on going after scores of others who started in the ring long after him have quit or faded out.



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A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE past month will be remembered for the sensational middleweight contest that saw Fred Apostoli score a ninth round technical knockout victory over Freddie Steele in an overweight match in Madison Square Garden. It also saw the return of Max Schmeling to this country. Max scored an eight-round kayo over Harry Thomas of Chicago. Buddy Baer became an overnight threat in the heavyweight class by his scintillating knockout over Eddie Hogan in three rounds, while Tony Galento kept in the picture by his three round kayo over Charley Massera. Gunnar Barlund climbed back up the heavyweight ladder by easily whipping Alberto Lovell. Other highlights of the month were Glen Lee's sensational nine-round kayo over Harry Balsamo and Pancho Villa's over the weight victory over Harry Jeffra.

Max Schmeling leads the heavyweight group with his eight-round kayo over Harry Thomas. Nathan Mann kayoed Roy Williams in three, with Williams also going out in that round with Steve Dudas. Tony Galento knocked out Charley Massera in the third. Gunnar Barlund whipped Alberto Lovell. Buddy Baer kayoed Eddie Hogan in the third session. Red Burman stopped Pepe Gonzalez in the same round. Jack Trammell kayoed King Kong Mathews in one, whipped Lorenzo Pack, and drew with Jim Howell.

Chuck Crowell kayoed Frankie Simms in eight. Big Boy Bray whipped Eddie Simms and they also drew. Jack Roper kayoed Sonny Boy Walker in the eighth. Tony Shucco beat Natie Brown. Phil Brubaker kayoed Moose Irwin in three rounds. Bob Tow kayoed Ralph Carpenter in one.

Frankie Connolly knocked out Jack Petric in two. Itallo Colonello kayoed Eddie Gates in four. Buddy Knox stopped Oscar Hanson in one, and Al Reed in the same canto. Domingo Valin decisioned Jim McVey. Bud Mignault beat Henry Cooper. Freddie Fiducia beat Lem Franklin. Bob Olin stopped Tiger Hairston in two. Jack Musto won over Max Roesch.

John Henry Lewis engaged in an overweight match and whipped Johnny Risko. Al Gainor kayoed Jerry Reilly in two. Tiger Jack Fox knocked out Mickey McAvoy in the first. Jock McAvoy stopped Vasile Serbanesco in four. Eddie Wenstob beat Roby Leibbandt. Gus Lesnevich and Joey Parks drew. Ralph De John whipped Johnny Freeman. Fred Lenhart kayoed Oscar Rankins in the second. Young Herrera beat Pal Silvers.

Johnny Romero whipped Lloyd Marshall. Buddy Ryan kayoed Frank Donofrio in eight rounds. Adolf Witt stopped Primo Bassi in eight. Gustave Roth and Karel Sys drew. Ray Miller kayoed Billy Ketchell in the sixth and Tony Kapsock in four. Ray Matulewicz beat Joey Duca. Jack Gibbons beat Andy Miller. Tony Celli whipped Hobo Williams.

Middleweight honors go to Fred Apostoli by virtue of his nine-round technical knockout victory over Freddie Steele in an overweight match. Solly Krieger whipped Billy Conn and stopped George Black in three. Young Corbett won over Dick Fostor. Glen Lee kayoed Harry Balsamo in the ninth. Ben Brown kayoed Bill Williams in three. Alabama Kid stopped Charley Light in the fifth round. Gorilla Jones beat Bob Turner. Dale Sparr kayoed Johnny Bassanelli in six rounds. Kid Tunero drew with Adrien Aneet.

Eddie Pierce beat Stafford Barton. Fred Henneberry kayoed Max Raynor in seven. Ron Richards decisioned Tommy Jones. Paulie Walker defeated Chuck Woods and Dem Wakerlis. Ossie Stewart scored one-round kayoes over Frank Lo Bianco and George Boyce. Frankie Caris beat Roosevelt Rowe. Jimmy Clark defeated Dick Demeray. Emil Calcagni stopped Jose Souta in five.

Jack Carroll heads the welterweight procession with his victory over Dick Humphreys and Izzy Jannazzo. Ceferino Garcia disposed of Otto Blackwell in the second round. Kid Azteca defeated Saverio Turiello. Andre Jessurun whipped Vittorio Venturi and Frankie Cinque, while Venturi in turn scored over Frankie Blair. Tommy Bland scored over Fritzie Zivic, who in turn whipped Harold Brown. Bep Van Klaveren defeated Nestor Charlier. Kid Frattini kayoed Lorenzo Lovings in the third and beat Eddie Conley. Milt Aron stopped Lew Raymond in the sixth.

Wildcat O'Connor kayoed Vince De Angelo in nine and Edie McGeever in five rounds. Sammy Fuller won from Bobby Pacho. Ralph Zanelli defeated Andy Callahan. Cleto Locatelli beat Charles Pernot and Paul Rebel. Leon Zorrita whipped Al Manfredo. Frankie Genovese whipped George Salvatore. Baby Saban scored over Leonard Del Genio. Enrico Venturi decisioned George Zengaras and Billy Lee. Willie Eley defeated Billy Lancaster who also lost to Phil Furr.

Jack Burke knocked out Billy Dell in the fourth, and whipped Young Peter Jackson. George Salvatore beat Sammy Luftspring. Gene Buffalo kayoed Billy Reese in three. Kenny La Salle stopped Eddie Miles in the same session. Chuck Woods whipped Gordon Wallace. Midnight Bell beat Mike Payan. Wesley Ferrell beat Frankie Williams. Mickey Makar decisioned Frankie Britt. Willie Fool scored over Tony Falco.

Wesley Ramey tops the lightweights with his win over Pete Cara. Paul Junior whipped Indian Hurtado. Petey Sarron decisioned Ray Ingram.

Irving Eldridge stopped Lou Lombardi in the fourth round and also whipped Frankie Wallace. Red Guggino beat Bobby Britton. Yucatan Kid won from Norment Quarles who defeated Chino Alvarez. Quarles also lost to Midget Wolgast. Lew Feldman decisioned Howard Scott.

Ritchie Fontaine beat Tony Chavez. Mike Kaplan won from Eddie Zivic. Pete Lello beat Billy Marquardt and stopped Johnny Pena in one. Charley Gomer scored over Mickey Farber. Tippy Larkin whipped Lew Massey. Johnny Rohrig drew with Maxie Fisher and beat Nick Camarata who in turn defeated Vernon Cormier.

Orville Drouillard beat Kid Sila. Tommy Speigal kayoed Harry Krause in eight. Jimmy Walsh beat Albert Esser. Jimmy Vaughan whipped Phil Zwick. Ray Sharkey won over Lloyd Pine. Pat Foley defeated Victor Vallee. Lou Camps decisioned Joe Temes. Al Nettlow kayoed Larry Greb in the ninth round.

Henry Armstrong is tops among the featherweights. He kayoed Johnny Jones in two rounds. Ginger Foran stopped Jimmy English also in two rounds. Kid Chocolate stopped Johnny Mirabella in four. Spider Kelly beat Billy Charlton and kayoed George Williams in the first. Charlton won over Dick Corbett on a disqualification in five heats while Corbett whipped Johnny Cusick. Al Reid beat Jack Sharkey Jr. Pete Scalo beat Cristobal Jaramillo while the latter boxed a draw with Johnny Pena.

Pablo Dano kayoed Al Spina in the second. and whipped Spina in another engagement, and also scored over Bobby Leyvas. Young Casanova kayoed Baby Manuel in two. Johnny Hutchinson kayoed Vernon Cormier in two and whipped Kid Hallie. Jimmy Lancaster whipped Young Chappie and they also boxed a draw.

Fillo Echeverria beat Jimmy English. Bernie Friedkin kayoed Joe Marcienti in four. George Marsden stopped Jack Gubbins in one round. Joey Wach whipped Nickey Jerome and Tony Pagano.

Al Davis stopped Skippy Allen in the first. Petey Hayes won over Andre Sarilla. Dan McAllister defeated Arnold Legrond and kayoed Karl Beck in three. Cunning Neve beat Donnie Wals. Tony Dupre won from Lou Gevinson. Umio Gen drew with Billy Buxton. Benny Caplan won over Frank McCudden in England. Joe Mendiola kayoed Tony Manini in six sessions. Johnny Brown bested Pete De Grasse.

In the bantamweight division, Pancho Villa scored over Harry Jeffra in an overweight match, while the champion defeated Armanda Sicilia. Indian Quintana defeated Spider Armstrong. Johnny King beat Benny Sharkey. Aurel Toma scored over Jim Brady, and stopped Johnny McManus in nine. Jim Brady kayoed Dixie Kid in six. Al Brown kayoed Young Perez in five.

Little Dado kayoed Horace Mann in one, Tommy Cobb in six, and Tony Ramiriz in three. Mickey Miller beat Young Gildo, and Lew Farber. Len Hampston beat Jackie Brown. Jimmy McCusker disposed of Speedy Dado in the first session. Allie Brown whipped Tommy Forte while Tommy scored over Joe Maffei. Bobby Green drew with Tony Marcelline and kayoed Bobby Washington in three rounds. Mog Mason kayoed Jimmy Chapman in six rounds. Johnny Holt finished Young Chocolate in five rounds in England and won over Bobby Magee.

In the flyweight division, Benny Lynch, the champion, kayoed Georges Bataille in eight rounds. Bataille was beaten by Jim Warnock who also kayoed Mickey O'Neill in one round. O'Neill scored a win over Gaston Vendenbos. Jackie Jurich whipped Small Montana to win the American flyweight championship. Tut Whalley disposed of Pierre Louis in the eleventh round. Pat Palmer finished Eric Jones in two, Mickey Maguire in four and Tommy Pardoe in five rounds. Pardoe drew with Billy Nash. Jones was beaten by Frank Kid Bonser, who also kayoed Tommy Kid Scott in nine and Jimmy Webster in ten.

Tiny Bostock drew with Dick Lewis. Lewis held Dave Kellar even, who went to even terms with Peter Miller. Ernst Weiss whipped Cotti and drew with Poppi Decico. Syd Parker kayoed Alf Pass in five and won on a disqualification over Ken Barratt in nine. Johnny Durkin scored over Jake Carr. Tommy Stewart whipped Young Siki.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Luis Ferandez, France.
Bantamweight—Young McAvoy, England.
Featherweight—Tommy K.O. Brown, Tucson, Ariz.
Lightweight—Jackie Kid Martin, Charleston, W. Va.
Welterweight—Frankie Valeriano, San Pedro, Cal.
Middleweight—Tommy Hart, Los Angeles, Cal.
Light-heavyweight—Tommy Henderson, Scotland.
Heavyweight—Buff Mellinger, McKeesport, Pa.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending January 9:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Freddy Steele	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Fred Apostoli	Ceferino Garcia
2—Tommy Farr	Tiger Jack Fox	Al Hostak	Jack Carroll
3—Nathan Mann	Jock McAvoy	Solly Krieger	Gustave Eder
4—Tony Galento	Eddie Wenstob	Young Corbett	Kid Azteca
5—Gunnar Barlund	Ray Actis	Glen Lee	Saverio Turiello
6—Buddy Baer	Ralph De John	Ben Brown	Holman Williams
7—Jimmy Adamick	Gus Lesnevich	Carmelo Candel	Cocoa Kid
8—Lou Nova	Fred Lenhart	Teddy Yarosz	Jimmy Leto
9—Roscoe Toles	Melio Bettina	Lou Brouillard	Andrea Jessurun
10—Andre Lenglet	Young Herrera	Ken Overlin	Vittorio Venturi

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Henry Armstrong	World's Champion Harry Jeffra	World's Champion Benny Lynch
1—Pedro Montanez	Freddie Miller	Pancho Villa	Peter Kane
2—Davey Day	Leo Rodak	K. O. Morgan	Jackie Jurich
3—Wesley Ramey	Young Rightmire	Sixto Escobar	Tiny Bostock
4—Billy Beauhuld	Jackie Wilson	Lou Salica	Tut Whalley
5—Eddie Cool	Ginger Foran	Indian Quintana	Pierre Louis
6—Johnny Bellus	Kid Chocolate	George Pace	Small Montana
7—Paul Junior	Joey Archibald	Baby Yack	Jim Warnock
8—Petey Sarron	Dick Corbett	Johnny King	Valentin Anglemann
9—Irving Eldridge	Pete Scalzo	Tobe De La Rosa	Frank Kid Bonser
10—Red Guggino	Al Reid	Aurel Toma	Pat Palmer

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

THOUGH facts and figures are often somewhat dull and cold, they can be interesting and serve to arouse enthusiasm wherein the real boxing fan is concerned. As one we find much cheer in the report of the Massachusetts State Athletic Commission for the year 1937, which we recently secured. They show that boxing in Boston and the Bay State has at last hit the upward trend. While neither promoters nor clubs got particularly rich as the result of their efforts in 1937, all are better off than they were, even though their number remains somewhat negligible. Massachusetts can boast but two outstanding "pro" clubs today—the Goodwin A. C. of Boston and the Valley Arena of Holyoke, though due to the efforts of Sam Price and associates, the sport is creeping back at Fall River, with occasional spasms of activity at New Bedford, Lawrence, Lowell and other cities and towns.

During 1937, 32 "pro" boxing shows were staged in Massachusetts, with a total attendance of 196,666, and a gross take of $217,384.79, figures far in excess of those for 1936. In Boston, 34 shows drew 93,615 cash customers, and a gross of $72,140.50. The state's end in the form of taxes was $19,515.01, as compared to $13,204.04 a year ago. The largest "pro" gate in Boston was attracted by the Goodwin A. C. "Basket Fund" show, which drew 8,845 paying customers and a gross of $12,484. The second best for the year was the Goodwin A. C. offering at Mechanics Building, March 22, Sammy Fuller vs. Andy Callahan, which attracted 6,689 cash payers and a gross of $10,825.

Up state at Holyoke, Mass., during 1937, the Valley Arena staged 43 tourneys, drew 55,953 fans, and a total gross of $55,036.75—some real showing for a club seating hardly more than 3000. Turning to the amateurs, during 1937, 173 tourneys were recorded, with an attendance of more than 225,000 and gross receipts of more than $192,000. In Boston, 45 such offerings attracted more than 135,000 and a gross of more than $130,000. The largest "house" for the year in Boston turned out for the Golden Glove finals February 15, a total of 16,669 spectators, who paid a gross of $21,348. The All-America finals, December 13, drew 15,169 fans and a gross of $19,423. Both of these sterling attractions were under the executive direction of the Irish-American A. A., the outstanding amateur organization either in Boston, this state or New England. A portion of the success of the amateur end of the game can be credited to the officials back of the Boston Park Department, the various city gyms where boxing instruction is given, and several free outdoor shows between novice boxers from these seedling schools which attracted a total of more than 100,000 spectators.

So, though not a Bay State ringster received as much as a "rec" in the recent consensus tables, as set forth in THE RING, the annual ratings published in the February issue, we of Boston and the Bay State continue to live in hopes. The size-up of talent for 1938 may be more generous. The situation in this state, as illuminated by THE RING's tabulations, is decidedly in reverse of that which once existed in Boston and near-vicinity—a period when we had not one outstanding ringster, but a dozen or more. We well recall a time when, if on a show day a top bout fell through, say that morning, by 2 o'clock the same afternoon the matchmaker would have another card, and a real attraction, whipped together. And such performers, headliners, were largely drawn from the local ranks. Boston and near-vicinity seldom lacked for main bout talent of ability and drawing power—ringsters who were willing to go inside ropes on short notice and take a gamble. We admit with regret that conditions today are decidedly different. The corralling of ring talent in a few big stables, thereby making it possible for managers to become dictators, we regard as one of the causes which has brought about this situation.

Our reference in our notes in the February issue of THE RING to John L. Sullivan and his world's heavyweight championship claims, and those made for him, have brought us several letters not entirely complimentary as to contents. The point of titular doubt which we made has been further intensified by the death on December 22 of Jake Kilrain at a Quincy, Mass., hospital, the last of the heavyweight bare knuckle fighters of real note. The "Old Guard," as we choose to term these ancients of the ring, in his death after weeks of illness, has lost another grand old man—a game 'un up to the last hours of the final long count. He knew the toll was on him—listened to it without a whimper or word of complaint. Brave Kilrain—a hero in the stormy period of his athletic day, was 78 years old—had outlived Sullivan, his greatest rival, by about 19 years.

In connection with Kilrain's death and various articles concerning the same and his career, it has been charged us that in stating that a belt "emblematic of the world's heavyweight title" was a stake in the Sullivan-Kilrain mill at Richburg, Miss., in 1889, we admit that such a crown was actually involved. To the contrary, we have admitted nothing of the sort, though remain with an open mind—a Missourian. Though it is true, the Sullivan-Kilrain fight articles involved a championship belt, they failed to specify whose particular belt, even though this point may have been understood by those concerned. At the time the articles were drawn and signed, each principal possessed a so-called world's championship belt. Kilrain was the first to receive such. If precedence in the matter of these belts counted for anything, then Jake's trophy, which cost about $2,700, to John's $7,500, was the more impressive article. However, as both of these belts were gifts and not won inside of ropes—were paid for with money contributed by the admirers of the rivals, their managers and, very probably, by the principals—we continue in the dark and unable to see wherein the mention of a belt in the articles, whoever the same may have belonged to, made either the mill a world's heavyweight championship or the victor a world's heavyweight champion. If the mere presentation of a belt can make a champion, then both Sullivan and Kilrain were champions—an idea put forward in wrestling today, though not particularly impressively.

The cold facts, in brief, are these: Sullivan won the American heavyweight title under prize-ring rules and conditions and, though challenged, did not defend his title under the same rules and conditions, barring his draw with Charley Mitchell, from 1882 until 1889, a lapse of seven years. The Bostonian, aside from his numerous limited-round glove bouts, which were regarded as exhibitions—or would be so regarded today—did not defeat a single, lone foreign champion holding undisputed titular recognition in his home land, during his entire ten years of ring activity. Sullivan's sessions in this country with Goss, Greenfield, Mitchell and others were glove affairs—exhibition bouts, and were not regarded as involving John's title. Were Joe Louis, or any other present-day ring champion, to defend his title but once in seven years, they would be blasted out of the picture. Sullivan kept in the limelight because he had "it" and an abundant supply of professional honesty—qualities which have served to make Jack Dempsey a near-successor.

Dick Maloney of South Boston, younger brother of the once famous Jimmy, made his bid for the New England light-heavy title, now held by Lou Brouillard of Worcester, at the Boston Garden—a Goodwin A. C. offering. The scheduled distance was twelve rounds. It was not much of a bid. Though Maloney ruled a slight favorite prior to fight time, he came into the ring looking rather pale and a bit scared. Brouillard, down to 164, to Maloney's 172½ pounds, was in very good trim. Dick, after occasionally flashing in the earlier rounds, finally decided that he had bitten off more than he could chew, so went on to the defensive. He became a target for the aggressive Worcester southpaw. A right hook to jaw had Maloney down for nine just as the bell ended the tenth chapter. Here Jack Sharkey, a spectator, went to Lou's corner and asked him to go easy with the South Boston "hope." So, as Brouillard had the fight won, he merely toyed with Maloney through the eleventh and twelfth rounds, winning the decision by a big margin. The upset of the South Boston boy and his rather indifferent work came as a big surprise. The best fight on the card saw Dante Yanetti, 157½, Chelsea, defeat Johnny Smith, 152, Quincy, in six heats when the referee stopped the contest because of cuts opened alongside Smith's right eye.

At the Garden, another Goodwin A. C. show saw Tony Shucco, Medford, Mass., heavy, turn the tables on Natie Brown of New York, who had defeated him last summer at a Hub ball park. Shucco, in fine working trim, outboxed and outpunched Brown over the ten-round route and received the decision. The local man made a very good impression—fought better than he has for months. Negotiations are now on for Shucco to make a professional visit to England, where, we think, he would be well received, also make good. He is a clean, fine gentlemanly chap—a good boxer and puncher.

The Goodwin's card was one of four ten-rounders, including the Shucco-Brown affair. In the first ten, Mike Kaplan, 133½, of Roxbury, had no trouble in outpointing Eddie Zivic of Pittsburgh all the way. He won ten rounds out of ten, and put up a very classy performance. This boy has not met with a defeat in seventeen "pro" bouts since he quit the amateurs a few months ago. He will bear watching. In a second ten-rounder, Ralph Zannelli, 142, a rough, tough, two-handed swinger from Providence, R. I., pounded out a win over Andy Callahan, the Lawrence, Mass., southpaw warhorse. The win marked Zannelli's thirtieth since he left the "pures" about ten months ago. In a third melee, Sammy Fuller, veteran Chelsea welter, defeated Bobby Pacho, the Mexican, by carrying the battle to the latter faster than he could handle it. It was Fuller's second win over Pacho. Several years ago, when both were lightweights, Fuller nosed out a decision in the same ring where they fought their second battle. The tourney was the last "pro" event for 1937 in Boston.

The All-America amateur boxing championships, sponsored by the Irish-American A. A., were decided at Boston Garden, December 13, the event attracting more than 15,000 customers. Twenty-three bouts, between picked amateur champions from various sections of the country, were fought. The contests as a whole were very good—a number were outstanding. The winners, by classes follow: 112, Manuel Ortiz, Los Angeles; 118, Barry Gillette, Waukesha, Wis.; 126, Eddie Marcus, Los Angeles; 135, Gene Rankin, Superior, Wis.; 147, Bobby Mathias, Washington, D. C.; 160, Joseph Baynes, Brooklyn; 175, Henry Mobley, Los Angeles; heavy, Joe Lubin, Brooklyn.

The outstanding performers were Marcus, Baynes and Lubin, the work of the former—his general stance, ability and physical appearance—attracting the attention of veteran ring-goers. Baynes shaped up as a bad actor—can yet go places. Lubin, though game and willing, also a winner, takes too many punches. While several of the decisions were off, one against Richard Ford, Lawrence, Mass., 135-pounder, in the class final, was the worst. This finale with Gene Rankin, also Ford's winning battle with Frankie Lujan of Los Angeles in the semi-final, were sensational throughout. Ford was dropped by Rankin for a count of nine in their contest, but came back off the canvas to win the round. There was a roar when a split-decision was given against him.

At this writing, the annual state amateur championship tryouts—four in number—are on, with the finals to be boxed January 17. Another interesting futurity here—we should say futurities—will be the annual international tourney February 14; New England championships in March, and the A. A. U. senior championships in April. The international event will be between teams representing Ireland, Canada and the U. S. A. The Irish team, consisting of five picked All-Ireland amateurs, a trainer and manager, leaves Cobh, Ireland, January 31, and is due to arrive in Boston about five or six days later. All of these futurities should draw well. They mean much in the best interests of sport and boxing.

Turning to the kindred department of wrestling, Boston, this state and New England saw its first marathon event, a Charles F. Gordon production, at Boston Arena. There was about ten hours of continuous performance, amateurs and "pros" mingling in. All told, about thirty-five matches went onto the mat, with about 3,000 spectators sticking 'em out. In the wind-up feature, Seelie Samara, a colored husky—another world's heavyweight title claimant—defeated Ted Germaine, South Boston, in 18:01. The latter injured his back on the edge of the ring platform when he happened to be shunted through the ropes. He was unable to resume and was counted out. Samara, who talks a $1,500 side bet, has been challenging Everett Marshall, Steve Casey, Yvon Robert and Danno O'Mahony for several weeks. Eventually one of these worthies may "call" the dusky gladiator.

A controversy of months between O'Mahony and Yvon Robert was settled here, though seemingly not definitely, when the pair had their fifth clash, the Boston Garden the place of venue. The affair, a Paul Bowser offering, attracted about 8,000 spectators and was a fine match. Danno won the first fall in 15:11 with his famous "whip"—in reality a pull-in and shoulder heave. Robert took the second in 17:41, a double-head chancery over shoulder and body press. In the third round, while Referee Al Morelli was floundering about the canvas like a stranded seal from a wild blow to jaw, Danno downed Robert and topped him for what looked like a win. However, while the referee was collecting his wits, Robert rolled atop of the Irishman and held him long enough to get the slap of victory on his back.

On the same card, George "Dazzler" Clark of Scotland went to a thirty-minute draw with Vic Christie, the tall youth from the Pacific Coast, who has many of the makings of a real ringster, but who prefers wrestling. In another match, Chief Osley Saunooke, a Cherokee Indian giant, who happens to be a real "child of the forest" and not a phony, nearly finished off Art LeGrand, Canadian heavy, more or less for keeps. Saunooke, a chief in name only, is one of those who takes his mat contests very seriously. When he wrestles, he wrestlers. His best hold is an inside crotch, body lock, lift and slam. His slams are the real thing—no feet first, lay-me-in-the-cradle stuff. The Indian started to work on LeGrand from the handshake, and fed the Canadian six successive crashes. We are not exaggerating in stating that, had not the referee interfered, LeGrand would have been seriously injured—perhaps fatally. The assault lasted but 1 minute 18 seconds. LeGrand was carried from the ring a wreck. In other bouts of note, Steve Casey flopped "Slim" Zimbleman in 13:25, leg lock and body press; Ed Don George defeated Tom Hanley, 2:11.

Al McCoy got ample revenge on Andre Lenglet, the French heavyweight, who registered a two-round knockout over him about six weeks previously in Montreal. On this occasion, McCoy was in much better form and boxed carefully and at times brilliantly, so much so, that he had his opponent in bewilderment most of the way. It was generally conceded that McCoy had won at least seven of the ten rounds and the $10,000 attendance at the Boston Garden were elated at the reversal of form shown by McCoy.

Lenglet appeared too confident and acted as if he could stow his opponent away whenever he desired. In the meantime, McCoy kept pumping lefts and rights into face and body and when Lenglet really got started, it was too late to do anything about it.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

YOU can go back into the realms of ring history a long way before you can recall a more savage middleweight fight than that which was staged this past month in the hempen square of Madison Square Garden when Fred Apostoli added the name of Freddie Steele alongside of Marcel Thil's to his list of knocked out champions, the knockout occurring in the ninth round when Referee Arthur Donovan intervened to save Tacoma Freddie from a brutal beating that had already gone too far.

What had been panned by New York boxing writers as a fight bordering on mediocrity because of Freddie's reluctance to place his fistic diadem on the firing front, turned out to be a thrill-packed middleweight classic as the brown haired youngster from the Golden Gates of San Francisco reached a peak the writer doubts he will ever again be able to attain, to turn in the greatest individual performance seen in the Eighth Avenue Emporium of Swat in, you can safely say, the last fifteen years of leather hurricanes.

Burned to the core with a hatred that flamed into white heat, Apostoli threw every ounce of his 161½ pounds of pent-up fighting fury into a savage charge upon the figure of the champion, to deal out the most unmerciful licking these eyes have seen in many a moon, and register the first knockout over Steele in a career that covered more than a hundred calls to fistic combat.

But Steele wouldn't go down. Refused to be battered to the canvas as about 10,000 people who had paid $23,168.91, raised the roof in a thunderous plea for the referee to stop the inhuman spectacle of a helpless man who fought with his hands hanging limply to his sides, and legs punched rubbery.

The champion stood there and caught the volleys of red leather, lost in a rain of gloves, his heart as big as the inside of Madison Square Garden. We can't explain what kept Freddie Steele on his feet. All we know is that we were there—and we saw it.

Aside from the fourth round in which Steele kept circling and moving and sticking Apostoli with his left hand, the only other round which he won was the seventh in which Apostoli unintentionally let go with a low punch, a blow that doubled up Steele in pain, and which caused the referee to set a precedent by allowing the chisel-featured champion a respite that must have lasted for thirty seconds.

Apostoli left the ring after a display of jubilance that had him doing everything but handsprings. He insisted through his manager that he would claim the world's middleweight title. Steele suffered cuts under both eyes and a nose that streamed crimson.

In an eight round semi-final, Irving Eldridge scored a knockdown over Frankie Wallace in winning a decision. Johnny Rohrig whipped Nick Camarata in a close affair, the Jerseyite dropping Nickie in the fourth round for a no-count knockdown. Pete Lello made an auspicious debut by toppling over veteran Johnny Pena in the first round of a scheduled six-round affair. In fours, Izzy Redman whipped Frank Barnwell and Allie Stolz stopped Eddie Voccia in the third.

Max Schmeling made his first American start since the night he toppled Joe Louis into the resin dust when he clashed with Harry Thomas in Madison Square Garden in what was scheduled as a fifteen round bout. Displaying little of the punching power that startled the Brown Bomber, the Black Uhlan of the Rhine however carried enough guns to blast the Chicagoan to the canvas no less than seven times in the eighth round before the referee called a halt to the proceedings. It was a tough, hard fought battle for five rounds, with Thomas out in front on this writer's score card, although it was evident that Schmeling was gaiting himself along carefully and biding his time. When the German decided he was ready to step out, he did so with a vengeance, tossing hand grenades on the chin of Thomas until the referee called it an evening. The gross gate was $74,109.23 which was contributed by 16,125 spectators.

Jack Trammell whipped Lorenzo Pack in six rounds. In other sixes, Buddy Mignault defeated Henry Cooper, Freddie Fiducia scored over Lem Franklin, and Bob Tow kayoed Ralph Carpenter in the first round. Karl Johnson whipped Gene Bonin in four rounds.

A bigger and better Baer was discovered in young Buddy, brother of the former world's heavyweight champion Max, when the sky-scraping youngster punched promising Eddie Hogan into submission in the third round of their scheduled ten-round fracas.

After some stormy moments in the first two rounds that found Waterbury's entry into the heavyweight ranks punching from all angles in an effort to land a haymaker, Buddy deposited terrific right hand punches on the chin of Hogan, dropping him three times before the affair was stopped. There was $17,570.98 in the house, a little disappointing for a promising match, but undoubtedly due to the fact that only four days before that the Garden had housed the Schmeling versus Thomas fight. At that, it uncovered a potential threat for heavyweight honors in the younger Baer.

On the same card sharing top billing, Glen Lee proved his ranking in the middleweight class by scoring a nine-round technical knockout victory over Harry Balsamo, hard-punching New Yorker. Except for the first three rounds when Balsamo kept firing terrific punches in an attempt to bring down this new edition of Ace Hudkins, he was never in it. The fighting Lee kept up a persistent attack that varied from body to head and which had Balsamo well at bay, and cut Harry up so badly around the eyes that the Harlemite asked the referee to stop it.

In six rounds, Cristobal Jaramillo, Puerto Rican bangster, and Johnny Pena drew in a thrilling encounter, and Andre Jessurun outscored Vittorio Venturi. Tommy Tedesco outscored Irish Johnny Dube in the four-round curtain raiser.

Somewhat of an upset was recorded in the heavyweight class over at the Hippodrome when Gunnar Barlund of Finland, a decided underdog in the betting, came on after a very uncomfortable first round to win the decision over Alberto Lovell, in a ten-round skirmish.

Handicapped by a bad cut over his eye in the first thirty seconds of fighting, Barlund gamely carried on to force the fighting throughout, and aside from the fourth round which he lost when he accidentally fouled his Argentine opponent, and the eighth round when Lovell made a dying stand, the Gunnar was never headed. Barlund's incessant body attack was too much for Lovell. The Finn also registered a knockdown and won about as he pleased. The gross gate was $5,976.

In other bouts, Emil Calcagni impressed in his technical knockout victory over Jose Souta scored in the fifth round, and Johnny Pavlovich, punching in fine style with a left hook, deposited Mario Caroselli on the canvas four times in the first round before the Italian was counted out. Tommy Tucker and Stanley Hasrato drew in six slashing rounds, while Carl Dell whipped tough Frank Butler in another six. In the opener of four rounds, Dominick Scappature knocked out Tony Morelli in the second frame.

Tony Galento kept in the heavyweight picture by scoring a three-round knockout victory over Charley Massera in Orange, New Jersey. The armory was sold out. The affair drew an attendance that grossed $7,700 and the fans saw the Pittsburgher win the first two rounds in handy style before Galento's vicious left hook finished Massera in the next round. In the Windsor Palace, Enrico Venturi scored a ten round decision over Indian Billy Lee. Kid Frattini whipped Eddie Conley in eight rounds, and Italo Colonello scored a knockout victory over Eddie Gates in the fourth round. Al Reid won an eight-round decision over Jack Sharkey Jr. at the Broadway Arena while on the same card in a six-round semi-windup, Petey Hayes returned to the wars after an extended layoff to score in handy fashion over Andre Sarilla.

Bernie Friedkin went back to his winning ways at the Broadway Arena when he scored a four-round kayo over Joe Marcienti. Young Chappie and Jimmy Lancaster drew over the six-round route. Bernie Miller won easily over Johnny Alba in another sixer. Enrico Venturi and George Zengaras collided in a hard-fought eight-round bout at the New York Coliseum with the former getting the nod. Pete Koloff received the decision in the six-round semi-windup. The Rockland Palace featured Jack Trammell with King Kong Mathews in a bout that saw Trammell display powerful hitting prowess to kayo the King in the first round of their battle. Ossie Stewart kept round one in the spot-light by scoring in that frame over George Boyce.

In the Ridgewood Grove feature, Al Davis scored a one-round knockout over Skippy Allen. Willie Fool won in six rounds over Andy Miratella. Wesley Ramey won an easy eight-round verdict over Pete Cara at the Coliseum. Johnny Rinaldi knocked out Steve Padon in the fifth, while in another six-round event, Johnny Dube scored over Gene Gregory. Paulie Walker returned to the Windsor Palace to score easily over Chuck Woods in an eight-round feature. Baby De La Paz won on a technical knockout over Augie Arellano in the third round. A free for all ensued after this fight that required help from the police and special officers when the seconds of the fighters became involved over the fight's termination.

Baby Salvy Saban served notice on the welterweight crop that he was still to be reckoned with by the convincing fashion in which he scored over Leonard Del Genio in the main event of 10 rounds at the Hippodrome in a fight that attracted $5700 into the till. Saban showed his old time fighting spirit in this battle by a continuous pounding of the body, and although there was a time in the fifth round when he was stung badly with a volley of punches to the head, Del Genio failed to follow his advantage. Not wanting to detract anything from the Baby's fine triumph, Leonard claimed bad hands after the fight. Irving Eldridge scored a four-round technical knockout victory over Lou Lombardi when the latter failed to answer the bell for the fifth round. Charley Jackson whipped Danny Peal in a sixer after surviving two nine-second knockdowns in the first round. In another six-round affair, Augustine Gonzales whipped Frankie DeLillo. Nono Ceubas and Vincent Montana drew in a four-round slug-fest, and George Cooped kayoed Jimmy McCoy in two rounds.

Vittorio Venturi, another of the month's decided underdogs, whipped Frankie Blair in 10 rounds at the Hippodrome. Johnny Hutchinson scored three knockdowns in the second round before the referee decided that Vernon Cormier had had enough. Johnny Rinaldi out-slugged Sindulfo Diaz in a six-round fight, while in others, Sammy Santillo defeated Angelo Cali and Joe Boscarino whipped Sedgwick Harvey. Joe Bologna won from Johnny Iannone in a four-round opener. Joey Wach won an eight-round decision over Nickey Jerome at the Broadway Arena, while in a six, Jimmy Lancaster decisioned Young Chappie. Andre Jessurun scored over Frankie Cinque in an eight-round fight at the Coliseum. Johnny Mack won over Mike Piskin in the fifth round when the latter was disqualified for not trying. Mauri Waxman will edit *Bang* magazine with offices at the Hotel Markwell, 220 West 49th Street.

Petie Scalzo won a hard fought eight round decision over Cristobal Jaramillo at the Coliseum. In the six-round semi-final Alzek whipped Jimmy Murray. Phil Furr defeated Billy Lancaster at the Windsor Palace in eight rounds, the latter being a last minute substitute for Frankie Cavanna who weighed in but broke his arm in falling on the way to the fight. Jim Robinson, likely looking young heavyweight knocked out Paul Pross in two rounds when Pross, after being knocked down for a count in that frame refused to come out for the next round. The firm of Woodman and Lawrence have taken over the fistic affairs of Roscoe Toles, Detroit heavyweight. Angelo Pelange, who used to broadcast with Sam Taub for Adams Hats, can be heard on his radio broadcast over station WPEN in Philadelphia and is getting good reports on his work.

Charley Gomer won a close decision in eight rounds over Mickey Farber at the Broadway Arena in a fight that provided action all the way. Joey Wach whipped Tony Pagano in a semi-windup six-round bout. Ginger Foran dropped Jimmy English twice in the second round before the referee stopped them, at the Ridgewood Grove. Joe Boscarino *(Continued on page 61)*

UPS 'N' DOWNS IN MIAMI
By KEN FERGUSON

JACK BELL, sports editor of the Miami *Daily News*, staged a wow in matching Bobby Britton, son of the old champ, Jack Britton, against Carl (Red) Guggino, Tampa's perpetual motion lightweight, and pitting Tommy Speigal, Pennsylvania 135-pounder, against Yucatan Kid, Mexican Bee. The double wind-up featured the annual Empty Stocking Fund charity show and netted a handsome profit to all concerned. It was one of the best spectacles in the annals of Miami pugilism.

Britton and Guggino blistered the Coral Gables Coliseum ring for ten rounds with action which would have credited flyweights, and the lead seesawed back and forth during the ten rounds' duration. Ringside opinion differed concerning the winner, but Referee Eddie Coachman and Judge Danny Sullivan awarded the fight to Guggino, with Judge Tom Heeney voting for Bobby.

Yucatan Kid, commuting by Pan-American Clipper from Havana, worked hard to receive the decision over Tommy Speigal. Yucatan Kid's margin was a narrow one, and there's more than a remote possibility that both pairings will result in rematches.

Ken Lambert, Duluth, Minnesota, middleweight, lost a close fight to Hialeah's body-punching Percy Watson, who has compiled a lengthy victory string over Florida's best semi-final middleweights. Watson should be ready for some big time competition ere long if he continues his winning ways. Last month, he drew with Joey DeLupo, Boston Italian, and then knocked him out, kayoed Jimmy Lecroix, Jimmy Martin, and decisioned Abie Schneider.

Ralph Chong, Bill Gore's Chinese middleweight, has been using everything but his hatchet on these Florida fighters since arriving from the East. Chong drew with Stanley Hasrato, New York 165 pounder, in his initial start at West Palm Beach. He then administered a thorough shellacking to Roy Bailey, Miami's tattooed tough guy, in a ten-rounder at the Armory, following that one up by knocking out Petey Mike, in another West Palm Beach main event.

Ned Nelson, a promising kid from Philadelphia under Pete Leto's wing, whipped Carl Knowles in eight at West Palm Beach in a light-heavyweight brawl, and in a ten-round rematch the two went to a draw. Snag Trowbridge, lanky lightweight from West Palm Beach, decisioned Pete Tarpley in ten after Tarpley had stiffened Young Figuerado in four rounds.

Tony Celli, club fighter from Boston, outgunned big Bill Irby, Tulane University champ, to win by a knockout in a West Palm Beach main event.

Wishy Jones and Pedro Ortega were heaved from the ring in the ninth round of their bout at Coral Gables Coliseum. Wishy attempted to make a fight of it but Ortega was a turtle and Jones was given his money.

Ricardo Manzanillo, Mexican featherweight, handled by Miami's spaghetti merchant, Tony Florio, looked great in knocking out Young Hayden in one round with a right hand flush on the jaw. Manzanillo was immediately rewarded with a ten-round bout at the Armory where he decisioned Frank McKenna.

Johnny Connolly, manager of Billy Beauhuld, sensational St. Louis kid, ranked high in the lightweight lists, has been vacationing with his charge on the Florida beaches prior to resuming Beauhuld's active campaign. Connolly plans to leave for St. Louis shortly after the holidays.

Arthur Einstein, promoter at Miami Beach, will open his newly roofed "Rain Bowl" soon after the holidays. The Beach Arena, under Warren Murray last year, and without a roof, set some sort of an all time tough luck record with a score of successively rained out dates. Nevertheless it housed such sterling national attractions of great import as Johnny Belus versus Jimmy Leto, and Arthur Einstein promises to continue the high standard set by Murray.

Your correspondent would be pleased to hear from promoters in the West Indies, Central America, and South America desirous of securing top-notch American fighters for their arenas. Get in touch with the writer at address given below.

Ernest Johnson, 245-pound Negro sensation of West Palm Beach, lulled Big Ben, Pahokee heavyweight, into insensibility and was then handed a nifty boxing lesson by Young Joe Jeanette, Florida's Negro heavyweight champion.

Pat Wright, veteran fight pilot from Kentucky and Texas, arrived in Fort Lauderdale with a sizeable stable of topnotch Texas scrappers, among them Jack Rodriguez, 175 pounder, Charley Jerome, Memphis middleweight, and Louis Arriolla, lightweight. Pat is a hustling mentor who keeps his fighters busy.

Tony Celli T.K.O.'d Charley Jerome, Memphis light-heavy, in eight rounds of a scheduled ten-round match at West Palm Beach, and Jack Rodriquez, Texas 175 pounder, T.K.O.'d Carl Knowles on the same card.

Yucatan Kid startled Miami fandom and confounded the gambling gentry with a close decision over Norment Quarles, Dixie's quiet voiced collegian, in a ten-round top billing at the Armory. Quarles was down twice during the early rounds from sharp jolts to his head but recuperated nicely to take the lead in the later stages. A fast tenth round rally caught the judges' eyes and the Kid won his second successive match over nationally known 135-pound fighters, having trounced Tommy Speigal prior to meeting Quarles.

Ricardo Manzanillo knocked out Murray Turniak of Detroit in the sixth and Buddy Hayes decisioned Jackie (Kid) Page in an eight-round feature on the Quarles-Yucatan Kid card.

Eddie Kane, veteran fight manager from the West, writes us that he'd like to show his rugged welterweight, Jackie Burke, in the South. Burke has fought Barney Ross, Ceferino Garcia, Tony Raccaforte, Sammy Chivas, Al Manfredo, Glenn Lee, and Willard Brown. Southern promoters interested in using Burke can contact Eddie Kane at 2237 Lincoln Avenue, Ogden, Utah.

Jack Menges, ace promoter at West Palm Beach, has one of the finest weekly clubs in the nation with notables of all walks of life grouped around his ringside on Friday night fight dates. Faces glimpsed were Heinie Manush, Brooklyn outfielder, George Jessel and Norma Talmadge and other celebrities too numerous to mention. Menges presides as master of cermonies in dinner jacket and formal attire and an atmosphere of swank prevails.

Ralph Chong gave Jack Rodriquez of Texas a boxing lesson at West Palm Beach in a top ten after Rodriquez had stopped Carl Knowles. The colorful hatchet man knew too much for Rodriquez, a good fighter. Ned Nelson, Philadelphia light-heavy, was outgunned by rough, tough Tiger Long in a tame ten-rounder on the same card, but Herb Oldaker, hard punching Indiana welter, stole the show in outpunching classy Louis Arriolla of Texas in another ten. Both fighters were on their backs in this one and were rewarded with extra purse money for the best fight on the program.

Mike Jacobs, America's ace promoter, arrived in Miami New Year's Day with Lionel Levy, Stadium architect, to complete arrangements for a gigantic ice carnival at Miami's new Orange Bowl stadium late in February. Jacobs was also to confer with Damon Runyon and other Miami officials concerning a possible fight show featuring Ben Brown, Atlanta middleweight contender, and Freddy Steele in a title fight with Bobby Britton possibly pitted against Lew Ambers in a nontitle tilt. There's also a remote possibility of Max Baer meeting Jimmy Braddock or Tommy Farr on the same card.

Any fighters interested in a South Florida appearance who are without managerial affiliations might contact the writer at Box 448, Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida.

The writer has received numerous letters from all parts of the world, most of them without stamped, self-addressed envelopes, and it is impossible to reply to these friends unless the latter is included.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

THE new year has ushered in what is probably the greatest season ever for the local fistic fraternity. Both Houston and Dallas are doing extraordinarily well and several smaller clubs are operating successfully. There are probably more capable fighters in the state than we have seen in a long, long time, which, along with the present worthy promoters, is responsible for the sport's return to popular favor. A vote of thanks is also in order for the section's sports scribes and to Commissioner F. E. Nichols and his staff, whom we believe comprise the best boxing commission in the entire country. A spirit of cooperation, fair play and a large application of old-fashioned horse sense, from the commission, is, we believe, the assurance of continued prosperity for boxing and wrestling in Texas.

Tony Bruno, the state's outstanding fighter, has a serious threat to his supremacy in the person of Bill Raggio, transplanted New Orleans middleweight. Raggio was particularly brilliant in handing Dallas' Maxie Long an unmerciful and convincing beating. He followed that with a two-round K.O. of Joe Emory and a one-sided victory over tough Mike Montoya . . . . Bruno belted out Jimmy McFarland in eighteen seconds . . . . Kenny LaSalle settled his feud with Gallito Ramirez by scoring a technical knockout over the clever Mexican in seven . . . . Kenny also grabbed a T.K.O. over Eddie Miles . . . . Billy Deeg boxed two draws, one with Kenny LaSalle in which he appeared to have been the winner, and one against Johnny Durso, who seemed to have had quite an edge over Deeg.

Maxie Roesch, Dallas heavyweight hope, stopped Barney Brock in one . . . . Roesch is now being trained by the veteran Jimmy Finley and should improve immensely . . . . Pat Wright, likeable Irish mentor, is in Florida with a classy stable, headed by Louis Arriola, lightweight, and Charlie Jerome, middle . . . . Pat, by the way, was responsible for the year's best wisecrack . . . . The writer overheard him tell a certain fighter who was seeking Pat's services as a second that the charges would be "Ten dollars and ten per cent carrying charges—ten per cent for each time he had to be carried to the corner."

A new star on the fistic horizon is Billy Pereira, 120-pounder, who moved into main event competition with a sensational draw with hard-hitting Ralph Vitela. These two gamecocks traveled at top speed for the full ten rounds in one of the year's best battles . . . . Leo Sweeney, who has been cutting a wide swath among the lightweights, had the misfortune to wrench his knee in a bout with Young Ernest, just when it appeared Leo was a sure winner, causing his first loss as a pro . . . . Charlie Jerome spotted Jack Thompson fifteen pounds and punched out a clean win . . . . Jerome also took the measure of Jack Rodriquez . . . . Battling Sam Richards, veteran colored trainer, has a classy welter in Baby Jack Thomas . . . . Thomas flattened Henry Marshall, who trounced George Coffey. Coffey had previously decisioned Baby Jack . . . . Clarence Wilkins, promising Galveston light-heavy, was turned back by Jack Rodriquez in a great fight. Wilkins beat Joe Emory . . . . Fighters and managers wishing to show here can contact Houston's promoter, Hugh Benbow, at 214¼ Main Street, Houston, Texas . . . . a square deal is assured all.

Tony Musto, heavyweight protege of Bill Williams, seems headed places. Knockouts over Ed Cooper, Bob Sikes and Bob Michaels and a decision over Jack Thompson are his accomplishments so far, since coming here from Chicago. At the present writing, he is scheduled to box Max Roesch at Dallas and should furnish plenty fireworks, win, lose or draw . . . . George Salvadore and his manager, Jack Thurmond, were home for the holidays . . . . Jack has added Sammy Luftspring and Al Manriquez, welter and feather, respectively, to his stable . . . . Amateur tournaments being held over the state should increase interest in boxing as well as furnish new talent to the pro ranks . . . . Any Simon-pure wishing to try his hand in the pro ranks should contact the promoter in the town nearest his home . . . . Johnny Durso made a big hit in his debut here, getting a draw against Billy Deeg . . . . Johnny is a pleaser . . . . Joe Roybal, likeable New Mexico manager, was in town with some pleasing boys . . . . Tracy Cox and Midget Mexico (Brescia Garcia) drew . . . . Leo Sweeney added Jimmy Hearne and Carl Brady to his list of victims . . . . Sammy Musco, colorful feather, knocked out Neno Falzone in their return meeting . . . . Louis Arriola beat Young Ernest, Johnny Lindsey and Barney Lee . . . . The writer's address, Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

THE Savannah Speedway Association, which, incidentally, is the leading automobile racing association in the South, is contemplating staging high ranking boxing matches in the near future. Hal Wright, veteran impresario, who has promoted hundreds of bouts in his career, has been secured to act as matchmaker. Any manager or boxer desiring to come South will do well to write Hal a line. The address is Post Office Box 1396, Savannah, Ga.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?—Jack Ross of Augusta, Ga., has been wrestling for a long, long time . . . . To Ralph Chong: "Take a Number from One to Ten" . . . . At Jacksonville, Jackie Kid Page K.O.'ed Bobby Hunt in eight rounds. In the semi-windup, Augie Zabish put the skids to Johnny Torri in four cantos while Walter Harris scored over Ernie Wiggins in four . . . . Dewey Fragetta will soon send Paris Apice to this writer to handle, and anyone wishing his services can write to me at Post Office Box 1396, Savannah, Ga. . . . . My friend, Jimmy Amann, who writes for The Ring, is making quite a name for himself in rating the wrestlers . . . . Al Davenport, who is now in the South, is gunning for the best welterweights around these parts . . . . Again at Jacksonville, Jim Bowden, who is the best middleweight that Jacksonville has ever produced, made a successful comeback when he flattened Pete Nichols in three sessions . . . . In the semi-final, Young Carl Sivers stowed away Harry Kid Stokes in five rounds. Harry Kersey T.K.O.'ed Augie Zabish on the same card in six, while Bobby Hunt won over Joe Robey in the curtain opener.

Tom Sharkey, who holds such titles as the 5th Naval District championship, the middleweight title of the state of Virginia, the Navy East Coast championship, the middleweight diadem of the U.S.S. *Arkansas*, has returned to his base after a short vacation at Jacksonville.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

THE boxing industry went into a state of lethargy, the holiday period being responsible for this lull. Our Marigold Gardens Arena, despite this foreseen span, presented its weekly programs. Pete Lello, highly touted Gary, Ind., battler, trounced Billy Marquart, Winnipeg, Canada, slugger, at this arena. This was a ten-rounder.

On the Steele-Apostoli non-title middleweight card held at Madison Square Garden, New York, Lello kayoed the once formidable Johnny Pena, Portuguese pummeler, in the first round of their scheduled six-round tiff. This was a startling upset in view of the fact that Pena was going "great guns" of late. Thus, Lello has advanced a step nearer the top bracket of the lightweight division.

Al Nettlow, promising C.Y.O. lightweight artist, proved beyond any doubt his superiority over Larry Greb from Milwaukee, ending festivities in the ninth canto after having floored his adversary for counts in the sixth and eighth rounds.

Harold Brown, Danny Spunt's leading protege and welter contender, completed the year of 1937 with a record of nine victories and no blemishes whatsoever. He scored over Frankie Sagilio, slugging Italian from the West Side; Al Manfredo, clever Coast boxer, who offered world's welterweight champion Barney Ross plenty of opposition during the past year; Gaston Lecadre, tough veteran from France; Georgie Salvadore, rugged Texan of promise; Chester Rudy, a young stalwart from the Pacific Coast; Johnny Barbara, coming sensation from South Bend; and met and defeated in New York, Vincent Pimpinella and Ray Napolitano from that sector.

The other potentialities of Spunt's stable are: Frankie Agnes and Georgie White, welters; Sherman Edwards and Warren Pumphrey, colored middle and heavy, respectively, and Eddie Shipiro, featherweight, who has won his three pro engagements.

Milt Aron, West Side Jewish welter puncher, disposed of Lew Raymond, Baltimore, Maryland, in the sixth stanza of a ten-round skirmish. Raymond wasn't any match for Aron, as it was obvious from the outset that the match wouldn't go the scheduled distance. Harvey Woods, lanky lightie from St. Paul, Minn., continued his winning stride at the expense of Mike Battalino, subduing the Mexican in the fourth marker. Willie Joyce, Izzi Kline's latest acquisition, triumphed over the sturdy Sammy Scully and beat the fleet-footed Gene Spencer, wiping out a draw verdict with the former in a previous lightweight encounter.

Harry Thomas, Illinois heavyweight champion, traveled almost eight rounds before the former world's heavyweight champion, Max Schmeling, larruped the "Battering Ram" into submission of a fifteen-round embroglio in New York.

Tony Musto, Chicago 185-pounder, managed by Billy Williams, is barnstorming in Texas rings with success, kayoing Ray Blanchard in two minutes of the first round at Houston, chilled Bobby Michaels in round two, Bob Sykes in three, and thumped Jack Thompson for ten rounds. Over at Dallas, Musto trimmed Max Roesch, who has an enviable record.

Tony Zale, Gary, Ind., pile-driver, repeated his win over Nate Bolden, colored 1937 Golden Gloves runner-up in the 160-pound division, by the narrowest of margins. This bout was staged at the Marigold Gardens Arena, under Co-Promoters Irving Schoenwald and Jack Begun, with Benny Ray at the matchmaking helm. In the other half of the wind-up, Verne Patterson, 1937 Golden Gloves welter champion, decisively defeated Remo Fernandez of Mexico.

On the same card, two heavyweights who formerly were luminaries in the amateur circle, Tom Kenneally, former C.Y.O. champion, and Alex Kettles, South Bend, Ind., a previous I.A.C. throne holder, chalked up stunning kayos over Mike Flarity and Arden Carder of Cincinnati, as named, in the first heat. Incidentally, the aforementioned Verne Patterson battled to a scorching victory over Tony Petroskey, Muskegon, Mich.

The Rainbo Fronton has opened its doors to boxing again, under the promotional and matchmaking guidance of Chuck Logan, well-known fistic arbiter. The seating capacity of this arena amounts to an approximate 5,200, and with ideal combats, will inevitably surmount to this total. Their offices are located at the new Manhattan Gymnasium, 2418 W. North Avenue, and at the arena, Clark and Lawrence Avenues. In the inaugural presentation, before a throng of some 2,500 assembled fight fans, Fritzie Zivic of Pittsburgh gained a close verdict over Harold Brown in a welter bout of ten stanzas.

In the semi-windup, Jimmy Clark, United States Olympic champion in 1936, hailing from Jamestown, New York, won a torrid bout from stout-hearted Bob La Monte. La Monte withstood and assimilated every punch that Clark meted out. In another contest, involving Frankie Agnes and Johnny Helstrom, the latter eked out a mastery in a "rubber" set, two out of three series. This fistic-counter was a sixer. Bob La Monte also fought the fast-stepping Chester Rudy in a main event, held at the Covenant Club, losing one of those "one-way-or-the-other" decisions.

FROM TRAFTON'S TO MANHATTAN—Charley Ferver, right-hand man of Davey Miller, received Christmas greetings from Lew Farber, who is at present campaigning in New Zealand. Chuck Logan, perennial promoter of the Fronton, has opened the doors of the Manhattan Gymnasium, the address aforementioned. This swat emporium is equipped with the latest in athletic facilities. Besides having the usual accessories, such as a ring, punching bag stands, pulleys, sandbags and shower, there is also included a bicycle, rowing machine and an ultra-violet ray therapeutic lamp. "Ask Sammy Yarnas in regard to the strength of this ray," an affirmative reply, "to be sure." Logan is aiding the boxers' training expense with a mere two dollar bill as a fee per month.

Bill Jensen, fistic manager of Chester Rudy, has headed for the West Coast with his charge. Good luck, and a pleasant trip. Bob Capocy, genial mogul, contemplates a tour of New York, accompanied by his ace belter, Bob La Monte. Upon his return, he intends to escort back to the Windy City, Tony Nigra, a lightweight, and Don Savino, a classy 147-pounder, both exceptional club fighters. Jimmy Christopher is readying his nifty 138-pound flash, Phil Saeli, for local matches. Saeli has just recuperated from a nasal injury, sustained some time ago. Young Jack Blackburn, Chicago's leading light-heavy, injured his right duke. Particulars unknown. Pete Lello, Izzy Kline's lightweight color-bearer, thrives on activity, whereupon Kline is non-hesitant in booking top-notchers in his protege's class for immediate contests.

Another pugilist to check off the injured list is Billy Marquart, Canadian scrapper, whose wounds in his losing joust with Pete Lello have completely healed. Jimmy Clark, who appeared on the opening Rainbo Fronton card, is the colored demon who played havoc with amateurs in 1936. As a pro, he has met with great success, and can be considered a future middleweight contender. He possesses a win over the ranking Easterner, Ralph De John. Over at Trafton's swatorium, gloves, punching and sandbags, skip ropes and the thudding of the gladiators' hoofs were prevalent as many of the pro athletes were prepping for oncoming engagements. A general turmoil that was sadly lacking for a long period of time. George Trafton is now able to smile naturally. I don't blame him at all. The Marigold Gardens Arena has had weekly contests for another calendar year, providing fight-goers with fifty-two shows in all. Congratulations to Irving Schoenwald, Jack Begun and Benny Ray, and a salutation to Dick Axman, publicity agent. Don't forget to have all boxing news of interest in the hands of yours truly not later than the first of the month. Address: 5340 Winthrop Ave.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

ALTHOUGH Buddy Knox, Dayton and Johnny Risko, Cleveland heavyweights drew the attention of the boxing world in this locality, Risko by his thrilling comeback tilt against John Henry Lewis, and Knox's steady victories over the lesser light Buckeye stars, the real spotlight is focused on the inability of Alabama Kid to garner matches with the leading middleweights of the world.

The Bam's winner over Gorilla Jones at Springfield, Ohio, has drawn down the "not wanted" sign on the part of all of the topnotch middleweights insofar as the Columbus negro is concerned.

In part, Manager Less Huffman of the Bama boy, writes "there has been much ink spilt on the part of sports writers, etc. on the fact that I fight Alabama against light heavies and heavyweights. Well, who else are we going to fight? Promoters in the various states have offered Dale Sparr, Fred Apostoli, Young Stuhley, George Black, Jack Gibbons, Hostak, Conn, Ken Overlin and Teddy Yarosz top notch money to fight Alabama. All have been contacted, but still the deaf ear."

Wendall Bubp the Portland (Ind.) Pulverizer added another "name" to his fast growing knockout list. At Ft. Wayne, Ind. on December 2, Bubp tagged Pee Wee Jarrell, one time clown in the fifth round. In the prelims, Franky Kilburn, Waterloo, Iowa beat Kid Carsonia of Indianapolis in eight rounds. Johnny Denson won over Pete LaCrosse in 6; Sammy Dixie whipped Johnny McCoy in six sessions and Ike Gaunt took the tip from John Littlewaters in another sixer.

There is now a bill up before the State of Ohio, whereby should same pass as a law, Ohio will be governed by a state athletic commission, Where the bill has its fine points, insofar as to only permit the best for boxing interests, the financial end of the bill would be too far to surpass to show a profit to the promoter, which therefore would lessen interest by lack of shows. One thing the law would eliminate is favoritism, now much in play in many city commissions around the state.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS . . . . Herman Katz, Cincinnati promoter cards me from Los Angeles, he will soon be back in this territory again . . . which means a revival of boxing in the Queen City . . . . Jimmy Harris, former featherweight star around these parts is vice-president of the local 382 auto workers union . . . . the writer has a self-valued letter from the late Gus Hill, Broadway producer received shortly before Hill's death . . . . contents of this letter relate Hill's many experiences while he was handling the tours of such well known yesteryear greats as Yusoff the wrestler, Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan . . . . a couple of words for Dr. Leonard Karascaki, Cincinnati eye specialist . . . . the doc is fast becoming known as an expert for the treatment of the treacherous eye disease, familiar to athletes and known commonly as trachoma . . . . Fred Batsche the rotund veteran from Cincinnati is back in circulation after a siege of illness for over a month . . . . we are all glad to see Fred on the go again . . . . Batsche spells energy . . . . in the role of Santa Claus, Joe Altman, another Cinci fight mentor, played the part in major style during a recent holiday party for the kiddies . . . . Bob Glazier, Grand Rapids pilot is anxious to compare his lightweight ace, Jackie Glazier with the best down around the Mason Dixon line . . . . Oakie Vaughn, Virginia also wants to show his star, Red Lewis, a 180 pounder around here . . . . this writer would like to hear from every manager in the game who is interested in real advertising, beneficial to their stable of fighters . . . . I'll send you the information if you drop me a line at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . this also goes for any information, managers might want around here . . . . independent boxers take note . . . . the 1938 Boxing Promoters Guide which I have arranged is now ready . . . . you can secure same by inserting fifty cents in cash and a self stamped envelope to Jimmy Amann at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . Charlie Graves of Columbus has Kid Chocolate the flashy Capital City negro lightie going now and the candy named kid will be heard from . . . . if Alabama Kid wants to fight in Denver, it'll be against Cowboy Franky Edgren the heavyweight . . . . all of the middles are ducking Less Huffman's topper.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

THE postponed Juan Herrera—Pal Silvers bout came off at last. The Jewish-American tipped the scale at 180 lbs. and Herrera at 174½ lbs. This bout was not as thrilling as many we have seen here, for it was clear from the early stages that Pal Silvers had decided on a defensive plan of battle, thus Herrera had little or no chance of landing many damaging blows with the hope of stopping his man, and had to be content with the decision.

The veteran Freddy Cooke came in as a last minute substitute for Jack Bembridge against Arnaldo Cuevas. Cooke was awarded the decision after six bustling rounds.

Kid Hartley, after stopping the winning streak of Baby Walcott, took on Pal Silver, a much experienced lad with a 10 lb. weight advantage and earned the referee's decision. Tiger Hamilton won from Dida Brown. Young Sanchez defeated Speedy Beckett.

John Hill, heavyweight champion of the Netherlands West Indies, was introduced in the ring at the Gardens as Herrera's next opponent.

In England, Kid Silver, former welterweight champion of Jamaica, was knocked out in two rounds by Alby Day. Young Williams was knocked out in seven rounds by John Anderson, and Young Chocolate was K.O.'d in five rounds by Johnny Holt, South African bantam champ.

Buzz Barton, our middleweight ace, won on a foul in the second round from Eddie Pierce, the Cruiserweight champion of South Africa, and contender for the British Empire Crown, Pierce is highly mentioned in the January RING under the caption of "New Faces" as a worthy champion and a man of marked ability. Before the fight those popular American stage artists, the Mills Brothers, hummed songs to Buzz in his dressing room to keep him in fine fettle.

We are greatly interested in the steady climb of our Buzz to ever higher rungs of the ladder of fistic fame.

Barney Ross, world's welterweight champion and his wife passed through Jamaica. It is regretted that his stay here was so short that fans had not the privilege of welcoming him.

You don't have to worry any more not being able to get THE RING Magazine. You can have your copy by sending a card to Jack Saunders, P.O. 251, Kingston.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THE following are the results of the best amateur bouts that took place during the past month in Rochester:

Hughie Smith, 143, Rochester, won decision over Red Johnson, Jamestown, five rounds; Eddie Smith, 126, Rochester, won decision over Jimmy Evans, Auburn, five rounds; Carl Erne, 135, Rochester, scored technical knockout over Ken Pixley, Batavia, in fourth round; Chuck Nareski, 180, Fulton, won decision over Joe Mack, Rochester, five rounds; George Haysis, 160, Charlotte, scored technical knockout over Guy Courage, Hobart, in fourth round; Don Plano, 120, Avon, won decision over Jimmy Reina, Rochester, three rounds; Bob Erne, 150, Rochester, won decision over Chiselchin Stewart, Rochester, three rounds.

Tilly Bellucci, 152, Rochester, defeated Johnny Junda, Erie, Pa., five rounds; Ossie Sussman, 122, Rochester, knocked out Pete Wojecki, Erie, in fourth round; Willie Hull, 145, Erie, defeated Tony Palozzi, Rochester, five rounds; Chuck Quick, 165, Erie, defeated Roy Smith, Rochester, five rounds;

Carl Erne, 132, Rochester, knocked out Pete Wornecki, Erie, in second round; Al Zill, 190, Batavia, won technical knockout over Joe Mack in second round; Tony Di Carlo, 156, Rochester, defeated George Hoysic, Charlotte, three rounds.

Ossie Sussman, 126, Rochester, won decision over Sam De Recco, Cleveland, five rounds; Bill Muldoon, 175, Cleveland, won decision over Sammy Leta, Rochester, five rounds; Jimmy Reeves, 160, Cleveland, won over Jim Dennis, Binghamton, five rounds; Nelson Hawkens, 147, Cleveland, won decision over Stan Nabby, Binghamton, five rounds; Pete Husser, 153, Rochester, knocked out Johnny Barnatone, East Rochester, in third round; Charlie Ketchuk, 170, Binghamton, won decision over Ray Smith, Rochester, five rounds; Tony Di Carlo, 152, Rochester, scored technical knockout over Johnny Lippa, Rochester, in second round.

Hughie Smith, 140, Rochester, won decision over Joe Denise, Charlotte, five rounds; Earl Patterson, 140, Buffalo, scored a technical knockout over Sammy Goritz, Rochester, in fifth round; Welby Barnes, 135, Buffalo, won decision over Kid Snookie, East Rochester, five rounds; Roy Dougherty, 145, Buffalo, won decision over Tony Gilotti, Rochester; Carl Erne, 130 Rochester, won decision over Chuck Heaning, Buffalo, five rounds; Stan Felong, 122, Rochester, won decision over Jimmy Reena, Rochester, three rounds; Bob Erne, 145, Rochester, knocked out Billy Sablowski, Rochester, in second round.

Bill Cox, former Pennsylvania State track star, has been appointed A.A.U. Commissioner in Rochester and Monroe County. Bill said there will not be any more bootleg boxing in Rochester and that he will not permit pro boxers to show at any of the so-called amateur shows.

MAIL BAG—Johnny Aicher, Sharpsville, Pa.: Rochester is running weekly amateur bouts and will book you when you are ready to fight . . . . Al Decaire, Montreal, Canada: Will use your amateurs in the near future . . . . George Brown, Bethlehem, Pa.: I received your card and am sure I can help you keep in shape . . . . C. Graves, Akron, O.: We are expecting to use your boys this month . . . . Henry Routh, Farrell, Pa.: Send in your list. I would like to show your boys in Rochester . . . . Don Ritz: Keep in shape; you'll hear from me soon.

If I didn't answer your mail personally, the reason is that you didn't send a self-addressed and stamped envelope. My address is 181 N. Union Street, Rochester, N. Y. If you want to read your notes in this column, send them in before the first of each month. Or if you want to know any answers about boxing, I will answer them in this column or personally if you send self-addressed and stamped envelope.

If you want to know what goes on in the boxing world, don't forget to read THE RING Magazine. Your copy of the magazine may be purchased at Clinton and Main Streets on the first of each month.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

OFFERING hardly any opposition to make it look like a fight, Casper La Rosa, New York, was decisively outscored by Rudy Marshall, Stamford ringster, in a ten-round feature bout at Columbus Hall, Stamford, Conn.

Eddie Conley, Danbury warrior, found Benny Schwartz, from New York, not too troublesome to win a point triumph in an eight-round semi-final.

Tin Can Romanelli, Stamford mittster, emerged victorious over Paul Andrews of Albany by a knockout in the first after two minutes of fighting.

For four rounds the fans were treated to a slashing fight when Wild Bill Freeman, Danbury leather swinger, and Frankie Young of New York met in the squared circle, in which Young won the decision.

Enrico Freeman and Tommy Grady, Springfield, put on a four-round slugging bout that ended in a draw.

Fresh from his victory over Bob Pastor, Nathan Mann, Connecticut heavyweight, journeyed to the New Haven Arena where he displayed some of his hitting powers before five thousand boxing spectators by stowing Tiger Boy Williams, Chicago battler, away in the third canto of what was to have been a ten-round star bout. Mann knocked Williams down for a count of nine in the second round. Once more Williams was floored in the third round but he arose staggering on his feet and Mann followed up with a volley of blows to jaw and body and Williams crumpled to the canvas.

In the eight-round semi-final, George Fitch, New Haven, triumphed via the technical kayo route over Eddie Coderre from Rhode Island in the second round after Fitch battered Coderre away with both fists.

Frankie Young of New Haven gained a win from Joe Washnick, Thompsonville, in a technical knockout in the third round of a four-round bout. Gene Gregory won a three-round technical victory over Johnny Compo when Compo received a bad cut over the eye. A three-round technical knockout win was scored by Johnny Lasinski, Meriden belter, over Cilco Kid of Bridgeport.

Another ring triumph Julie Kogan, New Haven boxer, pounded out when he kayoed Blondy Russell of Massachusetts in the first round.

FISTICUFF TOPICS—Charley Eagle Waterbury's hard hitting heavyweight, socked too hard for Mickey Benson to win a technical kayo in the first round of a scheduled six-round bout—then met James J. Johnson at Rockland Palace and was held to a draw in an eight-round bout—Having fought for more than twelve years in the fistic industry and who has met some of the leading ringsters throughout the country, Mickey (Mouse) Genaro, Waterbury lightweight, announced that he has retired from the socking game permanently—Joe Vignali, a club fighter of Waterbury, finds it hard to make up his mind one way or the other; either to enlist in the United States Navy or take up fighting again.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

THE New Year promises to be a bright one for professional boxing clubs upstate. Syracuse will be operating with boxing alternating with wrestling, by the time this pillar is published. Albany has resumed weekly boxing at Odd Fellows Hall, with Ray Ovies at the matchmaking helm. Binghamton has a newly licensed club, the Parlor City A. C., owned by George Pottinger, veteran Elmira promoter. Utica and Rochester plan shows, and an attempt will be made to switch the Olympic Boxing Club franchise to Watertown for at least one card.

With two more impressive victories under his belt, Ralph De John, Syracuse's best middleweight prospect, is now looking for new worlds to conquer. Ralph spotted Johnny Freeman, tough Salmanaca trial horse ten pounds, and beat him easily in a hard fought six-round bout at Buffalo. De John also defeated Charlie Loughran of Philadelphia, brother of the more famous former light-heavyweight monarch, Tommy, in a six at Scranton.

Hans Havileck, the Austrian heavyweight importation now managed by Gabe Genovese, is back in good fighting condition and anxious to get just one more crack at the Swede, Gunnar Barlund, who fractured one of Hans' ribs in a New York bout.

Gabe is overjoyed at the current reign of success being enjoyed by his welterweight star, Baby Salvy Saban, in New York rings. The Baby defeated Leonard Del Genio in a gruelling ten-rounder at the Hipp and was to go back in with Milt Aaron of Chi, but both suffered injuries which forced a postponement of their match. Saban hurt his nose in training, while Aaron sprained his hand.

LEFT-HOOKS—Joey Brown dropped the duke to Mel Glionna, at Toronto, but floored Mel and placed cuts over both the Canuck's eyes . . . . They were fighting a repeat number when we were busy punching this out . . . . We received a washed silk necktie from D. W. Chester of 133 Benhill Road, Sutton, Surrey, England, a steady RING reader, along with a nice letter simply because we sent him a requested autographed photo of Babe Risko . . . . Thanks again, D. W. . . . . Harvey Sherman, veteran fight fan, hasn't missed a fight or wrestling show in Syracuse in 30 years . . . . Harvey is a barber and has shaved Mike Gibbons, Jack Dempsey, Jack Sharkey and many other top notch ringsters and champions . . . . Tony Canzoneri may have had Beezy Thomas as his lucky charm, but Bert Courage can go Canzy one better with Kid Polo, who has carried the Hobart heavyweight star's gloves ever since he started fighting . . . . And Bert has won 40 of his 46 starts by knockouts . . . . In his last outing here, at Irv Robbins' amateur club, Courage defeated Bernie Smith of New York in a fast battle that drew 3,000 fans . . . . Three nights previously at Fulton, N. Y., Courage pulled a capacity crowd to see him knock out Joe Borrell in two . . . .

Al Stern, owner of one Binghamton fight license which had expired, is up in arms because the Commission granted George Pottinger a franchise in Al's home town . . . . D. Walker Wear of the Commission made a flying visit here to look into the local fistic situation . . . . He predicted a successful season when told of the match we had in mind . . . . George Courtney, the one-time Oklahoma cowboy middleweight sensation, now lives in Syracuse with his mother and brother, Bud, who is attending Syracuse University . . . . George fills in his spare time by watching boxers train and judging the amateur fights which are held here every Friday night at the Arena.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

SYD HULL'S show at the Harringay Arena did not attract a big crowd although the fare looked the goods on paper.

In the chief bout Maurice Strickland, of New Zealand, and Al Delaney, of Canada, met over 10 rounds which was described as an eliminating bout, to find an opponent for Tommy Farr.

After a tame bout, Referee C. B. Thomas, gave Strickland the verdict for his correct boxing.

Eddie Wenstob, of Canada, outpointed Roby Leibrandt, of South Africa. Both fought strenuously for eight rounds before the decision was given to Wenstob.

Jimmy Vaughan, weighing 133 lbs., surprised Phil Zwick, of U. S. A., weighing 130 lbs., in their eight-round bout. Vaughan fought strongly and punched too hard for the experienced American, who fought gamely to lose on points.

Jack London, of West Hartlepool, K.O.'d Manuel Abrew, of Edinburgh, in the 6th of an eight-round bout that was full of thrills. London put in some heavy swings which put the colored Scot down for several counts and one in the 6th spelled finish to a good bout.

Sammy Shaw, of Maplethorpe, and Harry Silver, of Clapton, battled away the whole of each round and at the end of four rounds, when everyone expected a draw, the referee spoiled everything by giving the decision to Shaw, a decision which was not well received.

George James, of Wales, K.O.'d Ron Linley in the 1st round, and Jimmy Britt, of South Africa, accounted for George Cornwall, of Yarmouth in the 2nd, when the referee intervened in his favor.

Len Beynon, of Swansea, got sweet revenge, for the three-round K.O. that he received at the hands of the Cuban, Boy Finnigan, in their last contest. Although this time the bout lasted into the ninth, at Swansea, the Cuban lad took terrific punishment, that the referee intervened to save him unnecessary punishment.

Jock McAvoy, Middles and Cruiser Champion of Great Britain, had a workout at the expense of Alban Mulrooney of Macclesfield, who was toyed with for three rounds, until the referee stopped the farce, of a scheduled 10-round bout at Hanley.

Two big bouts, two disqualifications, first Jackie Brown, of Manchester was disqualified for not breaking when told by the referee in the 13th of a 15-round bout, for the Bantamweight Championship of the Northern Area against Len Hampston, of Batley, at Bradford.

Most critics, agree that Brown was well out in front and only a K.O. could have lost him the contest. The crowd of 5,000 was treated to a sensational scene, when, at the beginning of the 13th, Brown ran into a right swing which staggered him, and his eyes rolled, as he clutched Hampston, the referee called Brown to break, and after parting them, sent Brown to his corner.

In Dick Corbett's case, he was ruled out for going down without a blow being struck, in the 5th of a 10-round bout against Billy Charlton of Gateshead.

Corbett had been put down for eight, and in the fifth. On rising, Charlton rushed towards him and Corbett went down on one knee. He rose and went down for four once more. As he was in the act of rising, another rush by Charlton, and Corbett again went to the canvas. The referee disqualified him, and there was a mild demonstration against the referee.

Ernie Roderick, Liverpool's uncrowned Welterweight King, scored a clever victory over Jean Morin of France over 12 rounds at Liverpool.

Jack McCabe, of Preston, confirmed a previous win over Alby Day, when he outpointed him once again over 12 rounds at West Ham.

After outpointing Spider Kelly, of Belfast, for 15 rounds at Belfast in a featherweight eliminating contest, John Cusick, of Manchester, was so elated, that when jumping out of the ring, he sprained his ankle so badly that he had to be carried to the dressing room, and that will keep him out of the ring for some time.

Jim Warnock, Irish Flyweight Champion, scored a good victory over Georges Bataille, of France, on points over 10 rounds.

Dan McAllister, of Belfast, knocked out Karl Beck, of Germany in the third of a 10-round bout.

Johnny King, Bantamweight Champion of Great Britain, and Joe Green of Middlesborough, fought a slow bout at Hanley over 12 rounds with King receiving the referee's decision.

Bill Hardy, of Leicester, gained a close points victory over Bob Firmin, of Lowestoft, at the end of 10 rounds, at the Stadium Club, London.

In the other bouts Billy Walker, of Stratford, and Young Beckett, of Wales, fought a good bout over 10 rounds to a draw; Billy Murdoch of Newcastle, was too clever for Phil Bevan, of Poplar, in another 10-round bout, and won on points.

Dick Lewis, of Wales, confirmed a previous win over Dave Kellar, of Billingsgate when they met again over 10 rounds at the Ring, London.

Charlie Wise, the Poplar Express, may not be a stylist but he is certainly a tough handful. He whipped Mick Mickle, of Cambridge, in a 10-round bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Frankie Hill, of Barrow, gained a close verdict over Douglas Kestrell, of Cardiff, in a thrilling 10-round bout at Hackney.

Tommy Henderson, of Dumfries, retained his Cruiserweight Championship of Scotland, when he outpointed Jim Mount over 15 rounds, at Dumfries.

Bill Hardy, of Leicester, outpointed the colored Jamaican, Jack Hawthorne, in a spirited 10-round bout at York.

The Regent Stadium, Salford, opened its doors under new management. Albert Demmy, as matchmaker, should do well, as Demmy has experience in the glove game.

In the chief bout, Pierce Ellis, of Manchester, the new Flyweight sensation, met Tommy Griffiths, of Liverpool, in a scheduled 12-round bout, but seven sufficed, for the referee stopped the bout, when Griffiths suffered a very bad cut eye.

Frank Hough, of Battersea, gained his revenge over Tom Reddington of Salford, for a previous points victory by outpunching the youngster in their 10-round bout, at West Ham. Hough was in good condition on this occasion, and forced the pace throughout.

Con O'Kelly, of Hull, who has boxed for some years in America, gained a narrow points win over Jacob Schonrath, of Germany, in their 10-round bout at Liverpool.

A packed house at Earls Court, saw Frank Hough, the Battersea Cruiserweight, outclass Tommy Martin, the colored cruiserweight from Deptford, and after scoring 13 knockdowns, in nine rounds, Hough finished the one-sided contest with a left to the body.

Dave Finn, of Stepney, and Johnny Ward, of Ireland, battled through ten rounds, with the Irish lad out in front.

Frank McCudden, (Scotland), was ruled out in the sixth round for an alleged low blow, against Tommy Hyams, of Kings Cross.

Dom Lydon, of Ireland, had an easy task in knocking out Max Hodgetts, of Leicester, in the second of a six-round bout. Jack Treadaway of Battersea, outpointed Jimmy Mallott of Bethnal Green over eight rounds.

Jock McAvoy, won over the Rumanian Cruiserweight Champion, Vasile Serbanesco, in the fourth of a 10-round bout, when the latter was forced to retire with a very bad cut eye, at Belle Vue, Manchester.

Jack Kid Berg, had nothing to beat in Charlie Chetwynd, of Nottingham, and won in the second when the referee stopped the one-sided bout.

George Davis, of Notting Hill, won a good victory, when he outpointed Ginger Sadd of Norwich, over 10 rounds, at Paddington Baths.

Hein Weisner, of Austria, won in the fifth of a 10-round contest, against Cock Moffitt, of Liverpool, when the latter was ruled out for too much holding at the Stadium Club, Holborn.

The same fate was meted out to Pat Warburton, Flyweight Champion of Wales, when he met Ron Kingston, of Woking, as the Welshman, was disqualified in the first for an alleged low blow.

Frank Kid Bonsor, of Nottingham, won a great contest when he caused the referee to stop his bout with Jimmy Webster, of South Africa, in the 10th and last round, when Webster was in a bad way.

Jack Fitzpatrick, of Wales, won on points, over Tom Casey, of Ireland, after a hard hitting eight-round bout.

Peter Clarke, of Liverpool, outpointed Billy Smith of Belfast, over 12 rounds at Birmingham.

Len Wickwar, of Leicester, knocked out Ivor Pickens, of Wales in the second of a scheduled 10-round bout at Hereford.

Charlie Bundy, of Wales, took just one round to win over Jimmy Britt, of South Africa when a right to the South African's jaw, put him down for the ten seconds, at the Ring, London.

Pat Palmer, knocked out Eric Jones, of Coalville, in the third of a 10-round contest at the Devonshire Club, London.

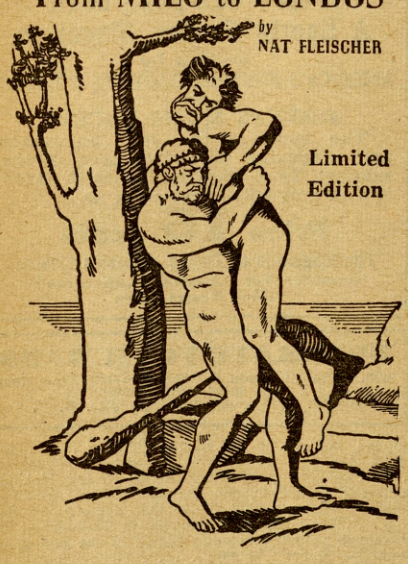
Larry Gains, ex-Empire Heavyweight Champion, knocked out Jack Pettifer, of Kings X in the second of a 10-round bout at West Ham Baths.

Dan McAllister, the brilliant Belfast Featherweight, gave an impressive display when outpointing Arnold Legrand, of Holland, in a 10-round contest at Liverpool Stadium.

From MILO to LONDOS

From MILO to LONDOS

by NAT FLEISCHER



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A crowd of 4,000 gathered at Mountain Ash, Pavillion to see Tommy Farr box with four opponents, prior to his second American tour. George Markwick, Johnny Carr, Dick Power, and Gunner Bennett provided two rounds each, and showed that Farr still retains his popularity and form.

The chief bout was between George Williams of Treherbert, and Sid Worgan (Llanharan) which was won by Williams, at the end of 15 rounds.

Jack Garrick, of Hull, defeated Robert Disch in the chief bout over 10 rounds at White City, Hull.

Johnny Best, Jr., staged a successful show at the Tower Circus, Blackpool in which Pierce Ellis, of Manchester, defeated Fred Tennant, of Scotland on points after 10 sparkling rounds.

Battling Hayes of Leeds, defeated Tommy Rose, of Liverpool, in the 7th, when the latter retired with a cut eye; Young Ansborough, of Leeds, K.O.'d Sammy Holmes, of Manchester, in the first of an eight-round bout.

George Markwick, of Aldershot and the British Army Heavyweight Champion, continued his unbeaten run of success, when he K.O.'d Peter Crown, of West Africa, in four rounds at Hastings.

Nat Franks, of Dalston, again proved the victor, over Ben Valentine, of Fiji Isles, in their return bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, and won on points at the end of 10 rounds.

Jackie Hurst of St. Georges, outpointed Freddie Baxter, of Bethnal Green after a good bout of 10 rounds.

Stafford Barton, of Jamaica, won over Eddie Pierce at the Ring, London, when the latter was declared to have landed a low punch in the second round, and was disqualified.

Dave Finn, of Stepney, defeated Jim Anderson, of Waltham Cross, in the sixth round of a scheduled 10-round bout, when Anderson received a bad cut eye, and retired.

Boy Boon, of Chatteris, was considered unlucky to have the official decision in his contest against Con Flynn, of Islington, recorded as win by foul.

The contest took place at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, and Boon punched Flynn all around the ring for almost five rounds. Flynn, was being counted out when his chief second jumped in the ring, which left the referee no other alternative but to disqualify Flynn for his second's folly.

Three days later, Boon travelled to Bury St. Edmunds and K.O.'d Lew Thomas, of Wales in three rounds.

Larry Gains continued his winning sequence by K.O.ing Jack "Pinkie" Jenkins, of Swansea, in the third of a 10-round bout at Swansea.

Tut Whalley, of Hanley, the Southpaw Flyweight, scored a good victory over Pierre Louis, French Flyweight Champion in the 11th of a 12-round bout at Hanley, when the latter retired with a bad cut eye.

Len Beynon, of Swansea, had an easy task when meeting Jean Locatelli, the Anglo-Italian at Hanerfordwest, and scored a K.O. in the fourth of a 12-round bout.

Zachry Nichols, the Cornish Heavyweight, pleased his supporters when he stopped Reggie Meen, the former British Heavyweight Champion, in the ninth of a 10-round bout, at Penzance.

Jimmy Vaughan, of Becontree, won over Frankie Hill, of Barrow, for the second time, at the N.S.C. show at Earls Court.

In their first bout Vaughan won in five rounds but on this occasion he had to be content with a win on a foul, when Hill, who was well behind, struck low, and was disqualified.

Aurel Toma, Bantamweight Champion of Rumania, is a firm favorite with the club members, who cheered him on to victory when he met Jim Brady, of Scotland in a return bout, of 10 rounds.

George Odwell, of Camden Town, scored a good win over Harry Craster, of Newcastle, on points after 10 rounds.

The Testimonial to Lew "Buster" Cohen, "Master of Ceremonies" at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, was a huge success, when held at the above club.

Alby Day, of Old Ford, K.O.'d Vic Morris in the sixth of a 10-round bout.

George Markwick, the British Army Heavyweight Champion, continued his winning sequences by stopping tough Archie Norman, in the second. Referee Jack Hart intervened, as Norman was in a bad way towards the end of the round.

Tommy Brown, (Hackney) outpointed Len Creasey, of Lincoln, over six rounds; Tommy Windsor stopped Ron Schneider, who retired in the fourth of a six-round bout; Billy Hummerston, the ex-Amateur Middleweight, K.O.'d Jack Foster of Stratford in the first of a four-round bout.

Norman Snow, Southern Area Welterweight champion, K.O.'d Mick Miller, of Mansfield, in the second of a 10-round bout at Northampton.

Frank Hough, of Battersea, had an easy task at West Ham Baths, when he defeated Jack Hawthorne, of Jamaica, in the seventh of a 12-round bout.

Dai Jones, of Wales, outpointed Cheo Morejohn of Cuba, in a scrambling 10-round bout, at the Colston Hall Bristol.

Dom Lydon, Ted Broadribb's young Heavyweight, won over Len Munden, of Bristol, on points after six rounds of heavy punching.

Frank Hough, of Battersea, and Hans Lazek, of Austria, packed thrills galore, into their 10-round bout at the National Sporting Club show at Earls Court and 6,500 howling fans were more than satisfied with fare served up.

Hough lost the decision on points, but he won the hearts of the public by his wonderful show against a good fighter who outweighed him 10½ lbs., and knows the game from A to Z.

In the other bouts, Dave Finn, of Stepney, outpointed Freddy Wilcox, of Nelson, over 10 rounds.

Johnny Griffiths, of Wales, outpointed Walter Morton, of Sheffield, over 10 rounds; Johnny Ward, of Ireland, won his return match against Phil Bevan, when the referee intervened at the end of the third round, when Bevan, sustained a bad cut eye.

Johnny King, Bantamweight Champion of Great Britain, outpointed Benny Sharkey, of Newcastle, over 10 rounds, at Newcastle after a good bout.

Norman Snow, of Northampton, had an easy task, when he stopped Harry Ainsworth, of York, in the fourth of a 10-round bout, when the referee stopped the one-sided contest at Rushden.

Dick Corbett, of Bethnal Green, proved too clever for John Cusick, of Manchester, and won on points, after 12 rounds at Swansea.

Two South African Heavyweights, James J. Britt of Cape Town, and Joe Foord, of Johannesburgh, brother of Ben Foord, former Empire Champion, met at the Ring, London, over a scheduled six-round course. Britt proved the victor in the fourth round, scoring a K.O. after Foord, had taken several counts.

Dave Kellar, Southern Area Flyweight Champion, and Peter Miller, of Gateshead, put up a hectic contest, at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, before Referee Jack Hart, gave the decision as a draw.

Bobby Magee, of North Shields, confirmed his previous win over Tom Smith, of Sunderland, when he won over 10 rounds, at North Shields before a large crowd.

The unusual spectacle of two southpaws meeting was seen at Rochester, when Jim Lawler, of Lowestoft, met Griff Lewis, of Wales over 10 rounds. Lewis, seemed to have found a way of beating the southpaw stance, and ran out a good winner on points.

Tommy Boyland, of Barrow formerly of Dublin, sprang a surprise by knocking out the local favorite, Jim Brady, in the first of a 10-round bout with a hard right to the jaw, at Arena, Belfast.

Jackie Quinn, Irish Bantamweight Champion, lost a points decision, to Frank Kenny, of Glasgow, in a closely fought 10-round bout at Arena, Belfast.

On the same card, Jim Mount, of Greenock, outpointed Pat Cowley, of Belfast over 10 rounds.

Two ex-Amateur Champions, in Pat Palmer, of Battersea, and Tom Pardoe of Birmingham, met at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, over 10 rounds. A hard hitting bout was seen with Palmer scoring the better. A hard right put the Brum, down for nine. He rose and put out his hand as a token of defeat.

In reply to the many readers that complain that they cannot get "The Ring" regular from their news agents, all you have to do is send Postal Order (One Shilling and Fourpence) to the writer, 3 Edward St., London, E. 1, England and I will guarantee that your copy will reach you by the first day of month, and if you are interested in any books advertised in The Ring's Bookshop, ask for list prices in British currency.

Farr Praises British Boxing

(Continued from page 5)

Len Beynon and Spider Kelly. Kelly and McAllister are from Ireland and said to be very good prospects. As for Ronnie James, my own countryman, I am greatly disappointed in him. By sadly neglecting his chances, he failed to make the grade.

AS for the bantams there are a dozen real good ones, but one stands head and shoulders above all the bantams in the world—the present British Empire champion, Johnny King. He would carry my money if he fought Harry Jeffra, Sixto Escobar or Lou Salica, as I think he is the uncrowned bantam champion of the world.

He defended the title successfully against Jackie Brown and on occasions has stepped into the featherweight division with continued success. King is capable of winning both titles and in the near future may take it upon himself to try and capture the featherweight crown of Great Britain. King has everything. He has a Jem Driscoll left hand, Freddie Welch's guile and is a very hard hitter! Jackie Brown, the former flyweight title holder, is also a worthy entry. There is also Mog Mason, a protege of mine from Wales, who is making steady progress and I wouldn't be surprised to see him rise to the top within the year. I like the boys in the lighter divisions. They are all boys of promise.

Peter Kane, the great little fighting man, who enjoyed uninterrupted success in the flyweight class until he ran into the champion, Benny Lynch, is faced with weight difficulties to make 112 pounds and be sufficiently strong. He may take a chance in the higher division. He is a corking little fighter. He has class as fighting goes and he can hit with terrific force for a mite.

Len Hampston, a good hitter for a bantam, is also to be reckoned with. There are several worthy entries from Canada. Among them are Baby Yack, Spider Armstrong and Jackie Collura of Toronto. They are consistent winners and may get that golden opportunity in the near future.

* * *

COMING down to the last and smallest division, the flyweight, the British Empire has a real champion in Benny Lynch, the Glasgow boy. He has proved to the world that he is the best eight-stone fighter, a 112-pound package of fighting material that rules the universe. He has displayed his class when occasion has required it, and I feel that, unless he grows and is unable to make the weight, he'll be on top for the entire year 1938.

Kane, as I mentioned before, is still a serious contender if he is still able to make the weight. Tiny Bostock of Leeds has shown plenty of class, Jim Warnock of Ireland is a sturdy chap and good enough for the best. Dick Lewis, Dave Kellar, Frank Kid Bonser, Peter Miller and Jimmy Webster, an ex-amateur from South Africa, may come through to greater glory.

I can't say much for the Colonial heavies who keep invading England. They make up the biggest portion of the "mammoth" shows held in London. I believe that our promoters will be far better off financially and in future patronage if they pay more attention to our talent and avoid importations of ordinary fighters just for the purpose of showing foreign or Colonial fighters in action, men who, in the past year, failed to click. We have the good home talent and should develop it.

I hope that, for the sake of our army of loyal fans, the boxers who neglect their training and lack physical fitness will mend their faults and give their supporters what they pay for when they buy tickets.

In Sunny California

By Gene Vinassa

HARRY POPKIN, prominent theatrical magnate, renewed his lease to run boxing shows at the Los Angeles Olympic Auditorium for a period of three years, and Suey Welch, the Akron boy, will carry on as matchmaker. Bill Miller, boxing's No. 1 press agent, will continue in the role of ballyhoo director.

"I'd like to make it clear that Suey Welch will remain as matchmaker as long as I'm in charge," Popkin said. "Suey's a great matchmaker and a fine fellow."

Welch plans to show Freddie Steele, Lou Ambers, Henry Armstrong and other champions at the big Los Angeles club during the spring and summer. Shang Welch, brother of Suey, acts as assistant matchmaker.

One of the brightest prospects in California is Al George, Columbus, Ohio, lightweight, who made his debut at the Olympic Auditorium on January 4th against Jess Ackerman. Al George brings together two old boxing associates—Bill Miller and Whitey Ekwert. Bill is the manager of the Columbus kid, and Whitey trains him. They worked with Frank Churchill in this same capacity for a number of years.

Fight fans here have been asking for another glimpse of Pedro Montanez, Lew Burston's classy Porto Rican lightweight. On his only appearance in Los Angeles, Montanez flattened Wesley Ramey in the first round.

Because of his spectacular showing here, Californians considered Montanez a cinch to whip Lew Ambers when they fought for the title last summer. Many of them still can't understand how Ambers, or anyone else, could whip the Porto Rican hurricane.

This from the able pen of Frank Roche, Olympic wrestling press agent:

"The big find of the wrestling year on the West Coast was that one uncovered by Promoter Jack Daro when he brought El Pulpo, the Mexican Thin Man, to the front.

"An unknown comparatively until Daro got behind him, this fellow is now in the 'big time' class drawing main event shots at the Olympic and other Coast clubs.

"El Pulpo was tagged with the name, 'the Octopus Man,' and clicked with the large Mexican population in Los Angeles even bigger than Vincent Lopez did two years ago.

"Strictly a leg wrestler, El Pulpo has done as much with scissor holds as anybody since Joe Stecher's time.

"Oldsters insist he is not the man Stecher was in his prime, but then, you never can get a veteran fight or wrestling observer to agree that anything today is as good as the old days.

"El Pulpo is a scrawny fellow, who boasts tremendous power in his long legs.

"He has the gallery bugs standing in line at five in the afternoon, and this is something no one has done since Lopez was going full blast in and around Los Angeles."

Jimmy Londos' return to Los Angeles, arranged by Lou Daro, the generalissimo of wrestling west of the Mississippi, has brought back many memories to the "Great Daro," as they called "Carnation Lou" in his early show days.

Londos figured in the first show that Lou Daro ever staged in Los Angeles. It drew less than two hundred dollars. Later Daro and Londos stepped into the millionaire class. Londos figured in some of the largest gates ever attracted on the West Coast.

Daro has been promoting more than fifteen years in Los Angeles, and now is the oldest and most prosperous in the West.

Joe Levy will stage outdoor shows at Gilmore Stadium again next summer. Tom Gallery plans several big shots at Wrigley Field.

Henry Armstrong will open a high class cafe on Central Avenue in Los Angeles next summer.

Joe La Barba has landed a good job in the pro department at 20th Century Studios. His brother, Fidel, former flyweight champion, has been on the studio payroll for two years as a writer and is in line for a promotion.

The Joe Louis-Max Schmeling fight figures to be the year's sport standout. We like Louis by a knockout. Sue us if we're wrong again!

Sid Ziff, sports editor of the Los Angeles *Herald-Express*, picks Armstrong to beat Ambers—when they meet . . . . Ziff dropped in on Maxie Rosenbloom at his ritzy Hollywood night club recently . . . . "I'll retire from the ring after I have knocked out an opponent at the Olympic," Maxie told Ziff. "It's safe to say Rosenbloom won't retire for years," concluded Sid.

Charley Martin, Rosenbloom's manager, has a fat offer from Australian promoters who want to sign the Hebrew boxing star for three fights.

Jack Singer, boxing and wrestling critic of the Los Angeles *Times*, whose sparkling articles are commanding national attention, provoked plenty of argument among the fight mob when he released the first annual California ring ratings. Singer's yarn is worth passing on to RING readers:

"In accordance with the current epidemic of guessing games so popular in parlors and insane asylums at the present time, the *Times* Board of Boxing reaches into the lurid headlines to come up with the first annual California ring ratings.

"Boxing's blue bloods of 1937, the cream of California's cauliflower crop was selected by a tribunal of three of the West's most profound pugilistic pedants—Suey Welch, matchmaker at the Olympic Auditorium; Charley MacDonald, Hollywood ringmaster, and Joe Waterman, noted savant of sack. Inasmuch as someone had to count the votes, the writer also was included in the balloting.

"The headlines of California boxing in 1937 were emblazoned by battle-scarred, ring-worn warriors—the Rosenblooms, Garcias, Danos and Arizmendis—and the flaming youths with the surging sweep of iron knuckles—the Armstrongs, Nestells and Lees.

"Bob Nestell, California's meteoric sensation of 1936, emerged from the sanguinary ring wars as the biggest disappointment of 1937. Unquestionably No. 1 on the Hit Parade was "Homicide Henry" Armstrong, the colored cyclone with a lullaby in each fist. Knockout victor in twenty-six of his twenty-seven bouts, this dusky dervish's march of depredation through the East transcends anything of its kind in boxing history.

"Maxie Rosenbloom, patriarch of pugilism, tops the heavyweights, despite the amazing fact that it was his sixteenth season of campaigning. Beaten only by Alberto Lovell, the sinister Argentine, in opposing the best heavyweights in the state, the cunning Grandpa still stands at the pinnacle for another year at least, as the old master of the ring.

"Jackie Jurich, a sliver of a kid from San Jose, is the standout youngster of the year. Here is a lad with the footwork of a Benny Leonard. He can box, punch, absorb a good wallop and feint a foe into position like Mike Gibbons.

"Dick Foster, rising San Francisco middleweight, is another comer whose booming rush to the heights cannot long be denied. Waterman tabs him to win the middleweight championship of the world by 1940.

"It is noteworthy that three leaders in their respective divisions—Rosenbloom, Ceferino Garcia and Pablo Dano—have been campaigning for more than fifteen years.

"The ratings are appended. Boxers who have resided in the state less than six months are not included. If you do not approve—knock on wood. That will be my end of the Board.

"HEAVYWEIGHTS—(1) Maxie Rosenbloom, Hollywood; (2) Buddy Baer, Oakland; (3) Lou Nova, Oakland; (4) Big Boy Bray; (5) Bob Nestell.

"LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—(1) Lloyd Marshall, Sacramento; (2) Swede Berglund, San Diego; (3) Gus Lesnevich, Los Angeles; (4) Bandit Romero, San Diego; (5) Ray Actis, San Francisco.

"MIDDLEWEIGHTS—(1) Glen Lee, Los Angeles; (2) Fred Apostoli, San Francisco; (3) Young Corbett, San Francisco; (4) Dick Foster, San Francisco; (5) Angelo Puglisi, Los Angeles.

"WELTERWEIGHTS—(1) Ceferino Garcia, Los Angeles; (2) Earl Booker, San Jose; (3) Young Peter Jackson, Los Angeles; (4) Leon Zorrita, Los Angeles; (5) Tommy Hart, Santa Barbara.

"LIGHTWEIGHTS—(1) Henry Armstrong, Los Angeles; (2) Baby Arizmendi, Los Angeles; (3) Carlos Miranda, Los Angeles; (4) Newsboy Joe Gavras, San Francisco; (5) Georgie Crouch, Los Angeles.

"FEATHERWEIGHTS—(1) Henry Armstrong, Los Angeles; (2) Chalky Wright, Los Angeles; (3) Ritchie Fontaine, Los Angeles; (4) Al Citrino, San Francisco; (5) Tomboy Romero, Sacramento.

"BANTAMWEIGHTS—(1) Pablo Dano, Los Angeles; (2) Jackie Jurich, San Jose; (3) Young Joe Roche, San Francisco; (4) Johnny Ladeo, Los Angeles; (5) Horace Mann, Stockton.

"FLYWEIGHTS—(1) Jackie Jurich, San Jose; (2) Small Montana, San Francisco. (No other flyweights worthy of rating.)"

HIT OR MISS—Joey Greenberg has announced his engagement to Miss Catherine Korn of Los Angeles . . . . they will take the big splash during June . . . . good luck, Joey! . . . . Melio Bettina is the "big noise" in southern California . . . . the Beacon, N. Y., Italian southpaw is being mentioned as an opponent for John Henry Lewis when the light-heavyweight ruler invades Los Angeles during May . . . . Bettina is managed by Jan Grippo, prominent cartoonist . . . . Al Lang, one of the top trainers of the country, seconds Bettina in all his Coast scraps.

Ted Moore, Vancouver, B. C., promoter, is paging "Killer" Coates to box Eddie Wenstob . . . . Shang Welch, Coates' pilot, may also take his stiff belting Negro to Albuquerque, N. M., for a Junior Munsell scrap . . . . they have fought twice . . . . in their first match in Los Angeles, Coates flattened Munsell like a pancake . . . . the Indian won the duke in a return bout at Ponca City, Okla.

Frank Paccassi is staging weekly boxing and wrestling shows in Phoenix, Ariz., and packing them in . . . . Sonny Boy Walker was a five-to-one shot to beat Chuck Crowell in Frisco town, but Crowell won by a knockout . . . . Roxie Eisen, the Patent Leather Kid, co-handles Nick Peters, the Texas Greek, with George Parnasus . . . . Peters has both class and a sock and is a prime favorite with Hollywood Legion fans . . . . Ceferino Garcia is eyeing a juicy offer to box Jack Carroll in Australia . . . . Swede Berglund, the club fighting blond from San Diego, may also make the trip . . . . Bob Nestell versus Wild Bill Boyd is the "natural" Suey Welch would like to make for the Olympic . . . . Sam Abruscato of Chicago has checked in with Holman Williams, Detroit welterweight . . . . Williams has been the talk of Al Lang's Manhattan Gymnasium . . . . Joe Levenson, office manager of the Manhattan punch palace, gave Henry Armstrong a great sendoff at the S.P. depot when he departed for the Enrico Venturi New York battle . . . . there were thousands of people in the depot when Levenson made his farewell speech.

Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who are not under contract to anyone, can get plenty of action on the Coast with Al Lang, Boxing Manager, c/o Barbara Hotel, 6th and Westlake ave., Los Angeles.

BOXING IN LIMA, PERU

By PROF. WILFRED STEPHENSON

THE following are the results of the third series of fights for the selection of amateurs to take part in the coming South American Amateur Boxing Championship: Remingio Perez and Abraham Centeno fought a draw; Ricardo Pereez scored over Jose Vidal by a shade; Alfredo Martin won over the tough slugger Emilio Gomez after three hard rounds; Pedro Salhuana lost to Eliseo Medina; Maximo Vargas staged a fine mix-up with Manuel Cavani, with the former taking home the flyweight title honors; Carlos Quine lost to Vincente Rodriguez who did a lot of hitting during the three heats, and was classified champion; Manuel Tirado was whipped by Javier Cordova who scored the title of welterweight champion, Tirado being floored four times during the scrap. Maximo Valdes won the featherweight title over Amador who did very little fighting. The last bout on the programme was won by Santiago Carty (Spider Carty) who outclassed his opponent in all the three rounds.

Results of the fourth series:— Maximo Vargas won Jorge Cusquillo; Vincente Rodriguez beat Felix Agurto; Juan Calderon was decisioned by Nestor Silva; Victor Castro lost on points to Luciano Carrillo; Eduardo Lunazco won by a sensational one-round kayo over Victor Reinoso.

Professional boxing is temporarily closed down until after the South American Amateur Tournament comes off in January. Everybody is getting ready for the festivals and the gyms are packed with amateurs doing their daily rounds. The fistic fires can be seen gleaming on the Manco Capac battlefield twice a week.

The results of the fifth series of fights are: Luciano Carrillo won the local featherweight title in beating Antonio Gaona; Luis Herrera, the middleweight belt after severely trouncing Victor Whu; Pedro Infante took home the light heavyweight honors after beating Alfredo Lecca; Jose Nieto and Jose Barrera fought a draw, while Daniel Cabrera won Roberto Carrillo on points. Manuel Salinas was kayoed by Ricardo Perez in the second stanza, and Francisco Gonzales shaded Emilio Lunazco in three rounds.

OF THE SIXTH SERIES: Abraham Centeno walloped Armando Milord; Antonio Salgado drew with Julio Gomez; Pedro Rojas kayoed Juan Buitron in the third round; Humberto Pinzon received a good hiding from Olimpiades Mendez.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

THE largest indoor boxing event of the season took place in Sioux City, when the Sioux City *Journal* presented its annual Golden Gloves boxing tournament, before record breaking crowds. The meet was under the personal direction of Dan Desmond, veteran sports editor, an ardent supporter of amateur boxing. The proceeds were turned over to a Good-Fellow Fund for the poor kiddies. The following champions were named, and they will compete in Chicago: Leonard Beckley, flyweight; Clayton Johnson, bantamweight; Philip Bernard, featherweight; Robert Morley, lightweight; Leo Mahon, welterweight; Wilbur De Cora, middleweight; Jesse Rottler, light-heavyweight; William Davis, heavyweight.

Omaha, Nebr.—Paul Hartneck, twice heavyweight titlist in the Tournament of Champions in Chicago, has joined the professional boxing ranks. A former football star at Creighton University, Hartneck is twenty-two years old, stands an even six feet, and weighs 195 pounds.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Everette Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight ace, knocked out Roger Bernard of Flint, Mich., in the fifth round of a billed ten-rounder. Jack Gibbons, St. Paul light-heavyweight, won a ten-round decision over Andy Miller of Sioux City. Results of the other bouts were as follows:

Frank Androff (Minneapolis, Minn.), 197, knocked out De Verrae Finn (River Falls, Wis.), 195, in the first round.

Paul Hartneck (Omaha, Nebr.) 195, knocked out Max Graham (Rochester, Minn.), 198, in the first round.

Red Bruce (Pittsburgh, Penn.), 183, outpointed Barney Brock (Panama City, Fla.), 200, in six rounds.

Jimmie Clark (Jamestown, N. Y.), 155, got the decision over Dick Demaray (Bismarck, N. D.), 152½, in six rounds.

Davenport, Ia.—Henry Schaft, clever Minneapolis welterweight, won a decision over Remo Fernandez of Chicago in ten rounds. Schaft built up an early lead, scoring points with left hooks and right crosses. Fernandez staged a comeback in the sixth, seventh and eighth rounds, but not enough to change the verdict, when Schaft turned the tide in the last two heats.

Sioux Falls, So. Dak.—In the first of a series of fight cards to be staged by the Sioux Falls Sportsmen's Club, and Matchmaker Dick Williams, a record-breaking crowd turned out to see Webster Epperson, Chicago light-heavyweight, win a close ten-round decision over Stan Savoldi of St. Paul. Myles Martinez, clever St. Paul lightweight, gained an eight-round decision over Johnny Baker of Grand Forks; Harold Burheim, Sioux Falls lightweight, beat Pug Barron of St. Paul; Wilbur Biekle, Sioux Falls lightweight, drew with Don Swenson of Minneapolis; Graydon Bakke, Madison, So. Dak. welter, beat Benny Mennish of Sioux Falls.

Omaha, Nebr.—Joe Matheson, Herman, Nebr., welterweight, won a hairline decision over Jimmy Legrone of Des Moines, Ia. The battle was a nip-and-tuck affair all the way, and the winner's margin was close.

Hibbing, Minn.—Henry Schaft, Minneapolis welterweight, stopped Frankie Sagilio of Chicago in five rounds; Len Pitney, Bemidji, won over Don Swenson of Minneapolis. Jimmy Collins of St. Paul won by a T. K. O. over Johnny Dobbins. Al Bache, Superior lightweight, knocked out Pug Barron of St. Paul. Stourt Peterson, Bemidji, stopped Young Cecil of St. Paul in two rounds.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Russ Wasser, Minneapolis heavyweight comer, scored a T. K. O. over Verne Trickle, Albert Lea veteran, in five rounds; Young Harry Greb, Minneapolis middleweight, stopped Jack Maras of Spicer in one round; Sherwein Bogie of Excelsiro scored over Merrill Held in two rounds; Johnny Baker of Grand Forks and Art Sheire of St. Paul went to a draw; Al Gabristch won over Georgie Armstrong; Billy McFarland scored over Harold Jepson.

Readers, please mail news for this column to either the Sports Department, Sioux City *Tribune*, or our home address, 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa. If you wish an answer to your letter, please include postage. All notes must be in my hands by the second of each month.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Glen Lee of Edison, Nebr., who received his early training fighting around Sioux City, appears to be going places in Eastern rings . . . . Fred Lenhart, White Bear Lake light-heavyweight, defeated Oscar Rankins of Chicago by a kayo in two rounds at St. Paul, Minn. . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin, Minneapolis promoter, has several big cards in line there . . . . Harry Lennon, St. Paul promoter, is also working on some big shows, assisted by his able matchmaker, Billy Colbert . . . . Mickey Slater, Sioux City featherweight boxer, will make a comeback . . . . Slater has been training for several months.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

HOWARD LIVINGSTON'S new fight club in Washington got off with a bang, at the Rialto Theatre, when he booked Joey Archibald against Biff Lemieux of New Bedford, Mass. It was the first time in the last eight starts in Washington that Joey has failed to stop his man, but the game Lemieux, who was some five pounds the lighter, made a game stand against the ranking Archibald. Tony Strazzeri, a last minute substitute from Philadelphia, took a split decision over Jackie Carter, of Pittsburgh, in the eight round semi-final. Joey Green, of Washington, defeated the veteran Joey Temes in the special six rounder. Johnny Compo technically knocked out Mel De Shoun and Jack Mathews lost to Danny Walker in the prelims.

Irish Eddie Dunne surprised with a win over Cowboy Howard Scott at Turner's Arena in Washington over the eight round route. Dunne boxed perfectly and had Howard missing most of the way. Vernon Cormier and Calvin Calp, of Baltimore, staged the best bout of the evening with Vernon a winner in six rounds. Paul Pross, of Germany, made a miserable showing against Murray Kanner of Washington. Pross put Murray on the floor at the very start of the affair but in less than two heats Pross was ready to call it quits and let Referee Ray Bowen count him out. Danny Walker beat Vince Bonaviri in the four round opener.

Tony Dupre of Manchester, N. H., continued his winning in Washington by soundly trouncing Lew Gevinson in a ten rounder. Lou Camps of New York handed Joey Temes an artistic lacing in the eight round semi-final. Augie Krowl, of Baltimore, licked Buddy Grimes of Norfolk, Va., in a six rounder and in the fours Doug Swetman beat Benny Kessler and Earl Brookman knocked out Eddie Dolan in two.

Petey Sarron, former featherweight champ, scored over Ray Ingram in ten rounds at Richmond, Va. Pete, who is now boxing as a lightweight, took six of the ten rounds, with three even, and Ray winning one mainly due to his knockdown of Sarron in round two.

Bantam Champ Harry Jeffra of Baltimore met a tartar in Armanda Sicilia before sixteen hundred fans at Turner's Arena in Washington. The champion took the duke, but only after an uphill battle that saw Sicilia hit the deck on two occasions in round seven of the eight round bout. Ivan Nedomatsky, former Maryland University boxer and ex-collegiate champ, beat Hunter Corstic of Richmond, Va., in a six rounder having the tough Virginian down for two counts in round five. Al Mancini of Providence, R. I. took a technical knockout over Reds Transperanti of Baltimore in five rounds after Reds had gamely taken a terrific body beating from the New Englander.

George Abrams, promising young middleweight of Washington, had the better of Steve Mamakos in eight rounds at Washington. Abrams had his hands full with the game Greek fighter. After taking a pasting for four rounds Mamakos came back to win the fifth and seventh rounds only to have Abrams come with a rush in the final heat to beat Steve decisively. The fight was a thriller all the way with plenty interest shown by the fans who have been following the two local boys since their amateur days. Ivan Nedomatsky licked Joey Spangler, of Richmond, in six rounds with plenty to spare. Joey Straiges won over Irish Johnny Dean in an eight-rounder. Augie Kroll, of Baltimore, lost a close one to rugged Tony Ricco of Camden in a six round thriller. In the opener Tommy Hoover technically knocked out Young Mussolini in the second heat.

Nick Camarata won over Vernon Cormier in a rough eight rounder at Washington. Joey Straiges surprised with a decisive win over Eddie Alzek and Al Mancini stole the show in licking Tommy Ricco in co-feature eight rounders. In the fours Earl Brookman beat Tommy Hoover and Eddie Dennis licked Mike O'Leary.

Pickups: With a boxing war on in the Nation's Capital the fight fans are getting some real action. With Howard Livingston the new matchmaker showing many high class boys, his rival, Goldie Ahearn is doing likewise at the Turner Arena. Both promoters have ideal spots and there is no reason why the competition should not wind up in a profit for both outfits, but nevertheless it's a cinch the fans are getting a break. Phil Zwick the long featherweight from Cleveland, Ohio, writes from London, England, that he is now managing a string of fighters in addition to taking his turn in the ring. Phil is spending most of his time in South Africa where he is very popular. Ivan Nedomatsky, the former Maryland University welterweight boxer, is going great guns in the pro ranks in this locality. Ivan has been taken over by Max Waxman from Pete Riley. Jimmy Jones an older brother of Ivan's is still under the management of Riley and Jimmy is really a tough customer. Plenty ex-champions have been showing up at the Turner Arena in Washington of late with their own proteges. Joe Dundee, Benny Leonard, Kid Williams, are a few in mind.

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IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

"CHUCK" CROWELL of southern California, carrying 225 pounds on a six-foot-six chassis, tossed a large monkey wrench into the state heavyweight machinery when he knocked Sonny Boy Walker, ex-Arizonan, completely out in the second of ten scheduled rounds at the Dreamland Auditorium.

A shortender in the pre-fight odds, Crowell brought down his favored adversary with a terrific right-hand shot flush on the jaw, after one and a half minutes of exchange in the second stanza. By so doing, he forced Walker to shelve ambitions toward a state title shot with Champion Louie Nova, and he also gained the distinction of being the first to horizontalize Frank Schuler's clouting cowpuncher. Rather awkward, a bit too slow and no great shakes as a defensive boxer, "Chuck" nevertheless carries a tremendous wallop and may really go places if Manager Henry vonStumme can polish off the rough spots. Following his win over Walker, he disposed of Jack Petric in two rounds at Eureka and then stopped Frankie Simms in the eighth at Los Angeles.

Trailing by a sizable margin on points, Frank Connelly, 235-pound Irishman, lashed out with a roundhouse right-hand swipe to flatten lanky Jack Petric of Mountain View, Cal., in the second round of the semi-windup.

The annual San Francisco *Chronicle* Christmas Fund Show drew a capacity crowd into Dreamland Auditorium with a ten-round middleweight "natural" involving oldster Young Corbett III of Fresno and youngster Dick Foster of Berkeley as the magnet. Corbett was awarded the decision after a scintillating battle throughout which Foster impressed with his willingness to take the aggressive. Dangerous at all times with his potent right hand and a vicious infighter, Dick provided the Fresno southpaw with a hot evening, but in the long run fell victim to Corbett's superior generalship and experience.

Johnny "Bandit" Romero, San Diego Mexican, scored a last-round knockdown to gain the decision over dusky Lloyd Marshall, Sacramento middleweight, in another full-length feature.

Johnny Fasano, veteran North Beach welterweight, who has been fighting in top form of late, scored a neat six-round triumph over Johnny Marquez, 1937 National A. A. U. welterweight champion.

Joe Gavras, the rising young Greek lightweight, stopped somebody named Tommy Hawk of Seattle in four rounds, and Harry Cahill, local middleweight, who is trying a comeback, surprised by whipping Johnny Shumway of Idaho in six frames.

"Little" Dado, 118-pound Filipino importation, looks as though he may be the McCoy. After winning a few minor starts on California soil, the two-fisted brown boy turned in a brilliant effort when he stopped the very tough Horace Mann of San Francisco, in a single round at Stockton. Mann is nobody's set-up, and Mr. Dado must have something there! Perhaps the Filipino fans really are going to have another Villa.

Little Jackie Jurich vaulted into a position as a ranking flyweight when he decisively shellacked ex-Champion Small Montana in their San Jose ten-rounder. It was a rematch, their previous meeting having resulted in a draw, although everybody conceded Jurich the edge.

HERE AND THERE—Welcome news indeed: Benny Ford plans to stage cards at a rejuvenated National Hall, the Sixteenth and Mission Streets incubator of headliners from whence came many of the best in the years gone by . . . . Ford intends to assist in the development of new faces for the rather jaundiced local mitt mart . . . . His first show had as headliners Young Joe Roche, North Beach bantamweight, and tough Donnie Maes of Los Angeles . . . . Al Citrino, the hard-punching local featherweight, stopped Chico Romo, rugged Mexican, in six rounds at Sacramento, and Dale Sparr, Ray Carlin's middleweight protege, required the same length of time to do the same thing to Johnny Bassanelli . . . . Incidentally, it's about time that Citrino got a break locally . . . . The gossip has it that he may fight Horrible Henry Armstrong when the featherweight champion shows here . . . . I'm not sure that I consider that a break for Citrino . . . . Harry Cahill broke his paw in whipping Harry Shumway on the *Chronicle* card . . . . The P.A. Junior Tournament is the center of interest for local amateur fans currently . . . . Eddie Anderson, the former lightweight star from Denver, has his heavyweight, Matt Rhodes, in tow hereabouts . . . . Rhodes fought on the Crowell-McDonald card . . . . The biggest attraction that could possibly be made locally—a Fred Apostoli-Young Corbett battle, is definitely in the making . . . . "Cunning" Nene, Filipino bantamweight, traveling partner for "Little" Dado, whipped Donnie Maes over ten rounds at Stockton . . . . It was Nene's American debut . . . . In the semi-final, Phil Brubaker kayoed Ted Johnson, Alameda heavyweight, in the second round . . . . Domingo Valin, Portuguese heavy, whipped "Sunny Jim" McVey in ten innings at the Oakland Auditorium.

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Pueblo, Colo.: Young Joe Louis, Walsenburg's "Baby Bomber," scored a tenth round technical kayo over rugged "Chief" Ballard, Idaho Indian, in the feature event of a card staged by the American Legion Post No. 2.

Cyclone Lynch, Walsenburg negro heavyweight, pulled an upset victory when he nailed big John Petry to the mast in the second round of a scheduled eight round semi-windup.

Whatever Lynch's weaknesses may be, nobody can accuse him of lack of hitting power.

Fred Lay, enterprising Montana manager, is anxious to show his up-and-coming bantamweight, Jimmy McCusker, to the mountain region fans. This McCusker kid put the quietus on the veteran Filipino, Speedy Dado, in one heat recently.

What strikes me as being something of a mystery is why this Young Joe Louis is kept off some of the top spots of the nation's fistic programs. Here is a kid with all the requisites of a garden main-eventer, fighting for ham-and-egg money here in the sticks. With all the hue and cry for lack of suitable talent that is going around, seems to me somebody ought to throw this kid in there with someone like Ceferino Garcia, Dale Sparr, Glen Lee or Harry Balsamo.

The only boy to beat him in recent months was the South African, Eddie Pierce, and on this occasion, Louis was spotting his opponent plenty of poundage.

Louis was tentatively matched with the Alabama Kid for a ten rounder at Denver a few months ago, but the State Boxing Commission came up with the decree that the Walsenburg "Baby Bomber," was no fit opponent for the Kid. I've been trying ever since to figure this one out. The Kid is a cracker-jack warrior all right, and one of the best crowd-pleasers to show in Colorado in a blue moon, but I know of one certain RING correspondent who will lay a shekel or two that Louis will beat him if and when the Commission sees fit to put it's okay on the match.

Sorry to learn of the death of that old bare-knuckle war-horse, Jake Kilrain. From my earliest memories, Kilrain was my idol of the old-timers. His passing just about erases the last of that hardy old crew who helped place America in the van of things pugilistically back in the 'seventies and 'eighties.

Nellie Baldwin, Norwich, Conn.: The Matty Baldwin you refer to was a top-notch lightweight of the 1908-1914 period. He was born in Boston, Mass., in 1886, and was of Irish parentage. I have no data on his present whereabouts.

J.J.B. Salina, Kansas: Yes, Paul Roman was quite a prominent figure in the middleweight division about twenty years ago. He was a Kansas City boy.

Thanks a lot for the whole flock of Xmas greetings that you sent in folks. Got cards from 31 states from friends made through the medium of the pages of the RING. In reply, let me say thanks again, and may the year of 1938 be the best one you ever had.

By the time this reaches the press, the third annual Colorado Amateur Boxing meet will be under way at Pueblo. Sponsored by the *Star-Journal-Chieftain,* this year's meet promises to be even better and larger than the 1937 tourney.

Abie Valdez, sparkling little San Luis bantamweight, is out with a challenge to any 118 pounder in the mountain region. Wonder if some enterprising promoter wouldn't be interested in matching Valdez with Jimmy McCusker, the Montana sensation?

T.M.M. Salt Lake City, Utah: I'm pretty sure that Eddie Borden can give you the information you desire. Write him care of this magazine.

Remember, I have a list of promoters here in the Rocky mountain region that you can have for a two-bit piece. Will also be glad to answer any questions relative to the mitt industry in this section. Be sure to inclose reply postage. Address: T. W. McNiel, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

BILLY BUXTON, Victoria's dynamic featherweight, battled ten furious rounds to a draw with Umio Gen, Jes Cortez's Japanese featherweight, in the main event of one of Promoter Nate Druxman's cards in Seattle last month. Buxton had Gen down three times in the early rounds, but Gen made a strong finish to receive a draw.

Jes Cortez also brought Speedy Dado to Seattle to fight the Canadian southpaw before the Gen contest. Dado, only a shadow of the once great little battler, fell before Billy's dynamite in the second round. Buxton had the Filipino on the floor in the first round and would have won the fight by a knockout in that canto, but the bell halted proceedings. Billy Buxton ended the fight in quick order in round number two.

Speedy Dado remained in Seattle to fight a six-round semi-final on the Gen-Buxton show, but met with worse disaster. In a scheduled six-round bout with Jimmy McCusker of Montana, Dado lost by a t.k.o. in the first round.

The Portland Municipal Boxing Commission is sparing no efforts in an endeavor to keep the fight game alive in the Oregon city. This body has appointed Stub Nelson as matchmaker and featuring weekly cards in the Rose City.

Midnight Bell, who has grown into a middleweight, was brought back to Portland from San Francisco by his manager, Tex Salkeld, to headline a few cards in the Northwest. Bell met Dallas Bennett for the state of Oregon middleweight championship for Matchmaker Stub Nelson. The Midnighter kayoed Bennett in the second round. Bell also came back a week later to stop Don LaRue in the fourth round.

Stub Nelson stretched to Los Angeles to secure Pablo Dano as an opponent for Al Spina, clever Portland featherweight. Jimmy Murray's bantamweight stopped Spina in the second round of a scheduled ten-round bout. Dano is a good fighter and can probably beat most of the ranking bantams in the world today and we would like to see him get a chance at some of the contenders for the 118-pound championship.

Al Hostak, Seattle middleweight contender, stopped Don La Rue in the second round in the feature of Will Maylon's boxing show at the Greenwich Coliseum in Tacoma. The Savage Slav tore right into the Los Angeles middleweight and proved that his right hand which was injured in the Allen Matthews battle was okay for action again.

FISTIC FOOTNOTES—Billy Buxton is laid up with a broken hand . . . . Billy only fought four fights during 1937 because of this injury and now he will have to sit on the sidelines again . . . . Tab this Jimmy McCusker . . . . his one-round kayo over Speedy Dado is nice work in our book . . . . Jack Connor, who trains Freddie Steele, has two very likely looking prospects in Jock McComber and Paul Smith.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

COCOA KID, colored welterweight, has been doing so good at the Valley Arena, that Baron Cohen, purchased his contract.

Cocoa Kid, of New Haven, won a split decision over Teddy Loder, of New York, in the main bout of ten rounds at the Valley Arena.

Paul DeBello, of New York, won a decision over Tony Sacco, of Worcester, in six rounds. In another six Babe Lancaster, of Albany, stopped Joey Gale, of Grafton, in third round. Referee Jack Dekkers intervened after Gale had been down three times.

Silco Kid, of Bridgeport, won by a technical K.O. over Art Lloyd, of Grafton, in the third round. The referee stopped the bout after Lloyd had been down three times. Jackie Blair, of Albany, won a split decision over Joey Washnis, of Agawam, Mass. in four rounds.

Pat Foley, of Worcester, won a ten round bout from Victor Vallee, of New York. Mickey Maker, of New Jersey, was victor over Babe Lancester of Albany, N. Y. in a companion ten rounder.

Tommy Logan, of Holyoke, won over Pinky Morris, of Bridgeport, when Morris received a cut over his left eye in the first round.

Danny Buckley, of Holyoke, won a four rounder from Frankie Young, of New Haven, in four rounds. Joey Washnis, of Agawam, Mass., stepped too fast for Johnny Murphy, of New Haven.

Mickey Maker, of Jersey City, won a decision over Frankie Britt, of New Bedford, in ten rounds. Babe Lancaster, of Albany, had an easy time with Young Lefty, of Fall River, in a companion ten rounder.

Buster Carroll, of Lowell, won a close hard struggle from Frankie Paul, of Worcester, in six rounds. Tommy Burns, of Springfield, lost a six round bout to Bobby Martinez, of Albany. Danny Buckley, a promising boy from Holyoke, won a four round bout from Jackie Blair of Albany.

Tommy Tompson, of Holyoke, who is an official at the boxing bouts, also works with the boys at the Holyoke Boys' Club, instructing the youngsters in the manly art.

Jack Moore, former bantamweight boxer, is now managing and training Danny Buckley, the most promising boy in this vicinity.

Terry Rogers, 168 lbs., Johnny Barry, 148 lbs., Paulie Andrews, 142 lbs., Tommy Burns, 118 lbs., can be reached through the writer at 538 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

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CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

HENRY ARMSTRONG gave fourteen thousand Cleveland fight fans a thrill by stopping Tony Chavez in one round to climax the Cleveland News Toy Shop funds ninth annual boxing show at the new Arena. Frankie Wallace made new friends in his losing battle with Lou Ambers, the lightweight champion. Carmen Barth made it one and one with Eric Seelig in winning a smartly fought battle.

Chavez was floored five times, the fifth time a right looper on the ear, and Referee Tony La Branch stepped in to stop it.

Frankie Blair of New York was too tough for Eddie Morgan (nee Kunath) in a fast six-rounder. Ken Overlin was too smart for Jack Moran. Ray Sharkey put the business on Charley Baxter in five after Baxter looked great in the first heat by staggering Sharkey.

Ed Bang's News show drew fight fans from coast to coast, including fellows like Tom Gallery, who flew in from Los Angeles; Al Weill, the matchmaker for Madison Square Garden; Mike Malloy, promoter from Chicago; Al Zill, promoter from Youngstown; Mike McKinney, out of Canton; and even Uncle Lew Raymond came back from Pittsburgh, where he is taking over a large fight club.

Walter Taylor had a winner as far as promotions are concerned when he put on Johnny Risko and John Henry Lewis in the feature of his show to follow the News show by ten days. The fans paid around ten grand to see John Henry give our own Risko the boxing lesson of his life. Risko deserves credit for trying to come back from where he once stood as a heavyweight contender. He was in there trying all the time, but should take Ed Bang's advice and hang up the gloves, because Risko is a swell guy and is well liked.

Freddie Wilson, one of Gus Greenlee's bombers, scored a T.K.O. over Eddie Boyle in the third round of their semi-final. Referee Matt Brock stopped it because of a badly cut optic.

Norman Cordero, out of Batavia, N. Y., under the management of Lew Silverman, upset the dope by defeating Hank Pershing in a six-rounder that stole the show. Pershing was on the floor a number of times. Cordero is after a shot with Ray Sharkey.

Little Midge Mangine scored his second K.O. out of his four straight wins as a pro. He is the type of fighter that throws punches from gong to gong.

Dick Deutsch, promoter of six-day bike races, has moved into the fight business. He will most likely have run his first show by the time this goes to press. After the 24th of January, 1938, he will go every Monday night with a boxing or wrestling show. His office will be at 2300 Payne Ave. The shows will be run at the new Arena.

Ray Sharkey defeated Lloyd Pine at Akron. Tiger Brown and Oscar Gardner will fight in the double windup at Sandusky.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Harold Dettman is also back from the coast—the Amateur Boxing Trainers' Association elected its new officers. They are as follows: Charley O'Connell, president; Mike Carriere, vice-president; Phil Goldstein, secretary-treasurer; Freddie Rogers, sergeant-at-arms; Ollie Downs, publicity. At the annual feed party, Mayor Harold H. Burton installed the officers. Among those present were Sam Otis, sports editor of the *Plain Dealer;* Ben Warfield of the *Press;* Alex Zirin, Dick Kroeson, Dick Deutsch, Al Sutphin and many others of note.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 714 E. Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.

Broadcast from New York

(Continued from page 52)

defeated Sammy Julian in six rounds. Al Gainer came out of the Rockland Palace with a two-round kayo win over Jerry Reilly. Willie Eley whipped Billy Lancaster in eight rounds. In the Ridgewood Grove, Willie Fool defeated Tony Falco in eight rounds, thus reversing a previous victory the Philadelphian had scored over him. Larry Anzalone decisioned Sylvio Zangrillo. Bob Olin technically kayoed Tiger Hairston in two rounds at Rockland Palace. The referee refused to allow Hairston out for the third round because of a badly split lip. Bobby Carlton beat Harry Alexander in six rounds.

George Dingley is waiving an offer to Harry Jeffra to meet Benny Lynch for the bantamweight title in Scotland. Harry Gordon, former pugilistic crack, is now training Frankie Blair, Bob Olin, Frankie Wallace, Andy Melia, and Don Colin. Jimmy Erwin has taken the champion light-heavy, and heavyweight of the British West Indies, Young Herrera, under his wing.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

LET us hope that the new year will see a change for the better in the way of arranging star bouts for Buffalo fistic fandom. Such men as Johnny Freeman, Big Boy Brackey, Schoolboy Andrews et al are not main event fighters.

Why not bring on John Henry Lewis, Barney Ross, Lou Ambers, Billy Conn., etc. And Tommy Farr would not be difficult to line up if proper inducements were offered.

George Burke, the St. Catherines lad, is the best prospect around this town. Although not from Buffalo, George has plenty of support among the fans. He has fought practically all his fights here, both amateur and professional. Matched right and kept busy Burke will go places.

Manager Billy Mitchie should be careful not to overmatch the youngster. One good pasting will set Burke back most severely.

A great opportunity awaits good punchers of experience in Buffalo. With few local cards, out-of-town fighters who want to make their headquarters here can clean up plenty of money. Boxers of all weights without managerial tieups or contracts will do well to write to Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

The new stadium will be known as the Buffalo Civic Stadium. Its name was changed from Roesch Memorial Stadium because of objection on the use of the name "Roesch" by the family of the late mayor.

Johnny Freeman, the Salamanca veteran, was a fair sort of fighter in his day but that was some time ago. Freeman beat Big Boy Brackey in the Queensberry Club's main event, a match which should not have been staged as a star bout. Both boys are passe as fighters and to offer such an attraction at $1.15 general admission is not giving the fans a break. This is a great fight town and better matches should be offered, especially in the main event.

PERSONAL OPINIONS — That group of managers of some 15 and 20 years ago were the fellows who made the boxing game in this country. I refer to such hustlers as Dan Morgan, Leo P. Flynn, Doc Bagley, George Engel, Billy Gibson, Harry Pollok, Dan McKentrick, Billy McCarney, Jimmie Johnston, Jimmie Dunn, Tommy Walsh, Nate Lewis, Red Mason, Jack Hanlon, Jack Kearns, Bert Finch, Ray Alvis, Jimmy Shevlin, Mike Collins, Jack Reddy and others too numerous to mention.

Where there is smoke there must be some fire. Rumor has it that Buffalo will have a new club; also Rochester and Erie, Pa. Some talk of Tommy Moore getting back in the pro game at Jamestown.

IN short meter . . . . Jim O'Day's idol is still Jack Dempsey . . . . Jim thinks the man mauler was the greatest of the great . . . . The six-day bike races here did fairly well . . . . in spite of heavy snow and later plenty of rain, the cyclists pulled a heavy gate . . . .Mayor-elect Tom Holling, who takes office January 1, 1938, visualizes Buffalo as a great sports center . . . . Holling is a wide-awake executive and things will hum when he takes office . . . . Jim Geddes, new director of parks, is an A No. 1 fight fan and never misses the big shows . . . . Playfair Brown of Toronto writes that he will likely stage a welterweight championship match in Toronto sometime in the spring.

Henry Armstrong should be brought back to Buffalo against a worthy opponent. The California Negro sensation looks like a real champion and Manager Eddie Meade says his man will fight all comers. He should, as he has nothing to fear from any 126-133 pounder in the world.

Jack Herman has the wrestling game booming in Buffalo. A crowd of some 4,500 saw Ali Baba lose to Ed (Don) George at the Broadway Auditorium on December 4. The Turkistan grappleman won the first fall and George tossed Ali in the other two. There was plenty of excitement in the melee and a re-match is probable.

Danno O'Mahony won from George, winning two out of three falls. Other matches on this card resulted as follows: Marve Westenberg threw Ernie Powers, Jerry Monahan tossed Henry Graber, Jack League and Dr. Fred Meyers wrestled to a twenty-minute draw. Officials were: Luke Carr, referee; Art Scott and Bill Meyers,

Paul Bowser, bigwig of the "rasslin" trust, was in town for the Ali Baba-George go. Mr. Bowser is planning to cooperate with Jack Herman in staging an international championship tournament in this city. Mentioned for participation in this elimination are Everett Marshall, Ali Baba, Yvon Robert, Jim Londos, Ed George, Danno O'Mahony, Crusher Casey, Bronko Nagurski and

Chalk up another win for Buffalo's Irish Imp, Jackie Donovan! The great little simon-pure featherweight defeated Eddie Waling of Detroit, National A.A.U. champion, in a sizzling five-rounder which headlined the Orioles show at the auditorium on December 10th.

Art Johnson, matchmaker, put on a splendid card of bouts but stormy weather kept the attendance down. If Johnson ever gets a break and draws down a fair night when the temperature is normal, he'll jam the big hall. The fans have confidence in his ability as a promoter. Art produces the goods and has developed most of the fighters who are in the pro ranks around here today.

FISTIC MISCELLANY: Chick Johnson went to Cleveland with Eddie Meade and worked in Henry Armstrong's corner when Henry boxed on Ed Bang's Christmas show . . . . Chick brought back the news that Joe Lewis may get going again as a manager or promoter and that Lew Raymond is sure to stage some shows in the Ohio metropolis . . . . Johnny Sheppard took Tony Paul into camp, knocking Tony down several times, in their bout here . . . . Sheppard is a likely looking Negro lightweight . . . . Jack Singer's gym is a busy place these days with a majority of the pro and amateur scrappers working out there . . . . Sam Mineo requests your correspondent to say that he invites out-of-town or local boxers to train at his emporium which is located at East Eagle and Jefferson Streets . . . . The Mineo gym is up-to-date in every detail . . . . Billy McCarney, who was in town with Eddie Meade and Henry Armstrong, predicts a bumper year for boxing in 1938 . . . . The old carpet-bagger certainly knows the fight business Jimmy Clark, the Jamestown Negro middleweight, is in Minneapolis . . . . Jimmy won his first fight out there, beating Dick Demeray of Bismarck, N. D., in six rounds . . . . Last year Clark was a riot around Buffalo and drew some splendid gates . . . . Clark's managers made several mistakes in handling his fistic affairs . . . . One of these was the matching of Clark with Irish Eddie Dolan, a southpaw . . . . Nothing to win and everything to lose, Clark was beaten by the portsider . . . . The death of Mike (Twin) Sullivan in Boston was mourned by Buffalo friends . . . . Both Mike and Jack (Twin) Sullivan spent considerable time around Buffalo years ago . . . . Jack lived here a long time after Mike went back home to Boston . . . . Paulie Mahoney is thinking of quitting the fight game . . . . Paulie believes he has a better future in the construction business.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By WILLIAM PIKER

THE Pittsburgh boxers accorded the highest honors in THE RING'S World Rankings for 1937 were Billy Conn and Jackie Wilson. Both ranked fifth from the top in their respective classes. The men who surpassed Conn were Steele, Apostoli, McAvoy and Thil in the middleweight division. The boxers ranked above Wilson in the featherweight realm were Armstrong, Sarron, Miller and Belloise.

GATHERED ALONG BOXING'S BROADWAY—Fritzie Zivic, Lawrenceville welterweight, bumped into a snag Christmas afternoon when he suffered a ten-round loss at the hustling fists of Tommy Bland of Canada, holder of the Dominion welter title. The newspapers gave Zivic the fight, but two knockdowns recorded by the Canadian champion apparently swayed the official award to Bland . . . . A match that bears the earmarks of a hummer—Ralph De John versus Billy Conn! . . . . Quite a few promising young boxers around town slated for stardom . . . . Purely personal prediction: John Henry Lewis will be one of the world's four outstanding heavyweights by the time the year is over . . . . This column favors Joe Louis to retain the heavyweight title by a knockout inside of twelve rounds when Max Schmeling finally makes his delayed attempt to regain the crown next June.

The sensational accomplishments of "Two Ton" Tony Galento, barrel-chested terror from New Jersey, recalls to mind an incident that occurred in the Smoky City's Motor Square Garden seven years ago. At the sound of the bell, the hefty Galento scrambled from his corner like a miniature hurricane to sweep his opponent of that memorable occasion, George Panka, to slumberland with one solid smash to the jaw. To perform the feat, Galento required only fourteen seconds, including the ten-count.

JUST A MINUTE—Leo Sweeney, Pittsburgh lightweight, is campaigning with success in and around Texas . . . . Prior to the Tommy Bland encounter, Fritzie Zivic engaged in a few tune-up bouts, scoring quick kayoes . . . . Tommy Spiegal came through with a kayo decision against Harry Krause on the Zivic-Bland card . . . . Greatest fighter of all time to come out of the Smoky City was Harry Greb, universally known as the "Human Windmill." Greb fought anything on two legs, from middleweights to heavyweights, and was the only fighter to hold a decision over Gene Tunney . . . . Isn't it so? The fighter who fails to heed the advice of an experienced trainer goes haywire during a bout and often "gets the gong."

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER

By I. Q. GROSS

BOXING enjoyed its greatest boom in five years during the last month when the Orange Armory opened for boxing featuring the home town bartender, Tony Galento, with Charley Massera of Pittsburgh. The Orange caveman kayoed Massera in the third before 6,000 fans, who paid more than $7,700 in receipts. Without doubt, Galento is one of the most colorful fighters in ring history.

WHERE THEY ARE TODAY—Former heavyweight champion Jack Johnson recently appeared as an entertainer in a Newark night club . . . . Steve Hamas, who lost his last fight by a kayo to Max Schmeling in Hamburg in March, 1935, is now a salesman for a copper company . . . . Al Thoma, who trained Hamas, Pete Latzo and other great fighters, works in the health department of the Newark Athletic Club . . . . Mookie Goldman, former Elizabeth pugilist, runs a gym in Vallajo, California, and Joe David, his neighbor, is fighting sixes on the West Coast . . . . Young Gradwell, who fought Benny Leonard, Joe Dundee and Ad Wolgast, is now a Newark ironworker.

Emil Calcagni of Cresskill, protege of Joe Jeannette, stopped Jose Souto of the Argentine in the fifth at the New York Hippodrome . . . . Paulie Walker of Trenton bested Dem Wakerlis of Boston in ten at the Trenton Armory and Chuck Woods of Detroit in eight at New York . . . . Steve Dudas of Edgewater flattened Tiger Roy Williams of Chicago in the fourth after a tough fight at Newark. In the semi, Wesley Ferrell of New Orleans licked Frank Williams of Newark in eight. In a four, Willie Hagan kayoed George Millet of Bergenfield in one. Among those seen training at Madame Bey's in Summit: Mog Mason, Welsh bantamweight champion; Eddie Maguire of South Africa, Gus Dorazio of Philadelphia, Freddy Steele, Roscoe Manning, Basher Dean, Butch Lynch and Tommy Farr.

DOWN CAULIFLOWER ALLEY:

Sam Rose, Newark fight manager, says the three greatest fighters in the world are Freddy Steele, "best puncher"; Barney Ross, "cleverest"; and Henry Armstrong, "best club fighter." Sam's heavyweight, Joe O'Gatty, is inactive but Rose has two promising heavies ready to make their debut.

Battling Red, Newark fight character, is arranging the preliminary cards for Harry Mendel at the Orange Armory. Says his Ralph Griffin did not lose to Clarence Elwood. When his Al Penkunis floored giant Jack Torrance, Red uttered the famous words, "A star is born," and Dan Parker of the *Daily Mirror* wrote a feature article on him.

Jerry Rothberg of Irvington would like to promote but can't find the spot or occasion. His idol is Roy Lazer, who will return to action next month after a six-month layoff.

Butch Borstien would be a great wrestler but says, "I'm afraid I'd kill somebody." The former all-state football and basketball star now manages a preliminary boy humorously named Jakie (Schain) Shamrock.

Joe Grace of Essex County is bemoaning the fact that so many of his preliminary boys are being knocked out. Says he, "My *repetition* is being ruined." He has a good amateur prospect in Danny Tauriello.

John Donnelly, the state boxing inspector, is always boosting the Auld Sod. He claims he never took a dollar from a fighter but forgets that as a youngster he challenged Jack McAuliffe from the audience of a theatre and Jack, sympathizing with the penniless John, threw him a two dollar bill.

Larry Corbett, native of Australia, was formerly a bike rider. He once handled Freddy Cochrane but now has only half interest in him. He is happy because his middleweight, Larry Scalone, is ranked fifth leading boxer in his class in New Jersey even though competing less than seven months.

Fighters without managers in all weight divisions who would like to come East and fight in New Jersey and New York should write to I. Q. Gross, 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J. Enclose fight records and pictures.

Johnny Rohrig, of Clifton, lost a ten rounder to Tommy Rawson, of Boston, and drew with Maxie Fisher of Newark before a $3100 house at Clifton . . . . To David Hartman, Charlottesville, Va.: You should weigh 155 pounds by next year. Boxing needs the interest of young men like you . . . . Buddy Ryan technically stopped Frank Donofrio in Philly in the eighth round . . . . The writer covered Tommy Farr's training camp activities for Reuters, English news service.

Jack Sharkey, Jr., of Union City, lost a close eight rounder to Al Reid in New York . . . . Nunzio Bisogno scored a good win when he decisioned Sindolfo Diaz of Puerto Rico in a six in New York . . . . The late Jake Kilrain won a national regatta sculling title in Newark before he took up boxing seriously . . . . Note to Bill Colton, Long Branch: Thanks for your greeting. Please send your address. Give our regards to Paul Kiernan . . . . Lou Lombardi of Jersey City suffered a four-round technical kayo at the hands of Irving Eldridge at the N. Y. Hipp . . . . Bobby Amster writes from St. Louis that he will return to Newark soon to make a comeback . . . . To Angelo Pucci and Tippy Larkin: Many thanks for your card . . . . Frank Zamaris of Orange flattened Frank Donofrio in the first at Philly . . . . Joe Lemieux of New Bedford outpointed Seaborn Ashley in eight and Jimmy Cogman lost a six rounder to Jim Fantinni at Newark.

George Carlo, of Paterson, trounced Midget Doyle, of Garfield, in eight at Clifton and on the same card Jackie Stewart of Paterson licked James Cogman of Newark in six . . . . George Levy of Trenton stopped his fellow townsman, Larry Mangine, in the second at Trenton . . . . Ray Miller, Newark light heavyweight, scored a six round technical knockout over Billy Ketchell of Millville at Atlantic City in a show held for the benefit of the ailing Pete Latzo, who lives in nearby Margate.

MEMORIES OF OTHER YEARS—Harold Farese is a foreman on the WPA . . . . Mickey Donley is a taxi cab driver . . . . Patsy Kline, who should have received the decision over Johnny Kilbane in Los Angeles, is a Newark tavern owner . . . . Kid Henry is a retired business man . . . . Jom McVeigh is now Brother Jim, a Baltimore priest teaching boxing to youngsters in an orphan home . . . . Jack Poliseo, who was once in Jack Sharkey's stable, is working in a Newark brewery . . . . Paddy McGuigan is 77 years young and lives at 225 John Street, Harrison, N. J. . . . . He fought memorable battles with Joe Walcott, George Dixon and Jack McAuliffe . . . . Alex Gallagher, who fought McGuigan, is a police lieutenant in dictator-controlled Jersey City . . . . Charley Weinert, who met Gene Tunney, Luis Angel Firpo and Harry Wills, has become an expert shuffleboard player . . . . Memories of other years . . . . let not our old time friends be forgotten. . . .

Paterson's Sammy Santillo drew twice in eight rounds with Victor Troisi at the same place. Baby de la Paz of Cuba decisioned Seaborn Ashley of Bayonne in a six and Gale Thomas of Silver Lake bested Ferdie Rogers of Jersey City in four. In other bouts Willie Hagan of Haverhill, Mass. stopped Joe Madden of Harrison in two and Eddie Capanna of Newark drew with Kid Trainor of Morristown.

Training at Doc Bier's camp in Pompton Lakes: Jimmy Braddock (for the Farr fight); Bob Tow of Alexandria, Va. and Charley Massera of Pittsburgh. Condolences to Braddock on the sad news of his mother's death . . . . Teddy Williams, efficient trainer, can be reached at the Arena Gym, 104 Mulberry Street, Newark . . . . Harry Mendel would like to match Galento with either Max Baer or Jim Braddock at the Newark Armory but Max and Jim say no!

The writer would like to hear from Frankie Saia, Memphis welterweight, who is now boxing out of Philadelphia. Saia recently decisioned Baby (Kid) Chocolate in a six at Atlantic City . . . . The boxing fraternity and readers in foreign lands are invited to correspond with the writer whose address is 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J. We especially would like to hear from readers in Hawaii, Great Britain, Australia, Peru, Cuba, Jamaica, South Africa and from brave soldiers in loyalist Spain. Please enclose self addressed stamped envelope if answers are desired.

MORE OF OLD TIMERS—Bennie Cohn, great lightweight of other years, (remember his rousing battle with Mickey Walker?) passed away last year . . . . Young Kelly, lightweight star of a quarter century ago, is a bartender at Nick Kline's Cafe in Newark, Kline being the former promoter . . . . Lou Cardell, who fought them all including Young Otto, Jimmy Fasane, Eddie Fitzsimmons, Phil Bloom and Mickey Donley, is sargeant of police in Montclair, N. J. . . . . Holding a similar title in Orange is Joe McCartney, who batted Maxie Rosenbloom and Abie Bain . . . . Bain, incidentally, appeared in the motion pictures, "Love on Toast," and Joe Louis' fight cinema, as an extra . . . . Tom Touhey, whose fights with Willie Jackson and Joe Benjamin are still remembered, is a freight brakeman in Paterson.

Danny Tauriello, pride and joy of Joe Grace, recently won a trophy for being the best boxer in the Passaic County Golden Gloves amateur tournament . . . . Eddie Langford of Nutley surprised by decisioning George Moir of Irvington in a special three round bout featuring the monthly amateur show held at the Newark Athletic Club under the direction of the popular Carl G. Anderson. Moir is 18 years old, 200 pounds, was born in Scotland and is a good prospect. Johnny Scavone of Orange is interested in him.

Frankie Blair of Camden lost a ten to Vittorio Venturi and Sammy Santillo of Paterson trimmed Angelo Cali of Scranton in a six at the N. Y. Hipp . . . . Tiger Leroy Smith of Rochester outpointed Al Zappala of Jersey City in a six on the Galento-Massera card. Thanks for your many letters. Will be chatting with you again in the New Jersey corner in the April issue.

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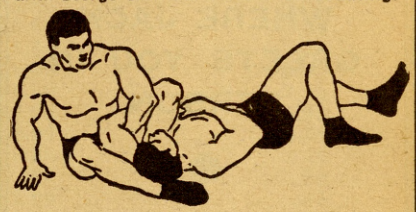

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AUSTRALIAN NEWS

By STANLEY R. PRING

THE Boxing outlook in Australia is now much brighter than it has been for many months. The arrival in Australia of Lou Farber, Izzy Jannazzo, and Tom Chester has certainly added interest, while just prior to that Tommy Jones returned to Sydney. One big reason for Australian boxing sinking to such a low ebb, was the invasion of wrestlers. Thank goodness they have departed from Sydney Stadium and now the boxers have a chance. Wrestling in Sydney is now practically confined to Leichhardt Stadium on a Saturday night. Charles Lucas is very busy arranging programmes for the Sydney Sports ground.

Lou Farber (8.12) made his Australian debut at Sydney Stadium against Mickey Miller, Australian bantam and featherweight champion. It was a 12 three-minute rounds contest and Miller won on points. Farber only had a fortnight to prepare for the contest and Miller won with a fair margin of points.

Ron Richards, triple champion of Australia defeated Tommy Vaughan of Queensland, in the sixth round at Leichhardt Stadium. Vaughan put up a game battle but Referee Mick Lacey inspected his cut eye and called a halt.

Hundreds were unable to gain admittance to Leichhardt Stadium to witness the contest between Ron Richards and the American negro, Tommy Jones, who is under contract to Leichhardt Stadium for five fights in three months. At 2 o'clock Richards weighed 11.5½ and Jones (10.12½). So, at the outset Jones was at a weight disadvantage of half a stone at least. Richards was always master of the situation but Jones displayed his usual gameness. Early in the ninth round Richards put Jones to the floor for "nine" with a right cross. He was up again but a fusillade of punches put him down again and Mick Lacey stopped the fight. Jack Lawrence said later that Jones had not yet become accustomed to the climate.

Ron Richards sustained an injury to his thumb when he fought Tommy Jones and he will be "out" probably seven or eight weeks. Henneberry has been wanting a tilt at the middleweight title, but Richards' manager is asking for a guarantee of £1,000.

Engaging in his first contest since returning to Australia from America, Alf Blatch, Australian lightweight champion won against Hockey Bennell. Blatch K.O.'d Bennell in the 12th round. Blatch (9.13¾); Bennell (9.12¾).

About a week later he went to Melbourne and was defeated by Filipino "Clever" Henry (9.13½). He was outfought by Henry and then in the ninth round he landed a punch low and was disqualified.

Jack Carroll, Australian welter champion, fought Dick Humphreys over 15 three minute rounds at West Melbourne Stadium late in November. Carroll received unfavorable criticism from some of the crowd but he replied that he knew what he was doing in that contest and was quite satisfied with his form.

Claude Nichol, 23 years old heavyweight champion of Western Australia, returned to Sydney after a visit to New Zealand and Fiji. At Newcastle stadium early in December he outptd. "Young" Campbell. Nichol weighed 13.3 and Campbell 12.9. Now, Nichol is considering a trip overseas, but before he goes he would like to have a shot at Ron Richards' title.

Allan Westbury, young Newcastle welterweight, knocked out Herb Bishop, former lightweight and junior welterweight champion of Australia, in the third round of a contest at Newcastle.

Rollo Hinton (7.13¼) defeated "Tiger" Donnelly (7.13¼) at Newcastle for the Australian flyweight championship, over 15 rounds. Donnelly was defending his title which he won from the late Bobby Clements in Brisbane.

Tom Lurich, Australian heavyweight wrestling champion, has returned to Leichhardt Stadium. In mid-week Lurich divides his time between Carlton Stadium (Sydney) and Melbourne.

A French sailor from the sloop Rigault de Genouilly engaged in a contest at Sydney Stadium with Bill Butler. Butler won and was very bewildered when after the contest the Frenchman raised Bill's hand and kissed it. "Blime" said Butler later, "He might have kissed me properly."

Dick Humphreys (10.12) welter champion of N.S.W. gained the decision when he fought Jerry Leonard (10.7) at Newcastle Stadium. Humphreys had the contest well in hand when Leonard, blinded temporarily by blood in his eyes landed a punch low and was disqualified in the 10th round.

Pat McHugh has opened a stadium at the Majestic Theatre, Newtown, for business on Friday nights. He will promote boxing, wrestling and vaudeville. The Newtown Olympia does business on Thursday nights.

Major Fred Craig, referee at Brisbane Stadium, has announced his retirement. He sprung the surprise on everyone just prior to the principal contest held there one Saturday night. "I feel the time has come for me to retire and give place to a younger man. I refereed my first contest in this stadium in 1912," he said, "and I believe I have established a world record as the oldest referee in years; I have refereed longer than any other man and with a score of 3500 contests I have refereed more battles than any other."

Fred Henneberry is successfully staging his "comeback" campaign. At the Exhibition Board track, Melbourne Henneberry t.k.o'd Jim Starr, light heavyweight of Victoria, in the 7th round. Henneberry weighed 11.7 and Starr was (12.1½). Then at Sydney Stadium Henneberry T.K.O.'d Max Raynor in the 7th round.

An unfortunate accident befell Newcastle boxer Billy Gill at his place of employment. He lost three fingers from his right hand. His serious boxing will therefore be ended, now, but his firm has promised him that on his recovery, they have a life job awaiting him.

Hockey Bennell (9.10) K.O.'d Al Kimber (9.10) at Sydney Stadium, 10th round. Bennell gave his best professional display to date. Bennell had Kimber on the floor once in the fourth and twice in the ninth round. He was really too fast and clever for Kimber.

George Elliott (8.13¼) gained a point's decision over "Young" Roberts (8.13¾) Victorian featherweight champion. It was a 12 round contest fought at Leichhardt Stadium. Filipino "Dommy" Ganzon was to have met the winner, but Elliott injured his shoulder and will not box for a couple of weeks. Ganzon therefore will box Roberts.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

KID CHOCOLATE, topping Juan Belmonte's Carnival of Boxing at the Cristal Arena, drew a record crowd. Chocolate made short work of Johnny Mirabella, putting the New Yorker away in the fourth round of a scheduled ten-round contest.

Fillo Echeverria, Spanish featherweight idol, won a ten-rounder from Jimmy English on the same card. English showed a classy left jab and made a good showing, but the Spaniard was just a little better.

Baby Joe Louis, coming featherweight, scored a one-round knockout over Pete Della of New York.

Baby Joe Louis also scored a knockout over Kid Rapidez in four rounds. Rapidez tried to make a fight of it, but Louis was just too much for him, and the bout was halted.

Eddy Chapman gained an unpopular decision over Angel Sanchez, both Cuban middleweights. Chapman is one of Cuba's star performers, and a bout against Pedro Herrera would no doubt prove who is the best man to hold the crown.

Willy Del Pino is planning to take Chapman with him on an extensive tour, and also Rene Sanchez, former welterweight champion of Cuba. Del Pino knows the game well.

Rene Sanchez, sterling Cuban welterweight, scored a one-round knockout over the highly rated Tuto Millet, also of Cuba. Sanchez proved that he has bettered his style and knows more about boxing than he did a year ago. Ramon Perez lost a six-rounder to Joe Fuerte, and Enrique Sigarroa beat S. Crespo in six rounds, while R. Alvarez won from Luis Candales, and in another six-round contest Armando Delgado outpointed Felipe Martinez.

Yucatan Kid, from Mexico, chalked up another victory over Alex Yanes in ten steaming rounds. Yanes, who had just returned from the United States, looked good in his usual aggressive style, but just couldn't get over the haymaker he is noted for. Yucatan Kid is a likely performer, and has not lost a fight yet.

Joe Pedroso, corking Cuban lightweight, again scored a clean knockout over Baby Oriental in the fifth round of a ten-round bout. Pedroso has three knockouts over the Baby, and probably Mr. Oriental knows that Joe has his number by now.

Commandante Jaime Marine of the Cuban Army, in charge of the Olympic eliminations, assisted by Dr. Cesar Sanchez, certainly has done excellent work, and he is to be commended for his painstaking efforts in putting boxing at a high level in Cuba. Good luck, boys—keep up the good work.

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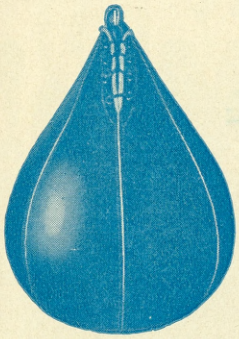

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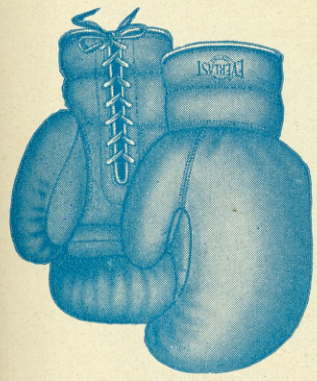

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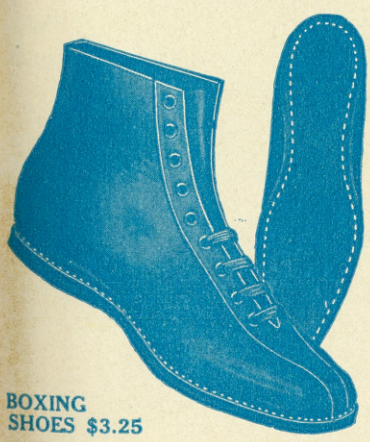

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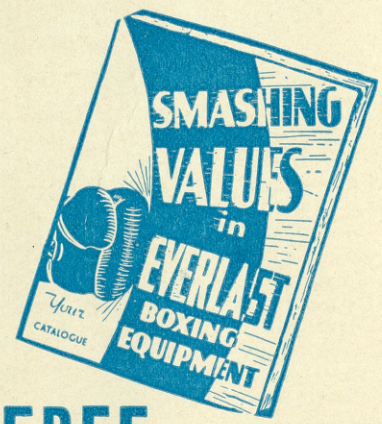

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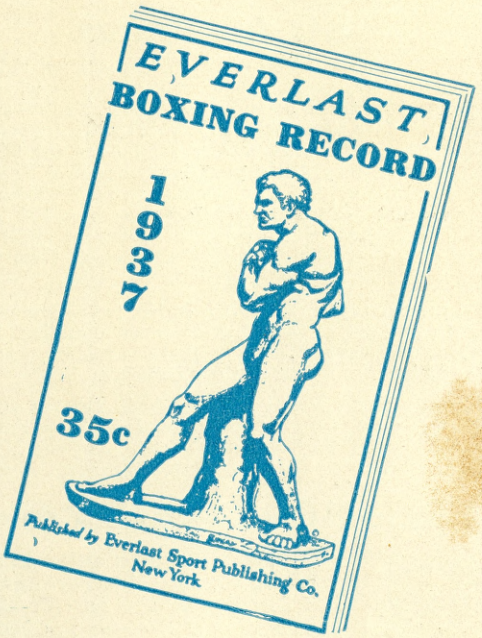

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